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THE MAJOR WORKS of HAROLD FREDERIC

volume three

Non-Fiction

THE YOUNG EMPÉROR
A Study of Character Development on a Throne

THE NEW EXODUS
A Study of Israel in Russia

MRS. ALBERT GRUNDY
Observations in Philistia

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THE YOUNG EMPEROR

WILLIAM II OF GERMANY

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A STUDY IN CHARACTER DEVELOPMENT ON A THRONE

BY

HAROLD FREDERIC

WITH PORTRAITS

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by
HAROLD FREDERIC

TO MY EDITOR, AND EVEN MORE TO MY FRIEND,

CHARLES R. MILLER

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

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THE YOUNG EMPEROR.

(WILLIAM II OF GERMANY.)

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CHAPTER I.

THE SUPREMACY OF THE HOHENZOLLERNS.

In June of 1888, an army of workmen were toiling in the Champ de Mars upon the foundations of a noble World's Exhibition, planned to celebrate the centenary of the death by violence of the Divine Right of Kings. Four thousand miles westward, in the city of Chicago, some seven hundred delegates were assembled in National Convention, to select the twenty-third President of a great Republic, which also stood upon the threshold of its hundredth birthday. These were both suggestive facts, full of hopeful and inspiring thoughts to the serious mind. Considered together by themselves they seemed very eloquent proofs of the progress which Liberty, Enlightenment, the Rights of

Man, and other admirable abstractions spelled with capital letters, had made during the century.

But, unfortunately or otherwise, history will not take them by themselves. That same June of 1888 witnessed a spectacle of quite another sort in a third large city—a spectacle which gave the lie direct to everything that Paris and Chicago seemed to say. This sharp and clamorous note of contradiction came from Berlin, where a helmeted and crimson-cloaked young man, still in his thirtieth year, stood erect on a throne, surrounded by the bowing forms of twenty ruling sovereigns, and proclaimed, with the harsh, peremptory voice of a drill-sergeant, that he was a War Lord, a Mailed Hand of Providence, and a sovereign specially conceived, created, and invested with power by God, for the personal government of some fifty millions of people.

It is much to be feared that, in the ears of the muse of history, the resounding shrillness of this voice drowned alike the noise of the hammers on the banks of the Seine and the cheering of the delegates at Chicago.

Any man, standing on that throne in the White Saloon of the old Schloss at Berlin, would have to be a good deal considered by his fellow-creatures. Even if we put aside the tremendous international importance of the position of a German Emperor, in that gravely open question of peace or war, he

must compel attention as the visible embodiment of a fact, the existence of which those who like it least must still recognize. This is the fact: that the Hohenzollerns, having done many notable things in other times, have in our day revivified and popularized the monarchical idea, not only in Germany, but to a considerable extent elsewhere throughout Europe. It is too much to say, perhaps, that they have made it beloved in any quarter which was hostile before. But they have brought it to the front under new conditions, and secured for it admiring notice as the mainspring of a most efficient, exact, vigorous, and competent system of government. They have made an Empire with it—a magnificent modern machine, in which army and civil service and subsidiary federal administrations all move together like the wheels of a watch. Under the impulse of this idea they have not only brought governmental order out of the old-time chaos of German divisions and dissensions, but they have given their subjects a public service, which, taken all in all, is more effective and well-ordered than its equivalent produced by popular institutions in America, France, or England, and they have built up a fighting force for the protection of German frontiers which is at once the marvel and the terror of Europe.

Thus they have, as has been said, rescued the ancient and time-worn function of kingship from

the contempt and odium into which it had fallen during the first half of the century, and rendered it once more respectable in the eyes of a utilitarian world.

But it is not enough to be useful, diligent, and capable. If it were, the Orleans Princes might still be living in the Tuileries. A kingly race, to maintain or increase its strength, must appeal to the national imagination. The Hohenzollerns have been able to do this. The Prussian imagination is largely made up of appetite, and their Kings, however fatuous and limited of vision they may have been in other matters, have never lost sight of this fact. If we include the Great Elector, there have been ten of these Kings, and of the ten eight have made Prussia bigger than they found her. Sometimes the gain has been clutched out of the smoke and flame of battle; sometimes it has more closely resembled burglary, or bank embezzlement on a large scale; once or wice it has come in the form of gifts from nterested neighbours, in which category, perhaps, he cession of Heligoland may be placed—but ain of some sort there has always been, save only n the reign of Frederic William IV and the melancholy three months of Frederic III.

That there should be a great affection for and ride in the Hohenzollerns in Prussia was natural nough. They typified the strength of beak, the

power of talons and sweeping wings, which had made Prussia what she was. But nothing save a very remarkable train of surprising events could have brought the rest of Germany to share this affection and pride.

The truth is, of course, that up to 1866 most other Germans disliked the Prussians thoroughly and vehemently, and decorated those head Prussians, the Hohenzollerns, with an extremity of antipathy. That brief war in Bohemia, with the consequent annexation of Hanover, Hesse-Cassel, Nassau, and Frankfort, did not inspire any new love for the Prussians anywhere, we may be sure, but it did open the eyes of other Germans to the fact that their sovereigns—Kings, Electors, Grand Dukes, and what not—were all collectively not worth the right arm of a single Hohenzollern.

It was a good deal to learn even this—and, turning over this revelation in their minds, the Germans by 1871 were in a mood to move almost abreast of Prussia in the apotheosis of the victor of Sedan and Paris. To the end of old William's life in 1888, there was always more or less of the apotheosis about the Germans' attitude toward him. He was never quite real to them in the sense that Leopold is real in Brussels or Humbert in Rome. The German imagination always saw him as he is portrayed in the fine fresco by Wislicenus in the ancient imperial palace at

Goslar—a majestic figure, clad in modern war trappings yet of mythical aspect, surrounded, it is true, by the effigies of recognizable living Kings, Queens, and Generals, but escorted also by heroic ancestral shades, as he rides forward out of the canvas. Close behind him rides his son, Fritz, and he, too, following in the immediate shadow of his father to the last, lives only now in pictures and in sad musing dreams of what might have been.

But William II—the young Kaiser and King—*is* a reality. He has won no battles. No antique legends wreathe their romantic mists about him. It has occurred to no artist to paint him on a palace wall, with the mailed shadows of mediæval Barbarossas and Conrads and Sigismunds overhead.

The group of helmeted warriors who cluster about those two mounted figures in the Goslar picture, and who, in the popular fancy, bring down to our own time some of the attributes of mediæval devotion and prowess—this group is dispersed now. Moltke, Prince Frederic Charles, Roon, Manteuffel, and many others are dead; Blumenthal is in dignified retirement; Bismarck is at Friedrichsruh. New men crowd the scene—clever organizers, bright and adroit parliamentarians, competent administrators, but still fashioned quite of our own clay—busy new men whom we may look at without hurting our eyes.

For the first time, therefore, it is possible to study this prodigious new Germany, its rulers and its people, in a practical way, without being either dazzled by the disproportionate brilliancy of a few individuals or drawn into side-paths after picturesque unrealities.

Three years of this new reign have shown us Germany by daylight instead of under the glamour and glare of camp fires and triumphal illuminations. We see now that the Hohenzollern stands out in the far front, and that the other German royalties, Wendish, Slavonic, heirs of Wittekind, portentously ancient barbaric dynasties of all sorts, are only vaguely discernible in the background. During the lifetime of the old Kaiser it seemed possible that their eclipse might be of only a temporary nature. Nowhere can such an idea be cherished now. Young William dwarfs them all by comparison even more strikingly than did his grandfather.

They all came to Berlin to do him homage at the opening of the Reichstag, which inaugurated his reign on June 25, 1888. They will never make so brave a show again; even then they twinkled like poor tallow dips beside the shining personality of their young Prussian chief.

Almost all of them are of royal lines older than that of the Hohenzollerns. Five of the principal

personages among them—the King of Saxony, the Regent representing Bavaria's crazy King, the heir-apparent representing the semi-crazy King of Würtemberg, the Grand Duke of Baden, and the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt—owe their titles in their present form to Napoleon, who paid their ancestors in this cheap coin for their wretched treason and cowardice in joining with him to crush and dismember Prussia. Now they are at the feet of Prussia, not indeed in the posture of conquered equals, but as liveried political subordinates. No such wiping out of sovereign authorities and emasculation of sovereign dignities has been seen before since Louis XI consolidated France 500 years ago. Let us glance at some of these vanishing royalties for a moment, that we may the better measure the altitude to which the Hohenzollern has climbed.

There was a long time during the last century when people looked upon Saxony as the most powerful and important State in the Protestant part of Germany. It is an Elector of Saxony who shines forth in history as Luther's best friend and resolute protector. For more than a hundred years thereafter Saxony led in the armed struggles of Protestantism to maintain itself against the leagued Catholic powers.

Then, in 1694, there ascended the electoral throne the cleverest and most showy man of the

whole Albertine family, who for nearly thirty years was to hold the admiring attention of Europe. We can see now that it was a purblind and debased Europe which believed August *der Starke* to be a great man; but in his own times there was no end to what he thought of himself or to what others thought of him. It was regarded as a superb stroke of policy when, in 1697, he got himself elected King of Poland—a promotion which inspired the jealous Elector of Brandenberg to proclaim himself King of Prussia four years later. August abjured Protestantism to obtain the Polish crown, and his descendants are Catholics to this day, though Saxony is strongly Protestant. August did many wonderful things in his time—made Dresden the superb city of palaces and museums it is, among other matters, and was the father of 354 natural children, as his own proud computation ran. A tremendous fellow, truly, who liked to be called the Louis XIV of Germany, and tried his best to live up to the ideal!

Contemporary observers would have laughed at the idea that Frederick William, the surly, bearish Prussian King, with his tobacco orgies and giant grenadiers, was worth considering beside the brilliant, luxurious, kingly August. Ah, "gay eupeptic son of Belial," where is thy dynasty now?

There is to-day a King of Saxony, descended six removes from this August, who is distinctly the most interesting and valuable of these minor sovereigns. He is a sagacious, prudent, soldier-like man, nominal ruler of over three millions of people, actual Field Marshal in the German Army which has a Hohenzollern for its head. Although he really did some of the best fighting which the Franco-German war called forth, nobody outside his own court and German military circles knows much about it, or cares particularly about him. The very fact of his rank prevents his generalship securing popular recognition. If he had been merely of noble birth, or even a commoner, the chances are that he would now be chief of the German General Staff instead of Count von Schlieffen. Being only a king, his merits as a commander are comprehended alone by experts.

There is just a bare possibility that this King Albert may be forced by circumstances out of his present obscurity. He is only sixty-three years old, and if a war should come within the next decade and involve defeat to the German Army in the field, there would be a strong effort made by the other subsidiary German sovereigns to bring him to the front as Generalissimo.

As it is, his advice upon military matters is listened to in Berlin more than is generally known, but in other respects his position is a melancholy

one. Even the kindliness with which the Kaisers have personally treated him since 1870, cannot but wear to him the annoying guise of patronage. He was a man of thirty-eight when his father, King John, was driven out of Dresden by Prussian troops, along with the royal family, and when for weeks it seemed probable that the whole kingdom of Saxony would be annexed to Prussia. Bismarck's failure to insist upon this was bitterly criticised in Berlin at the time, and Gustav Freytag actually wrote a book deprecating the further independent existence of Saxony. Freytag and the Prussians generally confessed their mistake after the young Saxon Crown Prince's splendid achievement at Sedan; but that could scarcely wipe from his memory what had gone before, and even now, after the lapse of a quarter century, King Albert's delicate, clear-cut, white-whiskered face still bears the impress of melancholy stamped on it by the humiliations of 1866.

Two other kings lurk much further back in the shadow of the Hohenzollern—idiotic Otto of Bavaria and silly Charles of Würtemberg. Of the former much has been written, by way of complement to the picturesque literature evoked by the tragedy of his strange brother Louis's death. In these two brothers the fantastic Wittelsbach blood, filtering down from the Middle Ages through strata of princely scrofula and

imperial luxury, clotted rankly in utter madness.

As for the King of Würtemberg, whose undignified experiences in the hands of foreign adventurers excited a year or two ago the wonderment and mirth of mankind, he also pays the grievous penalty of heredity's laws. Writing thirty years back, Carlyle commented in this fashion upon the royal house of Stuttgart: "There is something of the abstruse in all these Beutelsbachers, from Ulric downwards—a mute *ennui*, an inexorable obstinacy, a certain streak of natural gloom which no illumination can abolish; . . . articulate intellect defective: hence a strange, stiff perversity of conduct visible among them, often marring what wisdom they have. It is the royal stamp of Fate put upon these men—what are called fateful or fated men."[1] The present King Charles was personally an unknown quantity when this picture of his house was drawn. He is an old man now, and decidedly the most "abstruse" of his whole family.

Thus these two ancient dynasties of Southern Germany, which helped to make history for so many centuries, have come down into the mud. There is an elderly regent uncle in Bavaria who possesses sense and respectable abilities; and in

[1] "History of Friedrich II, of Prussia," book vii. chapter vi.

Würtemberg there is an heir-apparent of forty-three, the product of a marriage between first cousins, who is said to possess ordinary intelligence. These will in time succeed to the thrones which lunacy and asininity hold now in commission, but no one expects that they will do more than render commonplace what is now grotesquely impossible.

Of another line which was celebrated a thousand years ago, and which flared into martial prominence for a little in its dying days, when this century was young, nothing whatever is left. The Fighting Brunswickers are all gone.

They had a fair right to this name, had the Guelphs of the old homestead, for of the forty-five of them buried in the crypt of the Brunswick Burg Kirche nine fell on the battlefield. This direct line died out seven years ago with a curiously-original old Duke who bitterly resented the new order of things, and took many whimsical ways of showing his wrath. In the sense that he scorned to live in remodeled Germany, and defied Prussia by ostentatiously exhibiting his sympathy for the exiled Hanoverian house, he too may be said to have died fighting. The collateral Guelphs who survive in other lands are anything but fighters. The Prince of Wales is the foremost living male of the family, and Bismarck's acrid jeer that he was the only European Crown Prince whom one

did not occasionally meet on the battlefield, though unjustly cruel, serves to point the difference between his placid walk of life and the stormy careers of his mother's progenitors. Another Guelph, who is *de jure* heir to both Brunswick and Hanover—Ernest, Duke of Cumberland—has a larger strain of the ancestral Berserker blood, but alas! no weapon remains for him but obdurate sulkiness. He buries himself in his sullen retreat at Gmunden in uncompromising rage, and the powers at Berlin have left off striving to placate him with money—his relatives not even daring now to broach the subject to him.

And so there is an end to the Fighting Brunswickers, and a Hohenzollern has been put in their stead. Prince Albert of Prussia—a good, wooden, ceremonious man of large stature, who stands straight in jack boots and cuirass and is invaluable as an imposing family figure at christenings and funerals—reigns as Regent in Brunswick. So omnipotent are the Hohenzollerns grown that he was placed there without a murmur of protest—and when the time comes for the Prussian octopus to gather in this duchy, that also will be done in silence.

Of the sixteen remaining sovereigns-below-the-salt, the Grand Duke of Baden is a fairly-able and wholly-amiable man, much engrossed in these latter days in the fact that his wife is the Kaiser's

aunt. This makes him feel like one of the family, and he takes the aggrandizement of the Hohenzollerns as quite a personal compliment. The venerable Duke Ernest, of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, has an active mind and certain qualities which under other conditions might have made him a power in Germany. But Bismarck was far too rough an antagonist for him to cope with openly, and he fell into the feeble device of writing political pamphlets anonymously against the existing order of things, using the ingenuity of a jealous woman to circulate them and denying their authorship before he was accused. This has, of course, been fatal to his influence in the empire. Duke George, of Saxe-Meiningen, is another able and accomplished prince, who has devoted his energies and fortune to the establishment and perfecting of a very remarkable theatrical company. The rest are mere dead wood—presiding over dull little country Courts, wearing Prussian uniforms at parades and reviews, and desiring nothing else so much as the reception of invitations to visit Berlin and shine in the reflected radiance of the Hohenzollern's smile.

The word "invitations" does indeed suggest that the elderly Prince Henry XIV, of Reuss-Schleiz, should receive separate mention, as having but recently abandoned a determined feud with Prussia. It is true that Reuss-Schleiz has only

323 miles of territory and 110,000 people, but that did not prevent the feud being of an embittered, not to say menacing, character. When the invitations were sent out for the Berlin palace celebration of old Kaiser Wilhelm's ninetieth birthday, in 1887, by some accident Henry of Reuss-Schleiz was overlooked. There are so many of these Reusses, all named Henry, all descended from Henry the Fowler, and all standing so erect with pride that they bend backward! The mistake was discovered in a day or two and a belated invitation sent, which Henry grumblingly accepted. On the appointed day he arrived at the palace in Berlin and went up to the banqueting hall with the other princes. Being extremely near-sighted, he made a tour of the table, peering through his spectacles to discover his name-card. Horror of horrors! No place had been provided for him, and everybody in the room had observed him searching for one! Trembling with wrath, he stalked out, brushing aside the chamberlains who essayed to pacify him, and during that reign he never came to Berlin again. Not death itself could mollify him, for when Kaiser Wilhelm died the implacable Henry XIV, who personally owns most of his principality, refused his subjects a grant of land on which to rear a monument to his memory. But even he is reconciled to Berlin now.

Thus with practical completeness had the ancient dynasties of old Germany been subordinated to and absorbed by the ascendency of the Hohenzollerns, when young William II stepped upon the throne. Thus, too, with this passing glance at their abasement or annihilation, the way is cleared for us to study the young chief of this mighty and consolidated Empire, to examine his personality and his power, and, by tracing their growth during the first three years of his reign, to forecast their ultimate mark upon the history of his time.

WILLIAM II. AS A BOY.

(*From a photograph by* HEINR. GRAF, *Berlin.*)

CHAPTER II.

WILLIAM'S BOYHOOD.

THE young Emperor was born in the first month of 1859. The prolonged life of his grandfather, and the apparently superb physical vitality of his father, made him seem much further removed from the throne than fate really intended, and he grew up into manhood with only scant attention from the general public. There was an unexpressed feeling that he belonged to the twentieth century, and that it would be time enough then to study him. When of a sudden the world learned that the stalwart middle-aged Crown Prince had a mortal malady, and saw that it was a race toward the grave between him and his venerable father, haste was made to repair this negligent error, and find out things about the hitherto unconsidered young man who was to be so prematurely called upon the stage. Unfortunately, this swift and un-

expected shifting of history's lime-light revealed young William in extremely repellent colours. Many circumstances, working together in the shadows behind the throne, had combined to put him into a temporary attitude toward his parents, which showed very badly under this sudden and fierce illumination. "Ho, ho! He is a bad son, then, is he?" we all said, and made up our minds to dislike him on the spot. Three years have passed, and during that time many things have happened, many other things have come to light, calculated to convince us that this early judgment was an over-hasty one.

So far as I have been able to learn, the first hint given to the world that there was a young Prince in Berlin distinctly worth watching appeared in the book "Sociétié de Berlin. Par le Comte Paul Vasili," published at the end of 1883. This volume was, perhaps, the cleverest of the anonymous series projected by a Parisian publisher to make money out of the collected gossip and scandal of the chief European capitals, and utilized by more than one bright familiar of Mme. Adam's *salon* to pay off old grudges and market afresh moss-grown libels. The authorship of these books was never clearly established. There is a general understanding in Berlin that the one about that city was for the most part written by a Parisian journalist named Gerard, then stationed

in Germany. At all events, the evidence was regarded at the time as sufficient as to warrant his being chased summarily out of Berlin, while the book itself was prohibited, confiscated, almost burned by the common hangman. Perhaps Gerard, if he be still alive, might profitably return to Berlin now, for to him belongs the credit of having first put into type an intelligent character study of the young man who now monopolizes European attention.

"The Prince William," said this anonymous writer, "is only twenty-four years of age. It is, therefore, difficult as yet to say what he will become; but what is clearly apparent even now is that he is a young man of promise in mind and head and heart. He is by far the most intellectual of the Princes of this royal family. Withal courageous, enterprising, ambitious, hot-headed, but with a heart of gold, sympathetic in the highest degree, impulsive, spirited, vivacious in character, and gifted with a talent for repartee in conversation which would almost make the listener doubt his being a German. He adores the army, by which he is idolized in return. He has known how, despite his extreme youth, to win popularity in all classes of society. He is highly educated, well read, busies his mind with projects for the welfare of his country, and has a striking keenness of perception for everything relating to politics.

"He will certainly be a distinguished man, and very probably a great sovereign. Prussia will perhaps have in him a second Frederic II, but minus his scepticism. In addition, he possesses a fund of gaiety and good humour that will soften the little angularities of character without which he would not be a true Hohenzollern.

"He will be essentially a personal king—never allowing himself to be blindly led, and ruling with sound and direct judgment, prompt decision, energy in action, and an unbending will. When he attains the throne, he will continue the work of his grandfather, and will as certainly undo that of his father, whatever it may have been. In him the enemies of Germany will have a formidable adversary; he may easily become the Henri IV of his country."

I have ventured upon this extended extract from a book eight years old because the prophecy seems a remarkable one—far nearer what we see now to be the truth than any of the later predictions have turned out to be. "Paul Vasili" continues his sketch with some paragraphs about the Prince's vast penchant for lower-class dissipated females, concluding with the warning that if ever he comes under the influence of a really able woman "it will be necessary to follow his actions with great caution." All this may be unhesitatingly put down to the French writer's imagination.

There is no city where more frankness about talking scandal exists than in Berlin, yet I have sought in vain to find any justification for this view of the Kaiser's character, either past or present. The impression brought from many talks with people who know him and his life intimately is that this special accusation is less true of him than of almost any other prince of his generation.

William's boyhood was marked by one innovation in the family traditions of a Hohenzollern's training, the importance of which it is not easy to exaggerate. His father had been the first of these royal heirs to be sent to a university. He in his turn was the first to go to a public school.

It is a solemn and portentous sort of thing—this training of a Hohenzollern. The progress of the family has been one long, sustained object lesson to the world on the value of education. No doubt it is in great part due to the influence of this standing example that Prussia leads the van of civilization in its proportion of scholars and teachers, and has made its name a synonym for all that is thorough and exhaustive in educational systems and theories. The dawn of this notion of a specially Spartan and severe practical schooling for his heir, in the primitive and curiously-limited brain of the first King Frederic William, really marked an era in the world's conception of what education meant.

We have all read, with swift-chasing mirth, wonder, incredulity and wrath, the stories of the way in which this luckless heir, afterward to be Frederic the Great, got his education stamped, beaten, burned, frozen, almost strangled into him. The account reads like a nightmare of lunatic savagery —yet in it were the germs of a lofty idea. From the brutal cudgeling, cursing, and manacling of Frederic's experience grew the tradition of a unique kind of training for a Hohenzollern prince. The very violence and wild barbarity of his treatment fixed the attention of the family upon the theory of education—with very notable results.

Historically we are all familiar with the excessive military twist given to this education of the youths born to be Kings of Prussia. The picture books are full of portraits of them—quaint little manikins dressed in officers' uniforms—stepping from the cradle into war's paraphernalia. The picture of the Great Fritz beating a drum at the age of three, of which the rapturous Carlyle makes so much, has its modern counterpart in the photographs of the present child Crown Prince, clad in regimentals and saluting the camera, which are in every Berlin shop window. But another element of this stern regimen, not so much kept in view, is the absolute dependence of the son upon the father, or rather the King, which is insisted upon.

We know to what abnormal lengths this ran in

the youth and early manhood of Frederic the Great. It did not alter much in the next reign. In 1784, when this same Frederic was seventy-two years old, a travelling French noble was his guest at a great review in Silesia. There was also present the King's nephew and heir, who two years later was to ascend the throne as Frederic William II, and who now was in his fortieth year. Yet of this forty-year-old Prince the Frenchman writes in his diary: "The heir presumptive lodges at a brewer's house, and in a very mean way; is not allowed to sleep from home without permission from the King."

The results in this particular instance were not of a flattering kind, and among the decaying forms of the dying eighteenth century—in an atmosphere poisoned by the accumulated putridities of that luxurious and evil epoch—even the Hohenzollern of the next generation was not a shining success. He was at least, however, much superior to the other German sovereigns of his time, and he had the unspeakable fortune, moreover, to be the husband of that Queen Louise who is enshrined as the patron saint of Prussian history. It was she who engrafted a humane spirit upon the rough drill-sergeant body of Hohenzollern education. She made her sons love her—and it seems but yesterday since the last of these sons, a tottering old man of ninety, used to go to the Charlotten-

burg mausoleum on the anniversary of her death, and pray and weep in solitude beside the recumbent marble effigy of the mother who had died in 1810.

The introduction of filial affection into the relation between Hohenzollern parents and children dates from this Queen Louise, and belongs to our own century. Before that it was the rule for the heirs of Prussia to detest their immediate progenitors. From the time of the Great Elector, every rising generation of this royal house sulked, cursed under its breath, went into opposition as far as it dared, and every fading generation disliked and distrusted those who were coming after it. Nor were these harsh relations confined to sovereign and heir. Wilhelmine, Margravine of Baireuth, records in her memoirs how, at the age of six, she was so much surprised at being fondled and caressed by her mother, on the latter's return from a prolonged journey, that she broke a blood-vessel.[1] It seems safe to say that down to the family of Frederic William III and Louise, no other reigning race in Europe had ever managed to engender so much bitterness and bad blood between elders and juniors within its domestic fold.

The change then was abrupt. The two older

[1] "Memoirs of Wilhelmine, Margravine of Baireuth," translated by H.R.H. Princess Christian, London, 1887, p. 10.

boys of this family, Frederic William IV and William I, lived lives as young men which were poems of filial reverence and tenderness. The cruel misfortunes of the Napoleonic wars made the mutual affection within this hunted and homeless royal family very sweet and touching. Perhaps the most interesting of all the reminiscences called forth by the death of the old Kaiser was furnished by the publication of the letters he wrote as a young man to his father—that strange correspondence which reveals him resolutely breaking his own heart and tearing from it the image of the Princess Radziwill, in loving obedience to his father's wish.

This trait of filial piety did not loom so largely in William's son, the late Frederic III, as one or two random allusions in his diary show. And in his son, in turn, its pulse beats with such varying and intermittent fervour that sometimes one misses it altogether.

Young William, as has been said, was the first of his race to be sent to a public school, the big gymnasium at Cassel being selected for the purpose. The innovation was credited at the time to the eccentric liberalizing notions of his mother, the English Crown Princess. The old Kaiser did not like the idea, and Bismarck vehemently opposed it, but the parents had their way, and at the age of fifteen the lad went, along with his

twelve-year-old brother Henry, and their tutor, Dr. Hinzpeter. They were lodged in an old schloss, which had been one of the Electoral residences, and out of school hours maintained a considerable seclusion. But in the school itself William was treated quite like any ordinary citizen's son.

It may have been a difficult matter for some of the teachers to act as if they were unconscious that this particular pupil was the heir of the Hohenzollerns, but men who were at the school at the time assure me they did so, with only one exception. This solitary flunkey, knowing that William was more backward in his Greek than most of his class, sought to curry favour with the Prince by warning him that the morrow's examination was to be, let us say, upon a certain chapter of Xenophon. The boy William received this hint in silence, but early the next morning went down to the classroom and wrote upon the blackboard in big letters the information he had received, so that he might have no advantage over his fellows. This struck me when I heard it as a curious illustration of the boy's character. There seems to have been no excited indignation at the meanness of the tutor—but only the manifestation of a towering personal and family pride, which would not allow him to win a prize through profiting by knowledge withheld from the others.

During his three years at Cassel William was very democratic in his intercourse with the other boys. He may have been helped to this by the fact that he was one of the worst-dressed boys in the school—in accordance with an ancient family rule which makes the Hohenzollern children wear out their old clothes in a way that would astonish the average grocer's progeny. He was only an ordinary scholar so far as his studies went. At that time his brother Henry, who went to a different school, was conspicuously the brighter pupil of the two. Those who were at Cassel with the future Emperor have the idea that he was contented there, but he himself, upon reflection, is convinced that he did not like it. At all events, he gathered there a very intimate knowledge of the gymnasium system which, as will be seen later on, he now greatly disapproves.

At the age of eighteen William left Cassel and entered upon his university course at Bonn. Here his tutor, Hinzpeter, who had been his daily companion and mentor from childhood, parted company with him, and the young Prince passed into the hands of soldiers and men of the world. The change marks an important epoch in the formation of his character.

There is a photograph of him belonging to the earlier part of this Cassel period which depicts a refined, gentle, dreamy-faced German boy, with a

soft, girlish chin, small arched lips with a suggestion of dimples at the corners, and fine meditative eyes. The forehead, though not broad, is of fair height and fulness. The dominant effect of the face is that of sweetness. Looking at it, one instinctively thinks "How fond that boy's parents must have been of him!" And they were fond in the extreme.

In the Crown Prince Frederic's diary, written while the German headquarters were at Versailles, are these words:—

"This is William's thirteenth birthday. May he grow up to be an able, honest, and upright man, a true German, prepared to continue without prejudice what has now been begun! Heaven be praised; between him and us there is a simple, hearty, and natural relationship, which we shall strive to preserve, so that he may thus always look upon us as his best and truest friends. It is really an oppressive reflection when one realizes what hopes have already been placed on the head of this child, and how great is our responsibility to the nation for his education, which family considerations and questions of rank, and the whole Court life at Berlin and other things will tend to make so much more difficult."

The retirement of Dr. Hinzpeter from his charge was an event the significance of which recent occurrences have helped us to appreciate. When history is called upon to make her final summing up upon William's character and career, she will allot a very prominent place to the influence of this relatively unknown man. A curious romance of time's revenge hangs about Dr. Hinzpeter. He is a native of the Westphalian manufacturing town, Bielefeld, and was a poor young tutor at Darmstadt when he was recommended to the

parents of William as one exceptionally fitted to take charge of their son. The man who gave this recommendation was the then Mr. Robert Morier, British Minister at Darmstadt. Nearly a quarter of a century later Sir Robert Morier was able to see his ancient and implacable enemy, Bismarck, tripped, thrown, and thrust out of power, and to sweeten the spectacle by reflecting that he owed this ideal vengeance to the work of the tutor he had befriended in the old Darmstadt days.

It is more than probable that the idea of sending the young Prince to the Cassel gymnasium originated with Dr. Hinzpeter. At all events, we know that he held advanced and even extreme views as to the necessity of emphasizing the popular side of the Hohenzollern tradition.

This Prussian family has always differed radically from its other German neighbours in professing to be solicitous for the poor people rather than for the nobility's privileges and claims. Sometimes this has sunk to be a profession merely; more often it has been an active guiding principle. The lives of the second and third Kings of Prussia are filled with the most astonishing details of vigilant, ceaseless intermeddling in the affairs of peasant farmers, artisans, and wage-earners generally, hearing complaints, spying out injustice, and roughly seeing wrongs righted. When Prussia grew too big to be thus paternally administered

by a King poking about on his rounds with a rattan and a taker of notes, the tradition still survived. We find traces of it all along down to our times in the legislation of the Diet in the direction of what is called State Socialism.

Dr. Hinzpeter felt the full inspiration of this tradition. He longed to make it more a reality in the mind of his princely pupil than it had ever been before. Thus it was that the lad was sent to Cassel, to sit on hard benches with the sons of simple citizens, and to get to know what the life of the people was like. Years afterwards this inspiration was to bear fruit.

But in 1877 the work of creating an ideally democratic and popular Hohenzollern was abruptly interrupted. Dr. Hinzpeter went back to Bielefeld, and young William entered the University of Bonn. The soft-faced, gentle-minded boy, still full of his mother's milk, his young mind sweetened and strengthened by the dreams of clemency, compassion, and earnest searchings after duty which he had imbibed from his teacher, suddenly found himself transplanted in new ground. The atmosphere was absolutely novel. Instead of being a boy among boys, he all at once found himself a prince amongst aristocratic toadies. In place of Hinzpeter, he had a military *aide* given him for principal companion, friend, and guide.

These next few years at the Rhenish university

did not, we see now, wholly efface what Dr. Hinzpeter had done. But they obscured and buried his work, and reared upon it a superstructure of another sort—a different kind of William, redolent of royal pretensions and youthful self-conceit, delighting in the rattle and clank of spurs and swords and dreaming of battlefields.

Poor Hinzpeter, in his Bielefeld retreat, could have had but small satisfaction in learning of the growth of the new William. The parents at Potsdam, too, who had built such loving hopes upon the tender and gracious promise of boyhood—they could not have been happy either.

CHAPTER III.

UNDER CHANGED INFLUENCES AT BONN.

The act of matriculation at Bonn meant to young William many things apart from the beginning of a university career. In fact, it was almost a sign of his emancipation from academic studies. He was a student among students in only a formal sense. The theory of a complete civic education was respected by his attendance at certain lectures, and by his perfunctory compliance with sundry university regulations. But, in reality, he now belonged to the army. He had attained his majority, like other Prussian princes, at the age of eighteen, and thereupon had been given his Second Lieutenant's commission in the First Foot Regiment of the Guards, where his father had been trained before him. The routine of his military service, and the exigencies of the martial education which now supplanted all else, kept him much more in Berlin than at Bonn.

Both at the Prussian capital and Rhenish university town he now wore his uniform, his sword, and his epaulets, and, chin well in air, sniffed his fill of the incense burned before him by the young men of the army. The glitter and colour of the parade ground, the peremptory discipline, the sense of power given by these superb wheeling lines and walls of bayonets and exact geometrical movements as of some mighty machine, fascinated his imagination. He threw himself into military work with feverish eagerness. Pacific Cassel, with its gymnasium and the kindly figure of the tutor, Hinzpeter, faded away into a remote memory of childhood.

Public events, meanwhile, had been working out a condition of affairs which gave a marked importance to this change in William's character. The German peoples, having got over the first rapt enthusiasm at beholding their ancient Frankish enemy rolled in the dust at their feet, and at finding themselves once more all together under an imperial German flag, began to devote attention to domestic politics. It was high time that they did so.

Prussia had roared as gently as any sucking dove the while the question was still one of enticing the smaller German States into the federated empire. But once the Emperor-King felt his footing secure upon the imperial throne, the old

hungry Hohenzollern blood began stirring in his veins. His great Chancellor, Prince Bismarck, needed no prompting; every fibre of his bulky frame responded intuitively to this inborn Prussian instinct of aggrandisement. Together these two began putting the screws upon the minor States. "Solidifying the Empire" was what they called their work. The Hohenzollerns were always notable "solidifiers," as their neighbours have had frequent occasion to observe tearfully during the last three centuries.

The humiliation and expulsion of Austria had been the pivot upon which the creation of the new Germany turned. In its most obvious aspect this had appeared to all men to be the triumph of a Protestant over a Catholic power. Later events had contributed to associate Prussia's ascendency with the religious issue. The great Œcumenical Council at Rome had been followed by a French declaration of war, which every good Lutheran confidently ascribed to the dictation of the Jesuits.

These things grouped themselves together in the public mind just as similar arguments did in England in the days of the Armada. To be a Catholic grew to seem synonymous with being a sympathizer with Austria and France. It is an old law of human action that if you persistently impute certain views to a man, and persecute him on account of them, the effect is to reconcile his

mind to those views. The melancholy history of theologico-political quarrels is peculiarly filled with examples of this. The Catholics of Germany were in the main as loyal to the idea of imperial unity as their Protestant neighbours, and they had shed their blood quite as freely to establish it as a fact. Their bishops and priests had over and over again testified by deeds their independence of Rome in matters which affected them as Germans. But when they found Bismarck ceaselessly insisting that they were hostile to Prussia, it was natural enough that they should discover that they did dislike his kind of a Prussia, and that some of the least cautious among them should say so.

Prussia's answer—coming with the promptness of deliberate preparation—was the *Kulturkampf*. Into the miserable chaos which followed we need not go. Bishops were exiled or imprisoned; schools were broken up and Catholic professors chased from the universities; a thousand parishes were bereft of their priests; the whole empire was filled with angry suspicions, recriminations, and violence, hot-tempered roughness on one side, grim obstinacy of hate on the other—to the joy of all Germany's enemies outside and the confusion of all her friends.

Despotism begets lawlessness, and Bismarck and old William, busy with their priest hunt, suddenly discovered that out of this disorder had

somehow sprouted a strange new thing called Socialism. They halted briefly to stamp this evil growth out—and lo! from an upper window of the beer house on Unter den Linden, called the Three Ravens, the Socialist Nobiling fired two charges of buckshot into the head and shoulders of the aged Emperor, riddling his helmet like a sieve and laying him on a sick bed for the ensuing six months.

As a consequence, the Crown Prince Frederic was installed as Regent from June till December of 1878, and from this period dates young William's public attitude of antagonism to the policy of his parents.

For the present we need examine this only in its outer and political phases. It is too much, perhaps, to say that heretofore there had been no divisions inside the Hohenzollern family. The Crown Prince and his English wife had been in tacit opposition to the Kaiser-Chancellor *régime* for many years. But this opposition took on palpable form and substance during the Regency of 1878.

A new Pope—the present Leo XIII—had been elected only a few months before, and with him the Regent Frederic opened a personal correspondence, with a view to compromising the unhappy religious wrangles which were doing such injury to Germany. The letters written from

Berlin were models of gentle firmness and wise statesmanship, and they laid a foundation of conciliatory understanding upon which Bismarck afterward gladly reared his superstructure of partial settlement when the time came for him to need and bargain for the Clerical vote in the Reichstag. But at the time their friendly tone gave grave offence to the Prussian Protestants, and was peculiarly repugnant to the Junker court circles of Berlin.

It is no pleasant task to picture to one's self the grief and chagrin with which the Regent and his wife must have noted that their elder son ranged himself among their foes. The change which had been wrought in him during the year in the regiment and at Bonn revealed itself now in open and unmistakable fashion. Prince William ostentatiously joined himself with those who criticised the Regent. He assiduously cultivated the friendship of the men who led hostile attacks upon his parents. He had his greatest pride in being known for a staunch supporter of Bismarck, a firm believer in divine right, Protestant supremacy, and all the other catchwords of the absolutist party. The praises which these reactionary people sang in his honour mounted like the fumes of spirits to his young brain. Instinctively he began posing as the Hope of the Monarchy—as the providential young Prince, handsome, wise and strong, who was in

good time to ascend the throne and gloriously undo all that the weak dreamer, his father, had done toward liberalizing the institutions of Prussia and Germany.

A lamentable and odious attitude this, truly! Yet, which of us was wholly wise at nineteen? And which of us, it may be added fairly, has encountered such magnificent and overpowering temptations to foolishness as these that beset young William?

Remember that all his associates, alike in his daily routine with his regiment or at the University and in his larger intercourse among the aristocratic social circles of Berlin, took only one view of this subject. At their head were Bismarck, the most powerful and impressive personality in Europe, and the aged Emperor, the one furiously inveighing against the manner in which the Protestant religion and political security were being endangered, the other deploring from his sick-bed the grievous inroads which were threatened upon the personal rights and prerogatives of the Hohenzollerns. It is not strange that young William adopted the opinion of his grandfather and of Bismarck, chiming as it did with the new impulses of militarism that had risen so strongly within him, and being re-echoed, as it was, from the lips of all his friends.

But the event of this brief Regency which most

clearly marked the chasm separating the Crown Prince from the Junker circles of his son's adoption, was the appointment of Dr. Friedberg to high office. And this is particularly worth studying, because its effects are still felt in German social and political life.

Dr. Friedberg was then a man of sixty-five, and one of the most distinguished jurists of Germany. He had adorned a responsible post in the Ministry of Justice for over twenty years, and had written numerous valuable works, those relating to his special subject of prison reform and the efficacy of criminal law in social improvement standing in the very front rank of literature of that kind. His promotion, however, had been hopelessly blocked by two considerations; he was professedly a Liberal in politics and a close friend of the Crown Prince and Princess, and, what was still worse, he was a Jew.

On the second day of his Regency, Frederic astounded and scandalized aristocratic Berlin by appointing Dr. Friedberg to the highest judicial-administrative post in the kingdom. To glance forward for a moment, it may be noted that when old Kaiser Wilhelm returned to active power in December, he refused to remove Friedberg, out of a feeling of loyalty to his son's actions as Regent. But he vented his wrath in another way by conspicuously neglecting to give Friedberg the Black

Eagle after he had served nine years in the Ministry, though all his associates obtained the decoration upon only six years' service. This slight upon the Hebrew Minister explains the well-remembered action of Frederic, when he was on his journey home from San Remo to ascend the throne after his father's death:—as the Ministerial delegation met his train at Leipsic, and entered the carriage, he took the Black Eagle from his own neck and placed it about that of Friedberg.

This action of the emotional sick man, returning through the March snowstorm to play his brief part of phantom Kaiser, created much talk in Germany three years ago, and Friedberg, upon the strength of it, plumed himself greatly as the chief friend of the new monarch. He was the first Jew ever decorated by that exalted and exclusive Black Eagle—and during the short reign of ninety-nine days he held himself like the foremost man in the Empire.

It is a melancholy reflection that this mean-spirited old man, as soon as Frederic died, made haste to lend himself to the work of blackening his benefactor's memory. He had owed more to Frederic's friendship and loyalty than any other in Germany, and he requited the debt to the dead Kaiser with such base ingratitude that even Frederic's enemies were disgusted, and, under the

pressure of general disfavour, he had soon to quit his post. But enough of Friedberg's unpleasant personality. Let us return to 1878.

The Regent's action in giving Prussia a Jewish Minister lent an enormous original impulse to the anti-Semitic movement in Berlin, which soon grew into a veritable *Judenhetze*. This Jewish question, while it ran its course of excitement in Germany, completely dwarfed the earlier clerical issue, just as it in turn has been submerged by the rising tide of Socialistic agitation. But though the anti-Semitic party has ceased to exert any power at the polls the feeling back of it is still a potent factor in Berlin life.

In the new Berlin, of which I shall speak presently, the Jews occupy a more commanding and dominant position than they have ever had in any other important city since the fall of Jerusalem. For this the Germans have themselves largely to blame. The military bent of the ascendant Prussians has warped the whole Teutonic mind toward unduly glorifying the army. The prizes of German upper-class life are all of a military sort. Every nobleman's son, every bright boy in the wealthier citizens' stratum, aspires to the uniform. The tacit rule which excludes the Jews from positions in this epauletted aristocracy drives them into the other professions. They may not wear the sword: they revenge themselves by

owning the vast bulk of the newspapers, by writing most of the books, by almost monopolizing law, medicine, banking, architecture, engineering, and the more intellectual branches of the civil service.

This preponderance of Hebrews in the liberal professions seems unnatural to the Tory German, who has vainly tried to break it down by political action and by social ostracism. These attempts in turn have thrown the Jews into opposition. Of the seven Israelites in the present Reichstag six are Socialist Democrats and one is a Freisinnige leader. Every paper in Germany owned or edited by a Jew is uncompromisingly Radical in its politics. This in turn further exasperates the German Tories and keeps alive the latent fires of hatred which bigots like Stöcker from time to time fan into flame.

In finance, too, the German aristocrats find themselves getting more and more helplessly into Jewish hands. Their wonderful new city of Berlin not only acts as a sieve for the great wave of Hebrew migration steadily moving westward from Russia, but it is becoming the Jewish banking and money centre of Europe. The grain trade of Russia is concentrated in Berlin. To buy wheat from Odessa you apply to one of the three hundred Jewish middleman firms at Berlin. To borrow money in Europe you go with equal certainty to Berlin. The German nobleman was never very

rich; he has of late years become distinctly poor —and all the mortgages which mar his sleep o' nights are locked in Jewish safes at Berlin.

To revenge himself the German aristocrat can only assume an added contempt for literature and the peaceful professions generally because they are Jewish; insist more strongly than ever that the army is the only place for German gentlemen because it is not Jewish, and dream of the time when a beneficent fate shall once more hand Jerusalem over to conquest and rapine.

This German nobleman, however, does not disdain in the meanwhile to lend himself to the spoliation of the loathed tribes when chance offers itself. There is a famous Jewish banker in Berlin, who, in his senile years, is weak enough to desire social position for his children. One of his sons, a stupid and debauched youngster, is permitted to associate with sundry fashionable German officers —just up to the point where he loses his money to them with sufficient regularity—and, of course, never gets an inch beyond that point.

A daughter of this old banker had an even more disastrous experience. She was an ugly girl, but with her enormous dower the ambitious parents were able to buy a titled husband in the person of a penniless German Baron. Delighted with this success, the banker settled upon the couple a handsome estate in Silesia. The Baron and his

bride were provided with a special train to convey them to their future home, and in that very train the Baron installed his mistress, and with her a lawyer friend who had already arranged for the sale of the estate. The Jewish bride arrived in Silesia to find herself contemptuously deserted by her husband and robbed of her estate. She returned to Berlin, obtained a divorce, and as soon as might be was married again—this time to a diamond merchant of her own race.

As for the Baron who perpetrated this unspeakably brutal and callous outrage, I did not learn that he had lost caste among his friends by the exploit. Indeed, the story was told to me as a merry joke on the Jews.

Prince Bismarck, almost alone among the Junker group, did not associate himself with this anti-Semitic agitation. In the work which he was carrying forward Jewish bankers were extremely useful. Both in a visibly regular way, and by subterranean means, capitalists like Bleichröder played a most important part in his performance of the task of centralizing power at Berlin. Hence he always held aloof from the movement against the Jews, and on occasions made his dislike for it manifest.

Doubtless it was his counsel which restrained the impetuous young William from openly identifying himself with this bigoted and proscriptive

demonstration. At all events, the youthful Prince avoided any overt sign of his sympathy with the anti-Jewish outcry, yet continued to find all his friends among the class which supported the *Judenhetze*. It seems a curious fact now that in those days he created the impression of a silent and reserved young man—almost taciturn. As to where his likes and dislikes lay, no uncertainty existed. He was heart and soul with the aristocratic Court party and against all the tendencies and theories of the small academic group attached to his father. He made this obvious enough by his choice of associations, but kept a dignified curb on his tongue.

In addition to his course of studies at Bonn and his practical labours with his regiment, the Prince devoted a set amount of time each week to instruction of a less common order. He had regular weekly appointments with two very distinguished professors—the Emperor William, who spoke on Kingcraft, and Chancellor Bismarck, whose theme was Statecraft. The former series of discourses was continued almost without intermission, even during the old Kaiser's period of retirement after Nobiling's attempt on his life. The Prince saw these eminent instructors regularly, but it did not enter into their scheme of education that he should profess to learn anything from his father.

Among the ideas which the impressionable young man imbibed from Bismarck there could be nothing calculated to increase his filial affection or respect. Bismarck had cherished a bitter dislike for the English Crown Princess, conceived even before her marriage, at a time when she represented to him only the girlish embodiment of an impolitic matrimonial alliance, and strengthened year by year after she came to Berlin to live. He did not scruple to charge to a conspiracy between her and the Empress Augusta all the political obstacles which from time to time blocked his path. He not only believed, but openly declared, that the Crown Princess was responsible for the whole Arnim episode; and it is an open secret that even the State papers emanating from the German Foreign Office during his Chancellorship contain the grossest and most insulting allusions to her. As for the Crown Prince, Bismarck was at no pains to conceal his contempt for one of whom he habitually thought as a henpecked husband.

Enough of this feeling about his parents must have filtered through into young William's mind, from his intercourse with the powerful Chancellor, to render any reassertion of parental influence impossible.

In the summer of 1880 the Emperor and his Chancellor decided that it was time for their

pupil to marry, and they selected for his bride an amiable, robust and comely-faced German princess of the dispossessed Schleswig-Holstein family. I gain no information anywhere as to William's parents having been more than formally consulted in this matter—and no hint that William himself took any deep personal interest in the transaction. The marriage ceremony came in February of 1881, and William was now installed in a residence of his own—the pretty little Marble Palace at Potsdam. His daily life remained otherwise unaltered. He worked hard at his military and civil tasks, and continued to pose—not at all through mere levity of character, but inspired by a genuine, if misguided, sense of duty—as the darling of all reactionary elements in modern Germany.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TIDINGS OF FREDERIC'S DOOM.

Six years of married and semi-independent life went by, and left Prince William of Prussia but little changed. He worked diligently up through the grades of military training and responsibility, fulfilling all the public duties of his position with exactness, but showing no inclination to create a separate *rôle* in the State for himself. The young men of the German upper and middle classes, alive with the new spirit of absolutism and lust for conquest with which boyish memories of 1870 imbued their minds, looked toward him and spoke of him as their leader that was to be when their generation should come into its own—but that seemed something an indefinite way ahead. He could afford to wait silently.

His summer home at Marmorpalais, charmingly situated on the shore of the Heiligen Sea at Pots-

dam, did not in any obvious sense become a political centre. The men who came to it were chiefly hard-working officers, and the talk of their scant leisure, over wine and cigars, was of military tasks, hunting experiences, and personal gossip rather than of graver matters. The library, which was William's workroom in these days, has most of its walls covered with racks arranged to hold maps, presumably for strategic studies and *Kriegspiel* work. The next most important piece of furniture in the room is a tall cabinet for cigars. The bookcase is much smaller.

When winter came Prince William and his family returned to their apartments in the Schloss at Berlin. Nurses clad in the picturesque Wendish dress of the Spreewald bore an increasing prominent part in this annual exodus from Potsdam—for almost every year brought its new male Hohenzollern.

Thus the early spring of 1887 found William, now past his twenty-eighth year, a major, commanding a battalion of Foot guards, the father of four handsome, sturdy boys, and two lives removed from the throne.

Then came, without warning, one of those terrible, world-changing moments wherein destiny reveals her face to the awed beholder—moments about which the imagination of the outside public lingers with curiosity forever unsatisfied. No

one will ever tell what happens in that soul-trying instant of time, We shall never know, for example, just what William felt and thought one March day in 1887, when somebody—identity unknown to us as well—whispered in his ear that the Crown Prince, his father, had a cancer in the throat.

The world heard this sinister news some weeks later, and was so grieved at the intelligence that for over a year thereafter it fostered the hope of its falsity, and was even grateful to courtier physicians and interested flatterers who encouraged this hope. Civilization had elected Frederic to a place among its heroes, and clung despairingly to the belief that his life might, after all, be saved.

But in the inner family circle of the Hohenzollerns there was from the first no illusion on this point. The old Emperor and his Chancellor and the Prince William knew that the malady was cancerous. Their information came from Ems, whither Frederic went upon medical advice in the spring of 1887, to be treated for "a bad cold with bronchial complications." Later a strenuous and determined attempt was made to represent the disease as something else, and out of this grew one of the most painful and cruel domestic tragedies known to history. At this point it is enough to say that the Emperor and his grandson knew about the cancer before even rumours of it reached

the general public, and that their belief in its fatal character remained unshaken throughout.

To comprehend fully and fairly what followed, it will be necessary to try to look at Frederic through the eyes of the Court party. The view of him which we of England and America take has been, beyond doubt, of great and lasting service to the human race—in much the same sense that the world has been benefited by the idealized purities and sweetnesses of the Arthurian legend. We are helped by our heroes in this practical, work-a-day, modern world as truly as were our pagan fathers who followed the sons of Woden. Every one of us is the richer and stronger for this image of Frederic the Noble which the English-speaking peoples have erected in their Valhalla.

But it is fair to reflect, on the other hand, that this fine, handsome, able, and good-hearted Prince could not have created for himself such hosts of hostile critics in his own country, could not have continually found himself year by year losing his hold upon even the minority of his fellow-countrymen, without reason. It is certain that in 1886—the year before his illness befell—he had come to a minimum of usefulness, influence, and popularity in the Empire. Deplore this as we may, it would be unintelligent to refuse to inquire into its causes.

FREDERIC III.

(*From a photograph by* FRANZ HANFSTAENGL, *München.*)

Moreover, we are engaged upon the study of a living man, holding a great position, possibly destined to do great things. All our thoughts of this living man are instinctively coloured by prejudices based upon his relations with his father, who is dead. Justice to William demands that we shall strive fairly to get at the opinions and feelings which swayed him and his advisers in their attitude of antagonism to our hero, his father.

His critics say that Frederic was an actor. They do not insist upon his insincerity—in fact, for the most part credit him with honesty and candour—but regard him as the victim of hereditary histrionism. His mother, the late Empress Augusta, had always impressed Berliners in the same way—as playing in the *rôle* of an exiled Princess, with her little property Court accessories, her little tea-party circle of imitation French *littérateurs*, and her "Mrs. Haller" sighs and headshakings over the coarseness and cruelty of the big roaring world outside. And her grandfather was that play-actor gone mad, Czar Paul of Russia, who tore the passion so into tatters that his own sons rose and killed him.

Once given the key to this view of Frederic's character, a strange cloud of corroborative witnesses are at hand. Take one example. Most of the pictures of him drawn at the period of his greatest popularity—during and just after the

Franco-German war—pourtray him with a long-bowled porcelain pipe in his hand. The artists in the field made much of this: every war correspondent wrote about it. The effect upon the public mind was that of a kindly, unostentatious, pipe-loving burgher—and so lasting was it that when, seventeen years later, he was attacked by cancer, many good people hastened to ascribe it to excessive smoking. I had this same notion, too, and therefore was vastly surprised, in Berlin, years after, when a General Staff officer told me that Frederic rather disliked tobacco. I instanced the familiar pictures of him with his pipe. The instant reply was: "Ah, yes, that was like him. He always carried a pipe about at headquarters to produce an impression of comradeship on the soldiers, although it often made him sick."

It was hard work to credit this theory—until it was confirmed by a passage in Sir Morell Mackenzie's book. In response to the physician's question, Frederic said the report of his being a great smoker was "quite untrue, and that for many years he had hardly smoked at all." He added that probably this report, coming from soldiers who had seen him sometimes solacing himself after a hard-fought battle with a pipe, had given him his "perfectly undeserved reputation" as a devotee of tobacco.[1]

[1] "The Fatal Illness of Frederic the Noble," p. 20.

But the most striking illustrations of this trait, which Germans suspected in Frederic, are given in Gustav Freytag's interesting book, "The Crown Prince and the Imperial Crown." It may be said in passing that even among Conservatives in Berlin there is a feeling that Freytag should not have published this book. No doubt it tells the truth, but then Freytag owed very much to the tender friendship and liking of Frederic, who conspicuously favoured him above other German writers, and wrote kindly things about him in his diary—and, if the truth had to be told, some other than Freytag should have told it. Coupled as it is in the public mind with Dr. Friedberg's desertion, heretofore spoken of, this behaviour of another of the dead Prince's friends is felt to help justify the low opinion of German gratitude held among scoffing neighbours. As a Berlin official said in comment to the writer: "When men like Friedberg and Freytag do these things to the memory of their dead patron, it is no wonder that foreigners call us Prussians a pack of wolves, ready always to leap upon and devour any comrade who is down."

Freytag was the foremost correspondent attached to Frederic's headquarters in 1870–71, and enjoyed the confidence of the Crown Prince in extraordinary measure. Thus he is able to give us a detailed picture of the man's moods and mental

workings, day by day, during that eventful time. And this picture is a perfect panorama of varying phases of histrionism.

The Crown Prince was sedulously cultivating the popular impression of himself as a plain, hail-fellow-well-met, friendly Prince. But Freytag says: "The traditional conception of rank and position dwelt ineradicably in his soul; when he had occasion to remember his own claims, he stood more vehemently on his dignity than others of his class. . . . Had destiny allowed him a real reign, this peculiarity would probably have shown itself in a manner unpleasantly surprising to his contemporaries." [1]

More important still is this remark on the following page: "The idea of the German Empire grew out of princely pride in his soul; it became an ardent wish, and I think he was the originator and motive power of this innovation."

The fact that it was Frederic who conceived the idea of the Empire first came to the world when Dr. Geffcken printed that famous portion of the Crown Prince's diary which led to prosecutions and infinite scandal. Freytag's subsequent publication surrounds the fact with most curious minutiæ of detail.

As early as August 1st, before his Third Army

[1] "The Crown Prince and the German Imperial Crown," by Gustav Freytag, p. 27.

had even crossed the Rhine, Frederic had broached the idea of an empire, with Prussia at its head. All through the campaign which followed his head was full of it. He busied his mind with questions of titles, precedence, &c., to grow out of the new creation. One afternoon—August 11th—he strolled on the hillside with Freytag for a talk. "He had put on his general's cloak so that it fell around his tall figure like a king's mantle, and had thrown around his neck the gold chain of the Hohenzollern order, which he was not wont to wear in the quiet of the camp—and paced elated along the village green. Filled with the importance which the emperor idea had for him, he evidently adapted his external appearance to the conversation." During this talk he asked what the new title of the King of Prussia should be, and the anti-imperialist Freytag suggested Duke of Germany. Then "the Crown Prince broke out with emphasis, his eyes flashing: 'No! he must be Emperor!'"[1]

To create this empire Frederic was quite ready to forcibly coerce the Southern German States. Bismarck and William I., whom we think of as rough, hard, arbitrary men, shrank from even considering such a course. To the enthusiastic and slightly unreal Frederic it seemed the most natural thing in the world. The account in his diary of the long interview of Nov. 16, 1870, with

[1] Freytag, p. 20.

Bismarck makes all this curiously clear. "What about the South Germans? Would you threaten them, then?" asks the Chancellor. "Yes, indeed!" answers our ideal constitutional Frederic, with a light heart. The interview was protracted and stormy, Bismarck ending it by resort to his accustomed trick of threatening to resign, a well-worn device which twenty years later was to be used just once too often.

In this same diary, under date of the following March (1871), Frederic writes: "I doubt whether the necessary uprightness exists for the free development of the Empire, and think that only a new epoch, which shall one day come to terms with me, will see that. . . . More especially I shall be the first Prince who has to appear before his people after having honourably declared for constitutional methods without any reserve."

One feels that these two passages from his own diary—the utterances of November and the reflections of March—show distinctly why the practical rulers, soldiers, and statesmen of Prussia distrusted Frederic. They saw him more eager and strenuous about grasping the imperial dignity than any one else—willing even to break treaties and force Bavaria, Saxony, and Würtemberg into the empire at the cannon's mouth, and then they heard him lamenting that until he came to the throne there would not be enough "uprightness to insure

THE EMPRESS FREDERIC.

(*From a photograph by* ELLIOTT & FRY, 55 *Baker Street, London, W.*)

"constitutional methods." Candidly, it is impossible to wonder at their failure to reconcile the two.

An even more acute reason for this suspicion and dislike lay in Frederic's relations with the English Court. To begin with, there was a sensational and fantastic uxoriousness about his attitude toward his wife which could not command sympathy in Germany. Freytag tells of his lying on his camp bed watching the photographs of his wife and children on the table before him, with tears in his eyes, and rhapsodizing about his wife's qualities of heart and intellect to the newspaper correspondent, until Freytag promised to dedicate his next book to her. "He gave me a look of assent and lay back satisfied." This in itself would rather pall on the German taste.

Worse still, Frederic used to write long letters home to his wife every day—often the work of striking the camp would be delayed until these epistles could be finished—and then the Crown Princess at Berlin would as regularly send the purport of these to her royal relatives in England and thence it would be telegraphed to France. Bismarck always believed, or professed to believe, that there was concerted treachery in this business. No one else is likely to credit this assumption. But at all events the fact is that this embarrassing diffusion of news was discovered and complained

of at the time, and charged against Frederic, and was the reason, as Bismarck bluntly declared during the discussion over the diary, why the Crown Prince was not trusted by his father or allowed to share state secrets.

As for the Empire itself, though the original idea of it was his, Frederic suffered the fate of many other inventors in having very little to do with it after it was put into working order. He presented a magnificently heroic figure on horseback in out-of-door spectacles, and his cultured tastes made the task of presiding over museums and learned societies congenial. But there his participation in public affairs ended.

The Empire he had dreamed of was of a wholly different sort from this prosaic, machine-like, departmental structure which Bismarck and Delbrück made. Frederic's vision had been of some splendid, picturesque, richly-decorated revival of the Holy Roman Empire. There are a number of delightful pages in Freytag's book giving the Crown Prince's romantic views on this point.[1] When the first Reichstag met in 1871, to acclaim the new Emperor in his own capital, Frederic introduced into the ceremony the ancient throne chair of the Saxon Emperors, which may now be seen in Henry's palace at Goslar, and which, having lain unknown for centuries in a Harz

[1] Fryetag, pp. 115–130.

village, was discovered by being offered for sale by a peasant as old metal some seventy years ago.

Among practical Germans this attempt to link their new Empire with the discredited and disreputable old fabric, which had been too rotten for even the Hapsburgs to hold together, was extremely distasteful. Yet Frederic clung to this pseudo-mediævalism to the last. When he came to the throne as Kaiser his first proclamation spoke of "the re-established Empire." And those who were in Berlin at the time know how a whole day's delay was caused by the dissension over what title the new ruler should assume—the secret of which was that he desired to call himself Kaiser Friedrich IV, thus going back for imperial continuity to that Friedrich III who died while Martin Luther was a boy, and who is remembered only because he was the father of the great Max and was the original possessor of the Austrian under lip.

Freytag indeed says that to that first proclamation Frederic did affix a signature with an IV—the assumption being that Bismarck altered it.

The reader has been shown this less satisfying aspect of Frederic, as his associates saw him, because without understanding it the attitude of both his father and his son towards him would be flatly unintelligible. They did not believe that he would make a safe Emperor for Germany.

The old William all the same loved his son deeply, and manifested an almost extravagant delight at the creditable way in which he carried himself through the Bohemian and French campaigns. In the succeeding years of peace it is obvious enough that the venerable Kaiser grew despondent about his son's association with Radicals and their dreams—and it is equally clear that there were plenty of advisers at hand to confirm the old man in these gloomy doubts. Hence, though he cherished a sincere affection for "Unser Fritz" and his English wife, and would gladly have had them much about him, he could not help being of the party opposed to them—the party which lost no opportunity of exalting young William in his grandfather's eyes as the real hope of the Hohenzollerns. Thus there was a growing, though tacit, estrangement between the father and son.

When Frederic was stricken with disease, however, the kindly old father suffered keenly. There was great sweetness of nature in the tough martial frame of William I, and there is an abiding pathos in the picture we have of his last moments —the stout nonogenarian who fought death so valiantly even to his last breath that it seemed as if he could not die, rolling his white head on the pillow, and moaning piteously, "Poor Fritz! Poor Fritz!" with his rambling thoughts beyond the

snow-clad Alps, where his son was also in the destroyer's grasp.

As for young William, his estrangement from his father, if less noted, had been more complete. He belonged openly to another party, and moreover smarted under the reproach of being unfilial, which the friends of his parents, largely of the writing and printing class, publicly levelled at him.

Placed in this position, the shock of the news that his father had an incurable disease must have come upon him with peculiar force. We can only dimly imagine to ourselves the great struggles fought out in his breast between grief for the father, who had really been an ideal parent, loving, gentle, solicitous, and tenderly proud, and concern for the Empire, which might be doomed to have a wasting invalid at its head for years. On the one side was the repellent thought that this father's death would mean his own swift advancement, for the grandfather could clearly live but little longer. On the other side, if his father's life was prolonged, it meant the elevation to the throne of a sick man, whose fitness for the crown of this armed and beleaguered nation would at all times have been doubtful, and who, in his enfeebled state, at the mercy of the radical agitators and adventurers about him, might jeopardize the fortunes of Empire and dynasty alike.

Torn between these conflicting views, it is not

strange that William welcomed a middle course, suggested, I am authoritatively informed, by Frederic himself.

The Crown Prince returned to Berlin from Ems thoroughly frightened. He had no doubt whatever that he was suffering from cancer and expected to die within the year. Like all men of an expansive and impressionable temperament, he was subject to fits of profound melancholia—as Freytag puts it, "fond of indulging in gloomy thoughts and pessimistic humours;" so much so that he "sometimes cherished the idea of renouncing the throne, in case of its being vacant, and leaving the government to his son."[1] He had grown lethargic and dispirited through years of inaction and systematic exclusion from governmental labours and interests. He returned from Ems now, in this April of 1887, in a state of complete depression.

The evident affection and sympathy with which both his father and son received him, gave an added impulse to the despairing ideas which had conquered his mind since his sentence of death by cancer had been uttered.

In the course of a touching interview between the three Hohenzollerns, Frederic with tears in his eyes declared that he did not desire to reign, and that if by chance he survived his father he would

[1] Freytag, p. 78.

waive his rights of succession in favour of his elder son. This declaration was within a brief space of time repeated in the presence of Prince Bismarck, and was by him reduced to writing. The paper was deposited among the official private archives of the Crown at Berlin, and presumably is still in existence there.

CHAPTER V.

THROUGH THE SHADOWS TO THE THRONE.

THE fact that the Crown Prince Frederic, despondent and unnerved in the presence of a mortal disease, had voluntarily pledged himself to renounce his rights of succession, was naturally not published to the world. Although it is beyond doubt that such a pledge was given, nothing more definite than a roundabout hint has to this day been printed in Germany upon the subject. There are no means of ascertaining the exact number of personages in high position to whom this intelligence was imparted at the time. As has been said, the Emperor, the Chancellor, and the young heir were parties to Frederic's original action. Certain indications exist that for a time the secret was kept locked in the breasts of these four men. Then Frederic confessed to his wife what he had done.

The strangest feature of this whole curious business is that Frederic should ever have taken this gravely important step, not only without his wife's knowledge, but against all her interests. Her influence over him was of such commanding completeness, and his devotion to her so dominated his whole career and character, that the thing can only be explained by laying stress upon his admitted tendency to melancholia and assuming that his shaken nerves collapsed under the emotional strain of meeting his father and son with sympathetic tears in their eyes.

With the moment when the wife first learned of this abdication the active drama begins. She did not for an instant dream of suffering the arrangement to be carried out—at least until every conceivable form of resistance had been exhausted. We can fancy this proud, energetic princess casting about anxiously here, there, everywhere, for means with which to fight the grimly-powerful combination against her husband's future and her own, and can well believe that in the darkest hour of the struggle which ensued this true daughter of the Fighting Guelphs never lost heart.

For friends it was hopeless to look anywhere in Germany. She had lived in Berlin and Potsdam for nearly thirty years, devoting her large talents and wide sympathies to the encouragement of literature, science, and the arts, to the inculcation

of softening and merciful thoughts embodied in new hospitals, asylums, and charitable institutions, and the formation of orders of nurses; most earnestly of all, to the task of lifting the women of Germany up in the domestic and social scale, and making of them something higher than mere mothers of families and household drudges. Nobody thanked her for her pains, least of all the women she had striven to befriend. Her undoubted want of tact and reserve in commenting upon the foibles of her adopted countrymen kept her an alien in the German mind, in spite of everything she did to foster a kindlier attitude. The feelings of the country at large were passively hostile to her. The influential classes hated her vehemently.

That she should link together in her mind this widespread and assiduously-cultivated enmity to her, and this new and alarming conspiracy to keep her husband from the throne, was most natural. She leaped to the conclusion that it was all a plot, planned by her ancient and implacable foe, Bismarck. That her own son was in it made the thing more acutely painful, but only increased her determination to fight.

Instinctively she turned to her English home for help. Although nearly two centuries have passed since George I entered upon his English inheritance, and more than half a century has gone by since the last signs of British dominion

were removed from Hanover, the dynastic family politics of Windsor and Balmoral remain almost exclusively German. In all the confused and embittered squabbles which have kept the royal and princely houses of Germany by the ears since the close of the Napoleonic wars, the interference of the British Guelph has been steadily pitted against the influence of the Prussian Hohenzollern. Hardly one of the changes which, taken altogether, have whittled the reigning families of Germany from thirty down to a shadowy score since 1820, has been made without the active meddling of English royalty on one side or the other—most generally on the losing side. Hence, while it was natural that the Crown Princess should remember in her time of sore trial that she was also Princess Royal in England, it was equally to be expected that Germany should prepare itself to resent this fresh case of British intermeddling.

The scheme of battle which the Crown Princess, in counsel with her insular relatives, decided upon was at once ingenious and bold. It could not, unfortunately, be gainsaid that her husband, Frederic, had formally pledged himself to relinquish the crown *if* he proved to be afflicted with a mortal disease. Very well; the war must be waged upon that "if."

A good many momentous letters had crossed the North Sea, heavily sealed and borne by trusted

messengers, before the system of defence was disclosed by the first overt movement. On the 20th of May, 1887, Dr. Morell Mackenzie, the best known of London specialists in throat diseases, arrived in Berlin, and was immediately introduced to a conference of German physicians, heretofore in charge of the case, as a colleague who was to take henceforth the leading part. They told him that to the best of their belief they had to deal with a cancer, but were awaiting his diagnosis. On the following day, and a fortnight later, he performed operations upon the illustrious patient's throat to serve as the basis for a microscopical examination. With his forceps he drew out bits of flesh, which were sent to Prof. Virchow for scientific scrutiny. Upon examining these Prof. Virchow reported he discovered nothing to "excite the suspicion of wider and graver disease," [1] thus giving the most powerful support imaginable to Dr. Mackenzie's diagnosis of "a benign growth."

The German physicians allege that Dr. Mackenzie drew out pieces of the comparatively healthful right vocal cord. The London specialist denies this. Nothing could be further from the purpose of this work than to take sides upon any phase of the unhappy and undignified controversy which ensued. It is enough here to note the charge, as indicating the view which Prof. Gerhardt

[1] Mackenzie's "Frederic the Noble," p. 34.

and his German colleagues took from the first of Mackenzie's mission in Berlin.

This double declaration against the theory of cancer having been obtained, the next step was to secure the removal of Frederic. The celebration of the Queen's jubilee afforded a most valuable occasion. He came to England on June 14th—and he never again stepped foot in Berlin until he returned as Kaiser the following year. Nearly three months were spent at Norwood, and in Scotland and the Isle of Wight. A brief stop in the Austrian Tyrol followed, and then the Crown Prince settled in his winter home at San Remo. On the day of his arrival there Mackenzie was telegraphed for, as very dangerous symptoms had presented themselves. He reached San Remo on November 5, 1887, and discovered so grave a situation that Prince William was immediately summoned from Berlin.

That the young Prince had been placed in a most trying position by the quarrel which now raged about his father's sick-room, need not be pointed out. The physicians who stood highest in Berlin, and who were backed by the liking and confidence of William's friends, were deeply indignant at having been superseded by two Englishmen like Mackenzie and Hovell. This national prejudice became easily confounded with partisan antagonisms. The Germans are not

celebrated for calm, or for skill in conducting controversies with delicacy, and in this instance the worst side of everybody concerned was exhibited.

One recalls now with astonishment the boundless rancour and recklessness of accusation which characterized that bitter wrangle. Many good people of one party seriously believed that the German physicians wanted to gain access to Frederic in order to kill him. On the other hand, a great number insisted that Mackenzie was deceiving the public, and had subjected Frederic to the most terrible maimings and tortures in order to conceal from Germany the fact of the cancer. The basest motives were ascribed by either side to the other. The Court circle asked what they were doing, then, to the Crown Prince that they hid him away in Italy; the answering insinuation was that very good reasons existed for not allowing him to fall into the hands of the Berlin doctors, who were so openly devoted to his heir.

In a state of public mind where hints of assassination grow familiar to the ear, the mere charge of a lack of filial affection sounds very tame indeed.

That William deserved during this painful period the reproaches heaped upon him by the whole English-speaking world is by no means clear. Such fault as may be with fairness

imputed to him, seems to have grown quite naturally out of the circumstances. He was on the side of the German physicians as against Mackenzie; but after all that has happened that can scarcely be regarded as a crime. He could not but range himself with those who resented the tone Dr. Mackenzie and his friends assumed toward what they called "the Court circles of Berlin."

When he reached San Remo in November, it was to note the death mark clearly stamped on his father's face; yet he heard the English *entourage* still talking about the possibility of the disease not being cancer. The German doctors had grievous stories to tell him about how they had been crowded out and put under the heel of the foreigner. Whether he would or not, he was made a party to the whole wretched wrangle which henceforth vexed the atmosphere of the Villa Zirio.

The outside world was subjecting this villa and its inhabitants to the most tirelessly inquisitive scrutiny. Newspaper correspondents engirdled San Remo with a cordon of espionage, through which filtered the gossip of servants and the stray babbling of tradespeople. Dr. Mackenzie—now become Sir Morell—confided his views of the case to journalists who desired them. The German physicians furtively promulgated stories of quite

a different hue, through the medium of the German press. Thus it came about that, while Germany as a whole disliked deeply the manner in which Frederic's case was managed, the English-speaking peoples espoused the opposite view and condemned as cruel and unnatural the position occupied by the Germans, with young William at their head.

As the winter of 1887–8 went forward, it became apparent that the Kaiser's prolonged life had run its span. The question which would die first, old William or middle-aged Frederic, hung in a fluttering balance. Germany watched the uncertain development of this dual tragedy with bated breath, and all Christendom bent its attention upon Germany and her two dying Hohenzollerns.

March came, with its black skies and drifting snow wreaths and bitter winds blown a thousand miles across the Sclavonic sand plains, and laid the aged Kaiser upon his deathbed. Prince William, having alternated through the winter between Berlin and San Remo, was at the last in attendance upon his grandfather. The dying old man spoke to him as if he were the immediate heir. Upon him all the injunctions of state and family policy which the departing monarch wished to utter were directly laid. The story of those conferences will doubtless never be revealed in its

entirety. But it is known that, if any notion had up to that time existed of keeping Frederic from the throne, it was now abandoned. William was counselled to loving patience and submission during the little reign which his father at best could have. Bismarck was pledged to remain in office upon any and all terms short of peremptory dismissal through this same brief period.

It was to William, too, that that last exhortation to be "considerate" with Russia was muttered by the dying man — that strange domestic legacy of the Hohenzollerns which hints at the murder of Charles XII, recalls the partition of Poland, the despair of Jena, and the triumph of Waterloo, and has yet in store we know not what still stranger things.

William I died on March 9, 1888. On the morning of the following day Frederic and his wife and daughters left San Remo in a special train and arrived at Berlin on the night of the 11th, having made the swiftest long journey known in the records of continental railways. The new Kaiser's proclamation—"To my People"—bears the date of March 12th, but it was really not issued until the next day.

During that period of delay, the Schloss at Charlottenburg, which had been hastily fitted up for the reception of the invalid, was the scene of protracted conferences between Frederic, his son

William, and Bismarck. Hints are not lacking that these interviews had their stormy and unpleasant side, for Frederic had up to this time fairly maintained his general health, and could to a limited extent make use of his voice. But all that is visible to us of this is the fact that some sort of understanding was arrived at, by which Bismarck could remain in office and accept responsibility for the acts of the reign.

The story of those melancholy ninety-nine days need not detain us long. Young William himself, though standing now in the strong light of public scrutiny, on the steps of the throne, remained silent, and for the most part motionless. The world gossiped busily about his heartless conduct toward his mother, his callous behaviour in the presence of his father's terrible affliction, his sympathy with those who most fiercely abused the good Sir Morell Mackenzie. As there had been tales of his unfilial actions at San Remo, so now there were stories of his shameless haste to snatch the reins of power from his father's hands. So late as August, 1889, an anonymous writer alleged in *The New Review* that "the watchers by the sick bed in Charlottenburg were always in dread when 'Willie' visited his father lest he might brusquely demand the establishment of a Regency."

Next to no proof of these assertions can be

discovered in Berlin. If there was talk of a Regency—as well there might be among those who knew of the existence of Frederic's offer to abdicate—it did not in any way come before the public. I know of no one qualified to speak who says that it ever came before even Frederic.

That a feeling of bitterness existed between William and his parents is not to be denied. All the events of the past year had contributed to intensify this feeling and to put them wider and wider apart. Even if the young man had been able to divest himself of the last emotion of self-sensitiveness, there would still have remained the dislike for the whole England-Mackenzie-San Remo episode which rankled in every conservative German mind. But neither the blood nor the training of princes helps them to put thoughts of self aside—and in William's case a long chain of circumstances bound him to a position which, though we may find it extremely unpleasant to the eye, seemed to him a simple matter of duty and of justice to himself and to Prussia.

The world gladly preserves and cherishes an idealized picture of the knightly Kaiser Frederic, facing certain death with intrepid calm, and labouring devotedly to turn what fleeting days might be left him to the advantage of liberalism in Germany. It is a beautiful and elevating picture, and we are all of us the richer for its possession.

But, in truth, Frederic practically accomplished but one reform during his reign, and that came in the very last week of his life and was bought at a heavy price. To the end he gave a surprisingly regular attention to the tasks of a ruler. Both at Charlottenburg and, later, at Potsdam, he forced himself, dying though he was, to daily devote two hours or more to audiences with ministers and officials, and an even greater space of time in his library to signing State papers and writing up his diary. But this labour was almost wholly upon routine matters.

Two incidents of the brief reign are remembered —the frustrated attempt to marry one of the Prussian Princesses to a Battenberg and the successful expulsion of Puttkamer from the Prussian Ministry of the Interior.

The Battenberg episode attracted much the greater share of public attention at the time, not only from the element of romance inherent in the subject, but because it seemed to be an obvious continuation of the Anglo-German feud which had been flashing its lightnings about Frederic's devoted head for a twelvemonth. Of the four Battenberg Princes—cousins of the Grand Duke of Hesse by a morganatic marriage, and hence, according to Prussian notions, not "born" at all —one had married a daughter, another a granddaughter of the Queen of England. This seemed

to the German aristocracy a most remarkable thing, and excited a good deal of class feeling, but was not important so long as these upstart *protégés* of English eccentricity kept out of reach of German snubs.

A third Battenberg, Alexander, had made for himself a considerable name as Prince of Bulgaria: in fact, had done so well that the Germans felt like liking him in spite of his brothers. The way in which he had completely thrashed the Servians, moreover, reflected credit upon the training he had had in the German Army. In his sensational quarrel with the Czar, too, German opinion leaned to his side, and altogether there was a kindly feeling toward him. Perhaps if there had been no antecedent quarrel about English interference, even his matrimonial adoption into the Hohenzollern family might have been tolerated with good grace.

As it was, the announcement at the end of March that he was to be betrothed to the Princess Victoria, the second daughter of Frederic, provoked on the instant a furious uproar. The Junker class all over Germany protested indignantly. The "reptile" press promptly raised the cry that this was more of the alien work of the English Empress, who had been prompted by her English mother to put this fresh affront upon all true Germans. Prince Bismarck himself hastened

to Berlin and sternly insisted upon the abandonment of the obnoxious idea. There was a fierce struggle before a result was reached, with hot feminine words and tears of rage on one side, with square-jawed, gruff-voiced obstinacy and much plain talk on the other. At last Bismarck overbore opposition and had his way. Prince William manifested almost effusive gratitude to the Chancellor for having dispelled this nightmare of a Battenberg brother-in-law.

The solicitude about this project seems to have been largely maternal. Sir Morell Mackenzie says of the popular excitement over the subject: "I cannot say that it produced much effect on the Emperor." As for the Princess Victoria, she has now for some time been the wife of Prince Adolph of Schaumburg-Lippe.

Although it did not attract a tithe of the attention given the Battenberg marriage sensation, the dismissal of Puttkamer was really an important act, the effects of which were lasting in Germany. This official had been Minister of the Interior since 1881—a thoroughgoing Bismarckian administrator, whose use of the great machinery of his office to coerce voters, intimidate opposition, and generally grease the wheels of despotic government, had become the terror and despair of Prussian Liberalism. To have thrown him out of office it was worth while to reign only ninety-nine days.

Ostensibly his retirement was a condition imposed by Frederic before he would sign the Reichstag's bill lengthening the Parliamentary term to five years. The Radicals had hoped he would veto it, and the overthrow of Puttkamer was offered as a solace to these wounded hopes. But in reality Puttkamer had been doomed from the outset of the new reign. He was conspicuous among those who spoke with contempt of Frederic, and in his ministerial announcement of the old Kaiser's death to the public, insolently neglected to say a word about his successor. Questioned about this later, he had the impertinence to say that he could not find out what title the new Kaiser would choose to assume.

Puttkamer's resignation was gazetted on June 11th, and that very evening Prince Bismarck gave a great dinner, at which the fallen Minister was the guest of honour. In one sense the insult was wasted, for out at Potsdam the invalid at whom it was levelled could no longer eat, and was obviously close to death. Indirectly, however, the affront made a mark upon the world's memory. We shall hear of Puttkamer again.

On the 1st day of June Frederic had been conveyed by boat to Potsdam, where he wished to spend his remaining weeks in the most familiar of his former homes, the New Palace, the name of which he changed to Friedrichskron. He was

already a dying man. Two clever observers, who were on the little pier at Gleinicke, described to me the appearance of the Emperor when he was carried up out of the cabin to land. Said one: "He was crouched down, wretched, scared, and pallid, like a man going to execution." The other added: "Say rather like an enfeebled maniac in charge of his keepers."

Yet, broken and crushed as he was, he was Kaiser to the last. The announcement of Puttkamer's downfall came on June 11th. Frederic died on June 15th.

It was in the late forenoon of that rainy, gray summer day that the black and white royal standard above the palace fell—signifying that the eighth King of Prussia was no more. A moment later orderlies were running hither and thither outside; the troops within the palace park hastily threw themselves into line, and detachments were at once marched to each of the gates to draw a cordon between Friedrichskron and all the world besides.

In an inner room in the great palace the elder son of the dead Kaiser, all at once become William II, German Emperor, King in Prussia, eighteen times a Duke, twice a Grand Duke, ten times a Count, fifteen times a Seigneur, and three times a Margrave—this young man, with fifty-four titles

thus suddenly plumped down upon him,[1] seated himself to write proclamations to his Army and his Navy.

[1] With the possible exception of the Emperor of Austria, William is the most betitled man in Europe. Beside being German Emperor and King of Prussia, he is Margrave of Brandenburg, and the two Lausitzes ; Grand Duke of Lower Rhineland and Posen ; Duke of Silesia, Glatz, Saxony, Westphalia, Engern, Pomerania, Luneburg, Holstein-Schleswig, Magdeburg, Bremen, Geldern, Cleve, Juliers and Berg, Crossen, Lauenburg, Mecklenburg, of the Wends and of the Cassubes ; Landgrave of Hesse and Thuringia ; Prince of Orange ; Count-Prince of Henneburg ; Count of the Mark, of Ravensberg, of Hohenstein, of Lingen and Tecklenburg, of Mansfeld, Sigmaringen, Veringen, and of Hohenzollern ; Burgrave of Nuremberg ; Seigneur of Frankfurt, Rügen, East Friesland, Paderborn, Pyrmont, Halberstadt, Münster, Minden, Osnabruck, Hildesheim, Verden, Kammin, Fulda, Nassau and Moers.

CHAPTER VI.

UNDER THE SWAY OF THE BISMARCKS.

During the three days between the death and burial of Frederic the world saw and heard nothing of his successor save these two proclamations to the Army and Navy. This in itself was sufficiently strange. It was like a slap in the face of nineteenth-century civilization that this young man, upon whom the vast task of ruling an empire rich in historical memories of peaceful progress had devolved, should take such a barbaric view of his position. In this country which gave birth to the art of printing, this Germany wherein Dürer and Cranach worked and Luther changed the moral history of mankind and Lessing cleared the way for that noble band of poets of whom Goethe stands first and Wagner is not last, it seemed nothing less than monstrous that a youth called to be Emperor should see only columns of troops and iron-clads.

The purport of these proclamations, shot forth from the printing press while the news of Frederic's death was still in the air, fitted well the precipitancy of their appearance. William delivered a long eulogy upon his grandfather, made only a passing allusion to his father, recited the warlike achievements and character of his remoter ancestors, and closed by saying: "Thus we belong to each other, I and the army; thus we were born for one another; and firmly and inseparably will we hold together, whether it is God's will to give us peace or storm."

Exultant militarism rang out from every line of these utterances. The world listened to this young man boasting about being a war lord, with feelings nicely graded upon a scale of distances. Those near by put hands on sword hilts; those further away laughed contemptuously; but all alike, far and near, felt that an evil day for Germany had dawned.

The funeral of old William at Berlin in March had been a spectacle memorable in the history of mankind—the climacteric demonstration of the pomp and circumstance of European monarchical systems. A simple military funeral, a trifle more ornate than that of a General of division, was given to his successor. The day, June 18th, was the anniversary of Waterloo.

It may have been due to thoughts upon what

this day meant in Prussian history; more probably it reflected the chastened and softening influences of these three days' meditation in the palace of death; from whatever cause, William's address to the Prussian people, issued on the 18th, was a much more satisfactory performance. The tone of the drill sergeant was entirely lacking, and the words about his father, the departed Frederic, were full of filial sweetness. The closing paragraph fairly mirrors the whole proclamation:

"I have vowed to God that, after the example of my fathers, I will be a just and clement Prince to my people, that I will foster piety and the fear of God, and that I will protect the peace, promote the welfare of the country, be a helper of the poor and distressed, and a true guardian of the right."

Pondering upon the marked difference between this address and the excited and vain-glorious harangue to the fighting men of Germany which heralded William's accession, it occurred to me to inquire whether or not Dr. Hinzpeter had in the interim made his appearance at Potsdam. No one could remember, but the point may be worth the attention of the future historian.

Studying all that has since happened in the variant lights of these proclamations of June 15th and June 18th, one sees a constant struggle between two Williams—between the gentle, dreamy-eyed, soft-faced boy of Cassel, and the vain, arrogant

youth who learned to clank a sword at his heels and twist a baby moustache in Bonn. Such conflicts and clashings between two hostile inner selves have a part in the personal history of each of us. Only we are not out under the searching glare of illumination which beats upon a prince, and the records and results of these internal warrings are of interest to ourselves alone.

William, moreover, has one of those nervous, delicately-poised, highly-sensitized temperaments which responds readily and without reserve to the emotion of the moment. Increasing years seem to be strengthening his judgment, but they do not advance him out of the impressionable age. In the romantic idealism and mysticism of his mind, and in the histrionic bent of his impulses, he is a true son of his father, a genuine heir of the strange fantastic Ascanien strain, which meant greatness in Catharine II, madness in her son Paul, and whimsical staginess in his grand-daughter Augusta.

Like his father, too, his nature is peculiarly susceptible to the domination of a stronger and more deeply rooted personality. The wide difference between them arises from this very similitude. Frederic spent all his adult life under the influence of the broad-minded, cultured, and high-thinking English Princess, his wife. William, during these years now under notice, was in the grip of the Bismarcks.

The ascendency of this family, which attained its zenith in these first months of the young Kaiser's reign, is a unique thing in the history of Prussia. The Hohenzollerns have been hereditarily a stiff-backed race, much addicted to personal government, and not at all given to leaning on other people. From 1660 to 1860 you will search their records in vain for the name of a minister who was allowed to usurp functions not strictly his own. The first Frederic William was a good deal pulled about and managed by inferiors, it is true, but they did it only by making themselves seem more his inferiors than any others about him. No Wolsey or Richelieu or Metternich could thrive in the keen air of the Mark of Brandenburg, under the old kingly traditions of Prussia.

Bismarck rose upon the ruins of those traditions. In 1862 the Prussian Diet and Prussian society generally were in open revolt against the new king, William I. Constitutionalism and the spread of modern ideas had made the old absolutist system of the Hohenzollerns impossible; budgets were thrown out, constituencies were abetted in their mutiny by the nobles, and the newspaper press was fiercely hostile. The King, a frank, kindly, slow-minded old soldier, did not know what to do. The thought of surrendering his historic prerogatives under pressure, and the

resource of sweeping Berlin's streets with grape-shot, were equally hateful to him. In his perplexity he summoned his Ambassador at Paris to Berlin, and begged him to undertake the defence of the monarchy against its enemies. He made this statesman, Otto von Bismarck, Minister of the King's House and of Foreign Affairs, and avowedly a Premier who had undertaken to rule Prussia without a Parliament.

It was the old story of the Saxons, being invited to defend the British homestead, and remaining to enjoy it themselves.

The lapse of a quarter of a century found this King magnified into an Emperor, enjoying the peaceful semblance of a reign over 48,000,000 of people, where before he had stormily failed to govern much less than half that number. He had grown into the foremost place among European sovereigns so easily and without friction, and was withal so honest and amiable an old gentleman, that it did not disturb him to note how much greater a man than himself his Minister had come to be.

The relations between William I and Bismarck were always frank, loyal, and extremely simple. They were fond of each other, mutually grateful for what each had helped the other to do and to be. It illumines one of the finest traits in the great Chancellor's character to realize that, during the last eighteen years of the old Kaiser's life,

Bismarck would never go to the opera or theatre for fear the popular reception given to him might wound the royal sensitiveness of his master.

Bismarck, having all power in his own hands, became possessed of that most human of passions, the desire to found a dynasty, and hand this authority down to his posterity. There was a certain amount of promising material in his older son Herbert—a robust, rough-natured, fairly-acute, and altogether industrious man—ten years older than the Prince William, now become Kaiser. The strength of Prince Bismarck's hold upon the old William was only matched by the supremacy he had thus far managed to exert over the imperial grandson. He dreamed a vision of having Herbert as omnipotent in the Germany of the twentieth century as he had been in the last half of the nineteenth.

The story of his terrible disillusion belongs to a later stage. At the time with which we are dealing, and indeed for nearly a year after William's accession in June of 1888, the ascendency of the Bismarcks was complete. Men with fewer infirmities of temper and feminine capacities for personal grudges and jealousies might possibly have maintained that ascendency, or the semblance of it, for years. But a long lease of absolute power had developed the petty sides of their characters. During the brief reign of Frederic

they had had to suffer certain slights and rebuffs at the hands of his Liberal friends who were temporarily brought to the front. To their swollen *amour propre* nothing else seemed so important now as to avenge these indignities. The new Kaiser they thought of as wholly their man, and they proceeded to use him as a rod for the backs of their enemies.

It remains a surprising thing that they were allowed to go so far in this evil direction before William revolted and called a halt. For what they did before a stop was put to their career it is impossible not to blame him as well as them. In truth, he began by being so wholly under their influence that even his own individual acts were coloured by their prejudices and hates.

If he had been momentarily softened by the pathetic conditions surrounding his father's funeral, his heart steeled itself again soon enough under the sway of the Bismarcks. He entered with gratuitous zest upon a course of demonstrative disrespect to his father's memory.

Frederic had been born in the spacious, rambling New Palace at Potsdam, and in adult life had made it his principal home. Here all his children save William were born, and here William himself spent his boyhood, as Mr. Bigelow has so pleasantly told us,[1] playing with his brother Henry

[1] *New Review*, August, 1889.

in their attic nursery, or cruising in their little toy frigate on the neighbouring lakes. Here Frederic at the end came home to die, and in the last fortnight of his life formally decreed that the name of the New Palace should henceforth be Friedrichskron—or Frederic's Crown.

All who have seen the splendid edifice, embowered in the ancient royal forest parks, will recognize the poetic and historic fitness of the name. From its centre rises a dome, surmounted by three female figures supporting an enormous kingly crown. There was a time when Europe talked as much about this emblematic dome as we did a year or so ago about the Eiffel Tower, though for widely different reasons. It was not remarkable from any scientific point of view, but it embodied in visible bronze a colossal insult levelled by Frederic the Great at the three most powerful women in the world. When that tireless creature emerged from the Seven Years' War, he began busying himself by the construction of this palace. Everybody had supposed him to be ruined financially, but he had his father's secret hoards almost intact, and during the six years 1763–9 drew from them over £2,000,000 to complete this structure. With characteristic insolence he reared upon the dome, in the act of upholding his crown, three naked figures having the faces of Catherine of Russia, Maria Theresa of Austria,

and Mme. Pompadour of France, each with her back turned toward her respective country. The irony was coarse, but perhaps it may be forgiven to a man who had so notably come through the prolonged life-and-death struggle forced upon him by these women.

At all events, it was an intelligent and proper thing to give the palace the name of Friedrichskron, and one would think that, even if the change had been less fitting than it was, the wish of the dying man about the house of his birth could not but command respect.

One of William's first acts was to order the discontinuance of the new name, and in his proclamation he ostentatiously reverted to the former usage of "New Palace."

To glance ahead for a moment, there came in September an even more painful illustration of the unfilial attitude to which William had hardened himself. The *Deutsche Rundschau* created a sudden sensation by printing the diary of Frederic, from July 11, 1870, to March 12th of the following year, covering the entire French campaign and all the negotiations leading up to the formation of the German Empire. Quotations have already been made in these pages showing that this diary demonstrated authoritatively the fallacy of Bismarck's claim to be the originator of the Empire. Frederic and the others had had, in fact, to drag

him into a reluctant acceptance of the imperial idea. The shock of now all at once learning this was felt all over Germany. Every mind comprehended that the blow had been aimed straight at the Chancellor's head. Nobody seemed to see, least of all Bismarck, that the diary really gave the Chancellor a higher title than that of inventor of the Empire, and revealed him as a wise, far-seeing statesman, who would not submit to the fascination of the imperial scheme until he made sure that its realization would be of genuine benefit to all Germany. So far, indeed, was he from recognizing this that he allowed the publication to rob him of all control over his temper.

The edition of the *Rundschau* was at once confiscated, and on September 23rd Bismarck sent a "report" to the Emperor upon the diary. He set up the pretence of doubting its genuineness as a cloak for saying the most brutal things about its dead author. The charge was openly made that Frederic could not be trusted with any State secrets owing to the fear of "indiscreet revelations to the English Court," and therefore "stood without the sphere of all business negotiations." Further, he asserted that the portions of the diary expressing willingness to force the Southern States into the Empire must be forgeries, because "such ideas are equally contemptible from the

standpoint of honourable feeling and that of policy." In conclusion he pointed out that, even if the diary were genuine, Frederic in giving it for publication would be a traitor under Article XCII of the Penal Code.

Of the genuineness of the diary there was, of course, no question whatever in anybody's mind, least of all in Bismarck's or William's. Yet the young Kaiser permitted this gross attack by the Chancellor upon his father's honour and patriotism to be officially published, and gave his consent to a prosecution of those responsible for the appearance of the diary in the *Rundschau*.

The story of the prosecution is a familiar one. Dr. Geffcken was found to be the friend to whom Frederic had entrusted this portion of his diary, and he was arrested and thrown into prison, to be brought before the imperial tribunal at Leipsic. The ingrate Friedberg put his talents at the disposal of the Bismarcks to draw up the case against him. The houses of Geffcken and Baron von Roggenbach were ransacked, and a correspondence covering many years was seized and searched by Bismarck's emissaries. These letters were said to contain many compromising references to the Crown Princess, Princess Alice, Sir Robert Morier, and others whom Bismarck alleged to be in a conspiracy against him. This charge of being desirous of the Chancellor's downfall grew

indeed to be the principal item in the attack upon Geffcken.

The indictment for high treason was at last, on January 2, 1889, brought before the Judges of the Supreme Court of Judicature at Leipsic, and they threw it out with ignominious swiftness. Geffcken himself, badly broken in health and mind, was released on the 4th. This was Bismarck's first public mishap under the new reign, and it attracted much surprised attention at the time, as showing both the Chancellor's lack of intelligent self-restraint in getting into a fury over a revelation which really redounded to his credit, and his ignorance of German law. The opening month of the year 1889, in which this happened, was invested with importance in another way, as we shall see in due course.

But for the time, returning now to the middle of 1888, William seemed to delight in exhibiting himself to the public eye as the man of the Bismarcks. One of his earliest acts was to make a special journey to Friedrichsruh to visit the Chancellor, and the most popular photograph of the year was that representing him standing on the lawn in front of this château, in company with Bismarck and the famous "Reichshund." In Berlin, too, people noted his custom of paying early morning calls at the house of Herbert Bismarck, and wondered how long this enthusiastic self-abasement would last.

While it did last, this influence of the Bismarcks was so powerful and all-pervasive that it is very difficult to follow the thread of the young Kaiser's own personality through the busy period of his first half-year's reign. One continually confronts this embarrassment of inability to separate what he himself wanted to do from what was suggested by these powers behind the throne. We know now that the Kaiser possesses a strongly-marked individuality and an unusually active and fertile mind. Doubtless these asserted themselves a great deal at even this early stage, but there is little or nothing to guide us in distinguishing their effects.

The truth seems to be that at this time, in these opening months of his reign, William's inclinations ran so wholly in Bismarckian channels that even what he himself initiated was in practice a part of the Bismarcks' work.

This is especially true of the young Kaiser's first important step in the field of international politics. He had been on the throne for less than four weeks when he started off to pay a State visit to the Czar of Russia. He had not been invited, and it was apparent enough in Russian Court circles that his hasty and impulsive descent upon their summer leisure was as unwelcome as it was surprising. He himself appears to have been swayed both by memories of his grandfather's

injunction to friendliness toward Russia, and by Bismarck's desire to make a demonstration of unfriendliness to England.

This note of anti-English prejudice is dominant throughout all that immediately followed. During Frederic's brief tenure of power, in April of 1888, Queen Victoria had made a journey to Berlin, and had spent several days in the company of her dying son-in-law and afflicted daughter at the palace of Charlottenburg. Her coming was not at all grateful to the Junker class, and it was rendered highly unpopular among Berliners generally by a curiously tactless performance on the part of the Empress Frederic. To properly receive her royal mother it was necessary to refurnish and decorate a suite of rooms in the Charlottenburg Schloss, and orders were sent to London for all this new furniture, and for English workmen to make the needed alterations. As may be imagined, this slight upon the tradesmen and artizans of Berlin was deeply resented, and there was considerable ground for nervousness lest the Queen should have some manifestation of this dislike thrust upon her notice during her stay. Fortunately, this did not happen, but Prince William behaved so coldly toward his grandmother that her Majesty could have had no doubt as to the attitude of his friends.

Later on, after Frederic's death, came confused

stories about the arbitrary and unjust way in which his widow had been treated, both personally and as regarded her property rights. These matters are all settled now, and were the subject of great exaggeration even then, but they created so much bad blood at the time that the Prince of Wales in the following autumn left Vienna upon a hastily improvised and wholly fictitious hunting tour, rather than remain and meet his nephew, Kaiser William, who was coming that way.

Nothing very notable occurred during the July journeys to Russia, Sweden, and Denmark, and the autumnal trip to Austria and Italy presented no incidents of importance save this sudden flight of the indignant Prince of Wales, and a distinctly unpleasant bungling of the visit to the Pope. This latter episode has become famous in the annals of Prussian brusqueness and incivility. The young Kaiser in his white cuirassier uniform and eagle-capped helmet bluntly told the venerable Pontiff that his dreams of regaining temporal power were all childish nonsense, and the still ruder Herbert Bismarck broke up the interview by forcing his way into the Pope's private apartments, dragging amiable young Prince Henry with him as a pretext for his boisterous insolence. This was thought to be a smart trick at the time, and Herbert and the German Ambassador openly chuckled over it.

William himself is said to have remarked to King Humbert after his return from the call upon Leo XIII: "I have destroyed his illusions." At least the Holy Father no longer indulged illusions as to what the German Emperor was like—but in his mild, tranquil manner confided to certain members of his intimate household the pious fear that William was a conceited and headstrong young man, whose reign would end in disaster.

These journeys did little more than confirm the world in sharing the Pope's unfavourable opinion of William. Both by his ostentatious visit to Russia before even his two allies of the triple compact had been greeted, and by his marked avoidance of England while visiting all the other maritime nations of the north, he was credited with desiring to offend the country of his mother's birth. That country returned his dislike with interest.

Finally, on the 1st day of January, 1889, he put the capstone upon this evil and unfilial reputation which he had been for a year building up in the minds of English-speaking people. Badly as the outside world thought of him by this time, it learned now with amazement that he had selected for special New Year's honours the ex-Minister Puttkamer. The one important act of Frederic's reign had been the dismissal of this man, to whom

William now, with marks of peculiar distinction, gave the order of the Black Eagle.

A groan of despairing disgust rose from every part of the globe where people were watching German affairs. How could any good thing whatsoever be expected from such a son?

CHAPTER VII.

THE BEGINNINGS OF A BENEFICENT CHANGE.

The opening month of 1889 was a momentous period in the history of the young Emperor. The decoration of Puttkamer, who stood in all eyes as a type of the late Kaiser's bitterest and most malignant foes, put the finishing touch to the demonstrative unfilial stage of William's career. Men had been brought by this deed to think as badly of him as they could—when lo! the whole situation suddenly changed. This crowning act of affront to his father's memory was also the last. From that very month it is a new William who presents himself for consideration.

It is not possible to put the finger upon any one special cause for the change in the Kaiser's views and feelings which from this time began to manifest itself. There were in truth many reasons

working together to effect this alteration, at once so subtle and so swift.

In its essence the abrupt new departure was due to the awakened consciousness in William's mind that the Bismarcks had been making a fool of him. Royalty can bear any calamity better than this. The saying ascribed to Louis XVIII, "For the love of God, do not render me ridiculous!" puts into words the thought that has lain closest to every monarch's heart since kings have had a being. And it was in William's nature to regard himself and his position with exceptional seriousness.

It would be extremely interesting to follow the mental processes by which William all at once reached this realizing sense of his position, and saw how poor and contemptible a figure he had been made to cut in the eyes of the civilized world. As it is, we can only glance briefly at the more obvious of the causes which led to this welcome awakening.

First of all, the High Court of Leipsic, on January 4th, threw out the indictment which Bismarck had been so savagely pressing against Dr. Geffcken, for the treasonable publication of a part of the Emperor Frederic's diary. The official ransacking of all his correspondence, and that of his most intimate associates, had revealed nothing save additional proof that the late Princess Alice

of Hesse, Sir Robert Morier, and Dr. Geffcken were close friends of Frederic and his wife—which, of course, everybody knew before, but which the Bismarckian journals had paraded afresh as a reason for new insults to the dead Kaiser's memory and to the widowed Empress Frederic. The prompt adverse decision of the court dealt a sharp blow to this scandalous abuse of power.

In addition, the Bismarcks were meanwhile conducting a fierce public campaign against Sir Robert Morier, the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg—or rather, through him, against the honour of the late Emperor. Their accusation, based upon some alleged verbal statement of Marshal Bazaine, made at a time when he was most hopelessly discredited and new in exile, was that Frederic had systematically revealed the secrets of the German Army plans to Morier, who had sent them to England to be wired across to France. When Sir Robert Morier produced Bazaine's written denial of the alleged utterances and sent it to Herbert Bismarck, with a polite request for a withdrawal of the odious charge, he received a letter of refusal, couched in grossly insulting terms. This controversy, culminating about the time of the collapse of the Geffcken prosecution, no doubt contributed much to the opening of William's eyes.

There were not wanting at Berlin clever people ready to take advantage of these foolish excesses of the arrogant and over-confident Bismarcks. Their arbitrary and despotic courses had offended many besides those who would naturally be opposed to them politically, and there now sprang up, as out of the earth, a singular combination of the most diverse political elements, united only in their hatred for the Bismarcks. In this incongruous alliance Radicals and Jew-baiters joined hands, and ultra-Conservatives stood side by side with the Empress Frederic's Liberal faction. The headquarters of this odd combination were at the residence of Alfred Count von Waldersee.

This powerful personage, who for years, as Quartermaster-General, was in training as Moltke's visible heir, and was until recently at the head of the greatest fighting machine the human race ever saw, is still but little known to the general public. This is because press popularity and interesting personal qualities and connections have nothing whatever to do with a man's promotion in the German Army. Heroic actions on the field advance him no more than does the advertising faculty in times of peace. He rises to each place because he is judged to be fittest for that particular post, and this judgment sternly sets aside all considerations not immediately concerned with the duties of that post.

Thus it happens that of Count von Waldersee, who is one of the most important military officers in the world, not much is known save that he is now grey and bald, and has for his wife a very astute and influential American lady.

Twenty-seven years ago an elderly prince of the Schleswig-Holstein family produced a temporary sensation by renouncing his ancestral rank, in order to marry a beautiful young Miss Lee, whom he had met at Paris. He was then just the age of the century—sixty-four—and the bride, who, with true American courage, states the year of her birth in the *Almanach de Gotha*, was twenty-six. Less than a year later the bridegroom, who had been given the title of Prince de Noër at the Austrian Court, died in Syria. Nine years afterwards—in 1874—his widow married Count Waldersee, and went to Berlin to live.

It happened, in 1881, that young Prince William of Prussia was wedded to a Schleswig-Holstein Princess, to whom the Countess Waldersee, by her first marriage, stood in the relation of great-aunt. Young William and Waldersee were already friends. This connection between their wives led to a closer intimacy, the results of which have been tremendous in Germany.

I have said that the home of the Waldersees now became the centre of the rising opposition to

the Bismarcks. Count Waldersee himself represented the ancient Prussian nobles' traditions of an absolute monarchy and a Hohenzollern's unlimited kingly power—traditions which were all at war with this Bismarckian usurpation of authority. The Countess Waldersee, with the privilege of an American, was able to gather into association with this aristocratic conservatism many elements in German political life which, under any other roof than hers, would have been antagonistic. Here it was that the women's conclave was formed—the young Empress Victoria and her widowed mother-in-law, the Empress Frederic, joining hands with the Countess Waldersee—with the blessing of the aged Empress Augusta, who all her life long had hated Bismarck, resting upon their work.

Bismarck had been supreme for so many years, and had put so many of these feminine cabals under his feet in bygone days, that he failed to recognize the deadly peril which confronted him in this newly-unmasked battery. He proceeded to charge upon it with all his old recklessness of confidence, and with his accustomed weapons of newspaper insults, personal browbeatings and threats to resign. To his great bewilderment nothing gave way. He had come at last upon a force greater than himself. He maintained the struggle for over a year—scornfully at first, and

later with a despairing tenacity as pitiful as it was undignified, until at last he was fairly cudgeled off the field.

This was the trick of it: Bismarck, in all his extended series of conquests over previous attacks by the women of the Court, had had the King at his back. He was supported by old William in his long campaign against the old Empress and the English Crown Princess. He had had the sanction of young William in his warfare upon the Empress Frederic. It had been with royal consent that he bore himself like the foremost man in Prussia, and he had allowed himself to forget the importance of this fact. The tables were completely turned upon him the instant these adroit and sagacious women whispered in young William's ear, "Why not be foremost man in Prussia yourself?"

The young Kaiser's thirtieth birthday came on January 27, 1889. We can put down to about that date his advance to an independent position in front of everybody else in his kingdom—including the Bismarcks. No single striking event marked the change; but the feeling that the change had come spread with strange swiftness throughout the length and breadth of Germany. The half-intuitive sense that Bismarck was done for ran like wildfire over the country. The Iron Chancellor for thirty years had done his best to

reduce German manhood to the serf-like condition of the courtier, and it is proverbial that there is no other keenness of scent like that of courtiers for the fall of a favourite.

The open reconciliation between William and his mother belongs to a somewhat later period, but the spirit of it was already in the air. The terrible news of the death of Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria, which came on January 30th, is also to be taken into account as bearing upon this change at Berlin. The Austrian heir-apparent was only six months older than William, and of late years they had not been friends. Rudolph had been peculiarly intimate with the Prince of Wales and with the late Emperor Frederic, and had not concealed his sympathy with the English view of William's behaviour. His tragic ending now produced the most painful and softening effect upon the emotional young Kaiser. He could only be restrained from going *incognito* to the funeral at Vienna by the urgent pleas of the stricken Austrian Emperor, and he made obviously sincere expressions of grief to the friends of the Prince of Wales, which went far toward removing the ill-feelings between them.

As it became apparent that the young Kaiser had thrown off his Bismarckian leading-strings, and, after a miserable interlude of small personal persecutions and revenges, was at last coming to

comprehend the vastness of his duties and responsibilities, the world began watching him with an interest of another sort.

It was not easy for outsiders to follow with much clearness the details of the fight which Bismarck was now making to retain his position and prestige. No one but a German politician could understand the excitement about the appointment of the National Liberal, von Bennigsen, to the Governorship of Hanover—an act, by the way, which definitely ranged the ultra-Tories against Bismarck—or apprehend the significance of Bismarck's fruitless attempts to secure the dismissal of Court Chaplain Stöcker, who was too much a partisan of Waldersee's. The general public preferred rather to study the personality of the young Kaiser as revealed by his individual acts and utterances.

William's fondness for travelling had from the first attracted attention. It is not generally known that in order to gratify this taste he at the beginning of his reign decided to devote to it the money which would be saved by foregoing a coronation ceremony. This decision accorded with historic Prussian precedents. From the year 1701, when Prussia was raised to royal estate, and the first King was crowned with such memorable and costly pomp at Königsberg, no Hohenzollern had a coronation ceremony until William I

put the crown upon his own head in October of 1861. Each of the intervening monarchs held instead what is called a *Hudligung*, or solemn homage from the assembled representatives of the estates of the realm—a curious ceremonial relic from feudal times which survived into the present century in its antique form as a public function in the Schloss Platz. William I's avowed reason for breaking over the rule was that during his predecessor's reign a Constitution had been promulgated in Prussia, and that this new-fangled innovation rendered it necessary to remind people anew of the powers and prerogatives of the monarch by visible signs of crown and sceptre.

Young William was so enthusiastic a follower of his grandfather that people assumed he would imitate him in this, all the more because his own tastes are toward display. Upon this theory there has been a great deal printed about a forthcoming coronation which never comes. Only last year an unusually impressive statement appeared to the effect that William, moved by meditating upon the historic splendours of the old Holy Roman Empire, intended to have himself crowned German Emperor in the famous mediæval church of the ancient imperial city of Frankfort-on-the-Main. The idea is a beautiful one, but there is no fact at the back of it. According to William's present intention, he will not be crowned at all.

In the restless course of his travels during these first six months William had made numerous speeches, almost every one of which contained a sentence or two of enough significance to be reprinted everywhere. As a rule his utterances at foreign Courts were polite and amiable to a fault, while his speeches at home, made among cheering after-dinner audiences in various parts of Germany, were characterized by much violent extravagance of language. The most intemperate of these harangues were reserved for his State visits to the provincial divisions of Prussia. At the beginning of last year, on the occasion of a visit of this nature to Königsberg, capital of East Prussia, he was led by his enthusiasm into so fervid a strain of eloquence, and flourished the metaphorical sword so recklessly, that one of the Russian papers ironically congratulated the world upon the fact that Prussia only had thirteen provinces, and that the Kaiser had now exhausted the rhetorical possibilities of eleven of them.

The earliest and most interesting of these speeches was delivered at Frankfurt-am-Oder just two months after his accession. He referred of his own volition to the undoubtedly foolish talk that had been heard during his father's brief reign, of Frederic's alleged idea of giving back Alsace-Lorraine, an imputation which William characterized as shameful to his father's memory.

"There is upon this point but one mind," he went on amid loud hurrahs, "namely, that our eighteen army corps, and our 42,000,000 people should be left upon the field rather than that we should permit a solitary stone of what we have gained to be taken from us."

Equally characteristic, and perhaps even more important as a clue to the manner in which the young Kaiser's conceptions of his position shaped themselves, was his celebrated rebuke to the Burgomaster and municipal authorities of Berlin, which has for its date, October 28 1888. That we may the better comprehend this, it will be well to glance for a moment at the remarkable development of the new Berlin.

Twenty years ago—that is to say, when the Empire was founded—Berlin was of course much the largest city within the new German boundaries, but it was scarcely a capital in the sense that Paris, Vienna, or London is. Frankfurt-am-Main was the great banking centre of Germany; Hamburg was its commercial metropolis; Dresden, Hanover, Stuttgart, Wiesbaden, and even smaller towns were more esteemed as places of fashionable residence and resort. Berlin was big and powerful, and rich in manufactures, no doubt, but nobody thought of it as beautiful or attractive, and nobody wanted to live there who could maintain himself in pleasanter surroundings.

The change which has been wrought in all this since 1870 is only to be matched by the phenomenal growth of great cities in the American West. Europe has seen nothing like it before. Within these twenty years Berlin has grown like a veritable Chicago. And not only has it attracted to itself hundreds of thousands of new citizens, and spread itself out on the Brandenburg plain over new square miles of stately brick and mortar and asphalt, but it has sapped the pre-eminence of its more ancient rivals, each in its speciality. Berlin has so absorbed the monetary power of the Empire that Frankfort is now scarcely thought of as a banking centre at all, and even Amsterdam and Paris are dwarfed financially. In similar fashion, the German nobility and wealthy classes, instead of scattering their town homes among a dozen local centres of social life, swarm now all to Berlin, and bid so strenuously for available building sites that prices for land and houses and floor rents are higher there than anywhere else in Europe.

Obviously, it is the establishment of the imperial Court in Berlin which has done this, and both the strength and weakness of the imperial system are reflected in greatest perfection of form and colour in the social conditions of this mighty new metropolis.

The enormous concentration here of rich or

pretentious young nobles in the various regiments of the Guard Corps; of the ablest and most influential soldiers of Germany in the General Staff and the central military offices; of the cleverest politicians and administrators in the various civic departments, and of the great aristocratic and monied classes who must live where the Court is settled and the Reichstag meets and the finance of Europe is controlled—all this makes Berlin a peculiarly responsive mirror of the ideas and methods of German government.

In turn Berlin has imposed its character with increasing force upon the whole German people. The dear old indolent, amiable, incapable, happy-go-lucky, waltz-loving Vienna used to be the type of what people had in mind when they spoke of the sentimental German. Berlin has made Vienna seem now as remote and non-German almost as Pesth itself, and instead has impressed its own strongly-marked individuality upon the new Empire—energetic, exact, harsh under slight provocation, methodical as the multiplication table, coldly just to law-abiding people, and a fire-and-steel terror to everybody else.

As might be naturally expected in this bustle of busy officials, of bankers and merchants burdened with a novel wealth, of the ceaseless rattle of bayonets and clatter of swords and spurs, art and literature are pretty well pushed to the wall. The

vast new growth of Berlin and the rush toward it of German wealth, rank, and fashion, have drawn in their train a certain current of painters and writers, but nothing at all in proportion with the expansion in other lines of activity. Berlin's new supremacy has not affected Leipsic as the book centre of German-speaking people, or Munich and Düsseldorf as homes of art study.

These changes may come, too, in time, particularly if the young Emperor exerts himself to achieve such an end. Up to the present, he has been too busy even to think of such a thing. The exactions of his daily routine of labour are so great that he simply has no time for the softer and more intellectual side of life, even if the taste were there. He has found leisure to sit for several portraits since his accession, but that seems to have been the sum of his attention to art. As for literature, an observant official in Berlin assured me of his conviction that William had not had the time to read a single book since his accession.

Whatever may come in the future, it is undeniable that the author now cuts a poor figure in Berlin. The city's drift is toward material things —toward business, official rank, and martial perfection. Even the most prosperous and popular writers of books in Berlin strive to obtain some small post in the civil service in order to command social position. Among many instances of this

brought to my notice one will serve as an illustration. Ernst von Wilderbruch is the most successful of contemporary Berlin playwrights, but on his card you will read that he is a Counsellor of Legation at the Foreign Office. This office yields him a salary equal to a twentieth part of his income from his plays, but it is of the greatest importance to him because it insures his rank. Here in England Edmund Gosse has an official place—just as in Boston Robert Grant holds a post in the municipal service. But can you fancy either of these gentlemen putting the fact on his card, or preferring to be known as an official rather than as a writer?

Even the splendid University of Berlin exerts a liberalizing influence rather through the public political attitude of its professors than by the diffusion of literary tastes among the community. This fact, together with the recollections which associate the late Emperor Frederic with bookish people, and the irritated consciousness that a very large proportion of Germany's present authors are Jews and Radicals, gives the contemptuous attitude of Berlin's aristocratic and military classes toward literature a decided political twist.

This is rendered the more marked by the overwhelming Radicalism of the city's electorate. The immense balloon-like rise of the value of land, and the tremendous race to erect buildings everywhere,

brought to the city a great concourse of artizans and labourers from all parts of Germany. Competition gave them big wages, but it also incited the formation of powerful trades' unions, the best of which were in effect Radical clubs, and the worst of which became centres of Socialist agitation. Berlin has six members in the Reichstag, of which four are Radicals, or *Freisinnige*, and two are Social Democrats. One of the Radicals is Prof. Rudolph Virchow, and one of the Socialists is Paul Singer, a Jew. The municipal institutions of Berlin, so far as they depend upon the popular vote, are also in the hands of the Radicals.

So much for the new Berlin. On Oct. 28, 1888, William, who had just returned from his Italian visit, the last of his series of journeys for that year, received the Burgomaster and a delegation from the Town Council, who came to the Schloss to congratulate him upon his return. They presented an effusively loyal address, clearly intended as a peace-offering from the Radical city to the new sovereign, and announced the intention of erecting a great fountain in the Schloss-Platz to commemorate the event.

William received this polite expression with studied insolence. After ironically commenting upon the unexpectedness of such a demonstration, he brusquely told them to build more churches in Berlin and to choke off their Radical editors, who,

during his absence, had shamelessly discussed the most private affairs of his family. He had been particularly angered by their insistence upon drawing comparisons between himself and his late father, an affront which he would not longer tolerate. He was about to take up his residence in Berlin, and "considering the relations which existed between the municipal authorities of Berlin and this Radical section of the press," he concluded that his hearers could stop this editorial impudence if they liked. Their address was full of loyal professions; very well, let them put these into practice.

Having said this in his roughest manner, William turned on his heel and left the room without shaking hands with the Burgomaster or so much as nodding to his colleagues.

This happened four months or so before the change in the young Kaiser's views and attitude which has been dealt with above. It is not out of place here, however, because, although William was now swiftly and with steady progress to alter his opinions on most other public subjects, he has not even yet altogether outgrown the notion that editors ought to wear muzzles.

CHAPTER VIII.

A YEAR OF EXPERIMENTAL ABSOLUTISM.

THE young Emperor's dislike for the press was indeed a fruitful source of sensational incidents during the first year or two of his reign, and still is uneasily felt to contain the elements of possibly further disturbance. The fault of this attitude is by no means entirely on one side. Both the character of the Kaiser and the character of the German press are in large part what Bismarck has made them, and if their less admirable sides clash and grind into each other with painful friction from time to time, it is only what might be expected. During Bismarck's twenty-eight years of power in Prussia he so by turns debauched and coerced the press that the adjective "reptile" had to be invented by outsiders properly to describe its venomous cowardice. He openly and contemp-

tuously prostituted it to serve his poorest and pettiest uses, so that it was not possible for any one to think of it with respect; yet, oddly enough, he always showed the keenest and most thin-skinned sensitiveness when its attacks or inuendoes were aimed at himself.

This whimsical susceptibility to affront in the printed word, no matter how mean or trivial the force back of it, is a trait which has often come near making Bismarck ridiculous, and it is not pleasant to note how largely William seems also to be possessed with it. He is as nervous about what the papers will say as a young *débutante* on the stage. Not only does he keep an anxious watch upon the talk of the German editors, but he ordains a vigilant scrutiny of the articles printed in foreign countries from the pens of correspondents stationed at Berlin. In this he is very German. Nobody in England, for example, ever dreams of caring about, or for the most part of even taking the trouble to learn, what is printed abroad about English personages or politics. The foreign correspondents in London are as free as the wind that blows. But matters were ordered very differently at the beginning of the present reign in Berlin, and to this day journalists pursue their calling there under a sense of espionage hardly to be imagined in Fleet Street. It is true that a change for the better is distinctly visible of

late, but it will be the work of many years to eradicate the low views of German journalism which Bismarck instilled, alike, unfortunately, in the royal palaces and the editorial offices of Prussia.

One of the very first acts of William's reign was the expulsion from Berlin of two French journalists whose sympathetic accounts of his father's dismissal of Puttkamer had been distasteful to the royal eye. In the following January the correspondents of the *Figaro* and *National* of Paris were similarly driven out. In March, 1889, simultaneously with the seizure of the Berlin *Volks-Zeitung* and the prosecution of the *Freisinnige Zeitung*, a new Penal Code was presented to the Reichstag which contained such arbitrary provisions for stamping out the remaining liberties of the press that even the Cologne *Gazette* denounced it as "putting a frightful weapon into the hands of the Government for suppressing freedom of speech and silencing opposition." This measure did not pass, but the odium of having introduced it remained.

Although in other respects William was already observed to be separating himself from his Chancellor, it is clear that he has a large share in this odium. All his utterances, both at this time and up to the present date, show how thoroughly he believes in editing the editors. This tendency was during the year 1889 to exhibit its comical side.

The special organ of the Waldersee party was the high-and-dry old Tory journal, the *Kreuz-Zeitung*. Early in the year this mouthpiece of the anti-Bismarck coalition was raided by the Chancellor, and both its offices and the house of its editor, Baron Hammerstein, ransacked for incriminating documents. The Kaiser is believed to have intervened to prevent more serious steps being taken. Later in the year, as the success of the Waldersee combination in weaning the Kaiser away from Bismarck grew more and more marked, the *Kreuz-Zeitung* foolishly gave voice to its elation, and attacked the "Cartel" coalition of parties which controlled the Reichstag. The Kaiser thereupon printed a personal *communique* in the official paper saying that he approved of the "Cartel" and was "unable to reconcile the means by which the *Kreuz-Zeitung* assailed it with respect for his own person." This warning proved insufficient, for in the following January Baron Hammerstein put up as a candidate for a vacancy at Bielefeld, and talked so openly about being the real nominee of the Kaiser that William caused to be inserted in all the papers a notice of his order that the *Kreuz-Zeitung* should not henceforth be taken at any of the royal palaces, or allowed in public reading-rooms. It may be imagined how the Liberal editors chuckled over this.

So recently as in May of last year, two months

after the retirement of Bismarck, when the regular official deputation from the new Reichstag waited upon William, he pointed out to the Radical members that the *Freisinnige* press was criticizing the army estimates, which he and his generals had made as low as possible, and sharply warned them to see that a stop was put to such conduct on the part of their friends, the Radical editors. And only last December, in his remarkable speech to the Educational Conference, he lightly grouped journalists with the "hunger candidates" and others who formed an over-educated class "dangerous to society."

This inability to tolerate the expression of opinions different from his own is very Bismarckian. The ex-Chancellor, in fact, has for years past acted and talked upon the theory that anybody who did not agree with him must of necessity be unpatriotic, and came at last to hurl the epithet of *Reichsfeind*—enemy of the Empire—every time any one disputed him on any point whatsoever.

William has roughly shorn away Bismarck's pretence to infallibility, but about the divine nature of his own claims he has no doubt. Some of his deliverances on questions of morals and ethics, in his capacity as a sort of helmeted Northern Pope, are calculated to bring a smile to the face of the Muse of History. His celebrated

harangue to the Rector of the Berlin University, Professor Gebhardt, wherein he complained that, under the lead of democratic professors, the students were filled with destructive political doctrines, and concluded by gruffly saying, "Let your students go more to churches and less to beer cellars and fencing saloons"—was put down to his youth, for it dates from the close of 1888. It is interesting to note, from William's recent speech at Bonn, that he has decidedly altered his views on both beer-drinking and duelling among students. He began his reign, however, with ultra-puritanical notions on these as well as other subjects.

Long after this early deliverance his confidence in himself, so far from suffering abatement, had so magnified itself that he called the professors of another University together and lectured them upon the bad way in which they taught history. He had discovered, he said, that there was now much fondness for treating the French Revolution as a great political movement, not without its helpful and beneficent results. This pernicious notion must no longer be encouraged in German universities, but students should be taught to regard the whole thing as one vast and unmitigated crime against God and man.

In this dogmatic phase of his character William is much more like Frederic William I than like any of his nearer ancestors in the Hohenzollern

line. These later monarchs, beginning with Frederic the Great and following his luminous example, were habitually chary about bothering themselves with their subjects' opinions. William at one time thought a good deal upon the fact that he was a successor of Frederic the Great, and by fits and starts set himself to imitate the earlier acts of that sovereign. His restless flying about from place to place, and, even more clearly, his edicts rebuking the army officers for gambling and for harshness to their men, were copied from that illustrious original. But in his attitude toward the mental and moral liberty of his subjects he goes back a generation to Frederic's father—and suggests to us also the reflection that he is a grandson of that highly self-confident gentleman whom English-speaking people knew as the Prince Consort.

Frederic the Great had so little of this spirit in him that he made himself memorably unique among eighteenth-century sovereigns by allowing such freedom to the press that liberty sank into license, and the most scandalous and mendacious attacks upon his personal life were printed in and hawked about Berlin to the end of his days. As for his refusal to interfere in the alleged perversion of Protestant children by Catholic teachers, his comment on the margin of the ministerial complaint, "In this country every man must get to

heaven in his own way," is justly cherished to this day as worth all his other writings put together.

William's spasms, so to speak, of imitative loyalty to the memories of his ancestors have been productive of many curious, not to say diverting, results. Their progressive consecutiveness is not always easy to make out, but they afford, as a whole, very interesting insights into the young man's temperament.

When tragic chance thrust him forward and upon the throne, his youthful imagination happened to be in some mysterious way under the spell of that most astounding of all his forefathers, Frederic William I. He spoke frequently with enthusiasm of the character of this rude, choleric barbarian, and even brought himself to believe that there was something fine in that strange creature's inability to speak any language but German. It was under the sway of this admiration for the second Prussian King that William, in January of 1889, had all the French cooks in his palaces discharged, and ordered that hereafter the royal bill of fare should be a *Speisekarte*, with the names of dishes in German, instead of the accustomed *menu* in French. It will not, however, have escaped notice that William is a changeable young man, and this ultra-Teutonic mood did not last very long. In the following autumn he had so far recovered from it that his visit to Constanti-

nople was reported to have been marred by the Sultan's mistaken hospitality in giving him nothing but German champagnes to drink. It must be admitted, however, that scarcely the most robust prejudice could stand out long under such a test.

In the spring of 1890 there came the 150th anniversary of the accession of Frederic the Great, and with it a sudden shift in the young Kaiser's admiration. For a long time thereafter he made no speech without alluding to this most splendid figure in Prussian history, and quoting him as an example to be followed with reverential loyalty.

Then in December came the turn of still a third bygone Hohenzollern. It was on December 1, 1640, that the youth of twenty, who was later to be known as the Great Elector, entered upon the herculean task of saving hapless, bankrupt little Brandenburg from literal annihilation. William has told us that as a boy he scarcely learned anything at all about this illustrious ancestor of his. Apparently little had been done to make good this lack of information up to the time when, toward the close of 1890, he found that the Great Elector's 250th anniversary was near at hand, and felt that it ought to be celebrated. He began reading the history of that memorable reign, and was at once excitedly interested and impressed. There has always been a charming, if childish, *naivetè* about the manner in which William frankly exposes his

mental processes, and, having just heard of something for the first time which everybody else knows, brings it forward to public notice as if it were a fresh and most remarkable discovery. The effect produced upon him by his belated introduction to the life and works of the last Elector affords an apt illustration of this tendency. At the celebration William made a long speech in eulogy of his ancestor, which in every sentence seemed to take it for granted that heretofore no one had written or thought or known about the Great Elector. Since that time the young Emperor has rarely spoken in public, at least to a Prussian audience, without some reference to this distinguished predecessor—whereas we never hear now of either Frederic the Great or his savage father.

Doubtless the fervour with which William has adopted the Great Elector as his model ancestor is in large part due to the fact that the latter's first important act was the summary dismissal of his father's Prime Minister, Schwarzenberg. The parallel to be drawn between the disgrace of this powerful favourite and the fall of Bismarck is often faulty and nowhere exact, but it is evident that it impressed William's imagination greatly when he came upon it, and that he could not resist the temptation to suggest it to the world at large. In this same anniversary speech he said: "My stout ancestor had no one to lean upon.

The eminent statesman who had served his predecessor was revealed to have worked for his own personal ends, and the young sovereign was forced to mark out his own path unaided." The comparison was a cruel one, because the manner in which Schwarzenberg "worked for his own personal ends" was that of taking bribes to betray his royal master and his country. Yet the loose phrase could also describe Bismarck's hot-headed use of his vast governmental powers to crush his individual enemies, and in this sense every one felt that William was instituting a comparison.

But this embittered remark belongs to a much later period than has as yet come under our view, and marks an acute stage of the dramatic and momentous quarrel between Kaiser and Chancellor, of the dawning of which there were only vague anticipatory rumours in 1889.

CHAPTER IX.

A YEAR OF HELPFUL LESSONS.

THE first few months of 1889 present nothing of special note to the observer. There was perhaps a trifle more nervousness on the bourses during that early spring-time which, for some occult reason, is the chosen season of alarmist war rumours, than had been usual in the lifetime of the old Kaiser, but this signified no more than a vague uneasiness born of the sword-clanking reputation which had preceded William's accession to the throne. The surface of events at Berlin seemed smooth enough, although dissensions and jealousies were warring fiercely underneath. Everybody was talking about the tremendous battle going on between the Bismarcks and the Waldersees, but of public evidence of this conflict there was none. This very reticence

shows that the Chancellor must thus early have become impressed with the menacing power of the combinations confronting him, for it was never his habit to be silent about quarrels in which he was confident of victory. He must have become truly alarmed when, on February 25th, he gave a great dinner, at which the Kaiser and Waldersee were the principal guests. So far from creating a false impression of cordiality, this banquet, with its incongruous people and its hollow gaiety, only strengthened the notion that Bismarck was toppling.

In May, however, two things happened which at the time much occupied the world's attention —the abortive Strasburg visit incident and the great miners' strike in Westphalia. These two episodes are particularly noteworthy in that they for the first time show us William confronted by something bigger than questions of personal politics and individual piques and prejudices. A dangerous international quarrel and a threatening domestic convulsion loomed up suddenly side by side before him—and the experience left him a wiser and more serious man.

To glance first at the incident which, creating the greater furor at the time, has left the slighter mark upon history—the King of Italy, with his son and his Premier, came, on May 21st, to visit William in Berlin. There were many reasons

why the reception extended to him should have been, as indeed it was, of the most affectionate and enthusiastic character. The old Emperor William had grown to be considered at the Quirinal as Victor Emmanuel's best friend, and Prussia was proudly pleased to be thought of as the chief protector and sponsor of young United Italy. The more romantic Frederic had cultivated a highly sentimental intimacy, later on, with King Humbert and Queen Marguerite, and had made all Rome a party to it by that celebrated spectacular appearance on the balcony of the Quirinal with the little Italian Crown Prince in his arms. Thus peculiarly emotional ties bound Humbert now to Frederic's son, and his coming to Berlin was hailed as the arrival of a warm personal friend even more than as the advent of a powerful ally.

It may have been from mere lightness of heart —conceivably there was a deeper motive—but at all events William proposed to this good friend that on his way home they should together visit Strasburg, and the amiable Humbert, a slow, patient, honest fellow, consented. The assertion has since been authoritatively made by Italian statesmen that the idea really originated with the adventurous Italian Premier, Crispi, and that Bismarck and William merely fell in with it. However that may be, it is a fact that the visit

was agreed upon, and that orders were despatched to Strasburg to make things ready for the royal party.

When the news of this intended trip became public, its effect was that of a shock of earthquake. During the twenty-four hours which elapsed before the frightened Crispi could issue a statement that the report of such a visit was a pure Bourse canard, Europe was sensibly nearer a war than at any time in the last fifteen years. The French press raised a clamorous and vibrant call to arms, and the politicians of Rome and Vienna kept the wires to Berlin hot with panic-stricken protests. What it all meant was, of course, that Europe has tacitly consented to regard the possession of Alsace-Lorraine as an open question, to be finally settled when France and Germany fight next time. Upon this understanding, no outside sovereign has formally sanctioned the annexation of 1871 by appearing in person within the disputed territory. King Humbert's violation of this point of international etiquette would have been a deliberate blow in the face of the French Republic. Luckily he had the courage to draw back when the lightnings began playing upon his path, and with diminishing storm mutterings the cloud passed away. Its net result had been to show the world William's foolhardiness in favouring such a wanton insult to France, and his humiliation in having

publicly to abandon an advertised intention—and the spectacle was not reassuring.

The episode is chiefly interesting now because it seems to have been of great educational value to the young Emperor. It really marked out for him, in a striking object lesson, the grave international limitations by which his position is hemmed in. He has never since made another such false step. Indeed the solitary other cause of friction between France and Germany which has arisen during his reign proceeded from an action of a diametrically opposite nature—to wit, an attempt to conciliate instead of offend.

Of much more permanent importance in the history of William and of his Empire was the great miners' strike in Westphalia, which may be said to have begun on the 1st of May. This tremendous upheaval of labour at one time involved the idleness of over 100,000 men—by no means all miners or all Westphalians. The shortened coal supply affected industries everywhere, and other trades struck because the spirit of mutiny was in the air. In many districts the military were called out to guard the pits' mouths, and sanguinary conflicts with the strikers ensued.

Evidently this big convulsion took William completely by surprise. Up to this time he had been deeply engrossed in the spectacular side of his position—the showy and laborious routine of

an Emperor who is also a practical working soldier. Such thought as he had given to the great economic problems pressing for solution all about him, seems to have been of the most casual sort and cast wholly in the Bismarckian mould. What Bismarck's views on this subject were and are, is well known. He believes that over-education has filled the labouring classes of Germany with unnatural and unreasonable discontent, which is sedulously played upon by depraved Socialist agitators, and that the only way to deal with the trouble is to imprison or banish as many of these latter as possible, and crush out the disaffection by physical force wherever it manifests itself. He decorates this position with varying sophistical frills and furbelows from time to time, but in its essence that is what he thinks. And up to May of 1889 that is apparently what William thought, too.

The huge proportions of this sudden revolt of labour made William nervous, however, and in this excited state he was open to new impressions. The anti-Bismarck coalition saw their chance and swiftly utilized it. With all haste they summoned Dr. Hinzpeter from his home at Bielefeld, and persuaded William to confer with his old tutor upon this alarming industrial complication, with which it was clearly enough to be seen his other advisers did not know how to deal. No exact date is given

for the interview which William had with Dr. Hinzpeter, but the day upon which it was held should be a memorable one in German history. For then dawned upon the mind of the young Kaiser that dream of Christian Socialism with the influence of which we must always thereafter count.

It is true that the angered and dispossessed ex-Chancellor declares now that William never was morally affected by the painful aspects of the labour question, and that he took the side of the workmen solely because he thought it would pay politically. But men who know the Kaiser equally well, and who have the added advantage of speaking dispassionately, say that the new humanitarian views which Dr. Hinzpeter now unfolded to him took deep hold upon his imagination, and made a lasting mark upon his character. Even if the weight of evidence were not on its side, one would like to believe this rather than the cynical theory propounded from Friedrichsruh.

William did not become a full-fledged economic philosopher all at once under this new influence. There was a great deal of the rough absolutist in the little harangue he delivered to the three working-men delegates who, on May 14th, were admitted to his presence to lay the case of the strikers before him. He listened gravely to their recital of grievances, asked numerous questions,

and seemed considerably impressed. When their spokesman had finished he said that he was anxiously watching the situation, had ordered a careful inquiry into all the facts, and would see that evenhanded justice was done. Then, in a sharper voice, he warned them to avoid like poison all Socialist agitators, and specially to see to it that there were no riots or attempts to prevent the non-strikers from working. If this warning was not heeded, he concluded, in high peremptory tones, he would send his troops "to batter and shoot them down in heaps."

It must be admitted that this sentiment does not touch the high-water mark of Christian Socialism, but the drift of the Kaiser's mind was obviously forward. Two days later he received a delegation of mine masters, and to them spoke rather bitterly of the perversity and greed of capitalists, and their selfish unwillingness to "make certain sacrifices in order to terminate this perilous and troublous state of things." On May 17th it was announced that Dr. Hinzpeter had been commissioned to travel through the disturbed districts and report to the Kaiser upon the origin and merits of the strike. This practically settled the matter. The masters as a whole made concessions, under which work was resumed. Those owners who displayed stubbornness were in one way or another made to feel the imperial

displeasure, and soon the trouble was at an end. It is worthy of note that Germany has since that time been far less agitated by labour troubles than any of the states by which she is surrounded, and that upon the occasion of the recent May-day demonstrations German workmen were practically the only ones on the Continent who did not come into collision with the police.

But, after all, the vitally important thing was the reappearance of Dr. Hinzpeter, involving, as it did, the revival in the young Kaiser's daily thoughts and moods of the gentle and softening influences of those old school days at Cassel, before Bonn and the Bismarcks came to harden and pervert.

Upon the heels of the Strasburg incident followed another flurry in international politics, which for the moment seemed almost as menacing, and which hurried forward a highly significant step on the part of William.

The precipitate haste with which the young Kaiser had rushed off to visit St. Petersburg, almost before the public signs of mourning for his father had been removed in Berlin and Potsdam, had impressed everybody as curious. Nearly a year had now elapsed, and the failure of the Czar to say anything about returning the visit was growing to seem odder still. It was, of course

no secret that the Czar did not like William. No two men could present greater points of difference, physically and mentally. The autocrat of all the Russias is a huge, lumbering, slow, and tenacious man, growing somewhat fat with increasing years, hating all forms of regular exercise, and cherishing a veritable horror of noisy, overzealous, and bustling people. Every smart public servant in Russia is governed by the knowledge that his imperial master has a peculiar aversion to all forms of bother, and values his officials precisely in proportion as they make short and infrequent reports, free from all accounts of unpleasant things, and, still more important, from all meddlesome suggestions of reform. When a Russian diplomat was asked, a year ago, what the Czar's personal attitude toward William was, he answered expressively by shrugging his shoulders and putting his fingers in his ears.

But now the Czar, from passively affronting William by not returning his visit, summoned the energy for a direct provocation. A palace luncheon was given in St. Petersburg, celebrating the betrothal of a Montenegrin Princess to a Russian Grand Duke, and the Czar, standing and in a loud, clear voice, drank to Prince Nikolo of Montenegro as "the only sincere and faithful friend Russia had" among European sovereigns. That there might be no doubt about this, the Czar had

the words printed next day in the *Official Messenger.*

Germany was not slow to comprehend the meaning of this remarkable speech. But to make it still clearer the Czarowitch, three weeks later, paid a formal visit to Stuttgart to attend some Court festivities, and passed through Berlin both going and coming—though the Breslau-Dresden route would have been more direct—apparently for no other purpose than to insult the Kaiser by stopping for an hour each time inside the railway station, as if there were no such people as the Hohenzollerns to so much as leave a card upon. As a capstone to this insolence, the Russian officers of his suite refused to drink the toast to the German Empire at the Stuttgart banquet, and, when a dispute arose, left the room in a body.

The immediate effect of this was to remove the last vestige of reserve existing between William and his English relatives. He at once sent word that, if convenient, he would visit his grandmother, the Queen, at the beginning of August. An assurance of hearty welcome was as promptly returned.

This decision marked another stage in the decline of Bismarck's power. We have seen how he had been gradually pushed aside in the management of German internal affairs. Now the Kaiser was to break through the dearest traditions of Bis-

marck's foreign policy—the cultivation of Russian amiability at whatever cost of dignity, and the contemptuous snubbing of England. With a fatal inability to distinguish between the promptings of passion and the dictates of true policy, the Chancellor had been led into a position where he could maintain himself only if every one of the elements and chances combined to play his game for him, and keep William at daggers-drawn with all things English. The miracle did not happen. As we have seen, even the Czar took it into his head to interfere to the damage of Bismarck's plans.

So the perplexed and baffled old Chancellor, noting with new rage and mortification how power was slipping from his hands, yet helpless to do other than fight doggedly to hold what yet remained, stopped behind in Berlin, the while Kaiser William steamed at the head of his splendid new squadron into Portsmouth Harbour, and the very sea shook with the thunderous cannon roar of his welcome. The world had never before seen such a show of fighting ships as was gathered before Cowes to greet him. There was one other thing which may be assumed to have been unique in human chronicles. William, in the exuberance of his delight at his really splendid reception, and at being created a British Admiral, issued a solemn imperial order making his grandmother a Colonel of Dragoons.

The English did well to surround the young Kaiser's visit with all imaginable pomp and display of overwhelming naval force, for it meant very much more both to them and to him than any one is likely to have imagined at the time. The splendour of the material spectacle, and the sentimental interest attaching to the fact that this young man coming to greet his grandmother was the first German Emperor to set foot on English soil since the days of the Crusaders, were much dwelt upon in the press. To us who have been striving to trace the inner workings of the influences shaping the young man's character, the event has a nearer significance. It meant that William—having for years been estranged from the liberalizing English impulses and feelings of his boyish education; having since his majority exulted in the false notion that to be truly German involved hatred of all things English—had come to see his mistake.

It is not possible to exaggerate the importance of this visit, and of the causes leading up to it, upon William's mind. The Hohenzollerns, until within our own times the comparatively needy Princes of a poor country, have always been greatly impressed by the superior wealth and luxurious civilization of the English. The famous Double-Marriage project of Frederic William I's days was clung to in Berlin through years of

British snubs and rebuffs because thrifty Prussian eyes saw these islands through a golden mist. To the imagination of German royalty, English Princesses appear in the guise of fairies, not invariably beautiful, perhaps, but each bearing the purse of Fortunatus. This view of the English colours the thoughts of more lowly-born Germans. When Freytag[1] seeks to explain the late Kaiser Frederic's complete and almost worshipping subjection to his wife, he says: "She had come to him from superior surroundings."

William had tried hard, in his ultra-German days, to despise English wealth along with English political ideas. The theory of a Spartan severity, governing expenditure and all other conditions of daily life, was the keynote of his Teutonic period. But when he became Kaiser he had yielded to the temptation of getting the Reichstag to augment his annual civil list by 3,500,000 marks. That in itself considerably modified his austere hatred of luxury. Now, as the guest of the richest nation in the world, he was able to feel himself a relative, and wholly at home. The English conquest of William was complete.

No hint of unfilial conduct had been heard, now, for a long time, nor was henceforth to be heard. William had by this time become fully reconciled

[1] "The Crown Prince and the German Imperial Crown," p. 49.

to his mother, and in the following month, September of 1889, he purchased for and presented to her the Villa Reiss, a delightful summer *château* in the Taunus Mountains.

Thereafter a strong sympathy with England has manifested itself in all his actions. The Czar did at last, in the most frosty, formal manner, pay a brief visit to Berlin, and William the following year returned the courtesy by attending the Russian manœuvres, but this has not at all affected his open preference for English friendship. He always spoke German with an English accent —which now is more marked than ever.

He has a bewildering variety of uniforms, but the one which affords him the greatest pride is the dress of the British Admiral. He wears it whenever the least excuse offers. Upon his journey to Athens in October of 1889, to attend the wedding of his sister and the Greek Crown Prince, he was so much affected by his new English naval title that when he steamed into the classic Ægean Sea on his imperial yacht he flew the British Admiral's flag from her top. A British fleet was also there to participate in the ceremonies, and William took his new position so seriously, and had such delight in descending suddenly upon the squadron at unexpected and unreasonable hours, and routing everybody out for parade and inspection, that the British officers themselves revolted and preferred

an informal complaint to the British Minister. "This thing is played out," they said. "If he would merely wear the uniform and let it end with that, we shouldn't mind. But we didn't make him Admiral to worry the lives out of us in this fashion."

CHAPTER X.

THE FALL OF THE BISMARCKS.

We have come now to a time when the effects of this reasserted English influence began to be apparent throughout Germany. Since his successful tour through the Westphalian strike district, Dr. Hinzpeter had been visibly growing in men's eyes as the new power behind the throne. Another friend of William's, Count William Douglas, began also to attract attention. This nobleman, ten years older than the Kaiser, and a capable writer and speaker as well as soldier is a descendant of one of the numerous Scotch cadets of aristocratic families who carried their swords into Continental service when the Stuarts were driven from the British throne. Both in appearance and temperament no one could be more wholly German than Count Douglas is, but his intimacy with William only became marked after the English visit.

Immediately upon his return from England, William delivered a speech at Münster in which he eulogized Hinzpeter as a representative Westphalian, whose splendid principles he had imbibed in his boyhood. During the ensuing autumn and winter the presence of Dr. Hinzpeter at the palace became so much a matter of comment that some of Bismarck's "reptile" papers began to complain that if the Westphalian was to exert such power he ought to take office so that he could be openly discussed.

Similar attacks were made by the Chancellor's organs upon Count Douglas, who had written a very complimentary pamphlet about the young Kaiser shortly after his accession, and who now, as an Independent Conservative, was thought to reflect the Kaiser's own political preferences. Public opinion bracketed Hinzpeter and Douglas together as the active forces at the head of the Waldersee coalition, and we shall see that William himself treated them as such when the time for action came.

New men had gradually supplanted old ones in many important official posts. The gentlest of soft hints had long since (in August of 1888) been borne in by a little bird to the aged Count von Moltke, and he, on the instant, with the perfect dignity and pure gentility of his nature, had responded with a request to be permitted to retire

from active labour. His letter, with its quaintly pathetic explanation that "I am no longer able to mount a horse," was answered with effusion by William, who visited him personally at his residence, and made him President of the National Defence Commission, *vice* the Emperor Frederic, deceased. Later events rendered it natural to contrast the loyal behaviour of the great soldier with the mutinous and perverse conduct of the statesman whose name is popularly linked with his, and during the last year of his life Moltke existed in a veritable apotheosis of demonstrative imperial affection, which indeed followed his coffin to the grave with such symbols of royal favour as no commoner's bier had ever before borne in Germany.

Somewhat later the Minister of Marine, General von Caprivi, received a delicate intimation that the Kaiser thought a soldier was out of place in charge of the navy, and he also promptly but gracefully resigned, and accepted the command of an army corps instead with cheerful obedience. It is a great gift to know when and how to get out, and Caprivi did it so amiably and intelligently that the Kaiser made a mental note of him as a good man to rely upon when the time should come.

General Bronsart von Schellendorf similarly resigned the War Ministry. He was a descendant of one of the large colony of Huguenot families

which took refuge in Berlin after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes—and it was a strange freak of Fate's irony which, in 1871, sent him as Colonel out from the German headquarters before Sedan to convey a demand for surrender to the French Emperor. Curiously enough he was succeeded now as Minister of War by another descendant of these exiled French Protestants, General von Verdy du Vernois, the ablest military writer of his generation, a notably clever organizer and a deservedly popular man.

Neither von Verdy nor Waldersee, who succeeded to Moltke's proud position as Chief of the General Staff, remained long in their new posts. The world had nothing but vague surmises as to the causes of their retirement, and, noting that they still retain the friendly regard of their sovereign, did not dally long with these. Here again the contrast forces itself upon public attention, for these two good soldiers and able administrators neither sought interviews with travelling correspondents in which to vent their grievances, nor inspired spiteful attacks in provincial newspapers against their young chief. They went loyally out of office, as they had entered it, and kept their silence.

Thus throughout the public service, civil and military alike, these changes went forward—the greybeards who had helped to create the Empire on the field or in the council-room, one by one

stepping down and out to make room for the new generation—but Bismarck, though becoming more and more isolated, clung resolutely to his place. It was no secret to him that the Kaiser's principal advisers and friends were keen to throw him out of the Chancellorship; it must have long been apparent to him that the Kaiser was accustoming his mind to thoughts of a Berlin without Bismarck. But the Iron Chancellor had neither the simple dignity of Moltke nor the shrewd suavity of Caprivi. He would not leave until he had been violently thrust forth, and even then he would stand on the doorstep and shout.

The opponents of Bismarck had long been gathering their forces for a grand attack. Their difficulty had been the unwillingness of the Kaiser definitely to give his assent to the overthrow of the great man. Often, in moments of impatience at the autocratic airs assumed by Bismarck and his son, William had seemed on the point of turning down his thumb as a signal for slaughter. But there always would come a realization of how mighty a figure in German history Bismarck truly was—and perhaps, too, some modified reassertion of the tremendous personal influence with which for years the Chancellor had magnetized him. Almost to the end the young man had recurring spasms of subjection to this old ideal of his youth. Even while he was sporting his British ensign in

Greek waters, and showing to the whole world how completely the breach between him and English royalty had been healed, he salved his conscience, as it were, by addressing enthusiastic and affectionate despatches to Bismarck from every new stopping-place on those classic shores.

But now, in January of 1890, the long-looked-for opportunity came. The natural term of the Reichstag elected in 1887—the last one chosen for only three years' service—was on the point of expiration. The anti-Socialist penal laws would lapse in September of 1890 unless renewed either by this dying Reichstag or, without delay, by its successor. Prince Bismarck was, of course, committed to their prompt and emphatic renewal. His enemies—another term for William's new friends—had secretly been preparing for the defeat of these laws in the Reichstag, and now, in the middle of the month, found that they had secured an absolute majority. They conveyed this fact to the Kaiser, with the obvious corollary that the time had arrived for him to take the popular lead in his Empire, and make an issue on this question with his Chancellor. William saw the point, and reluctantly took the decisive step.

Space permits only the most cursory glance at this parliamentary battlefield, whereon Bismarck had waged so many rough Berserker fights, and which now was to see his complete annihilation.

The Reichstag at Berlin is by no means powerful in the sense that Parliament is in London or Congress in Washington. It is a convention of spectacled professors, country nobles, and professional men desirous of advertisement or the pretence of employment, with a sprinkling of smart financiers and professional politicians who have personal ends to serve. They play at legislation—some seriously, others not—but as a rule what they do and say makes next to no difference whatever. They have not even the power of initiating legislation. That function belongs to the Bundesrath or Federal Council, which means the Prussian Ministry, which in turn meant Bismarck. His historic conception of law-making was to combine by bribes and threats a sufficient number of the fragmentary parties to constitute a majority, and to use this to pass his measures as far as it would go. Then he would swing around, create a different majority out of other groups, and carry forward another line of legislation. In turn he had been at the head of every important political faction and the enemy of each, and if he was unable to get his way through one combination always managed sooner or later to obtain it by a new shaking-up of the dice.

Parliamentary institutions were not always at this low estate in Prussia. Three hundred years ago the Brandenburg Diet was a strong and in-

fluential body, which stoutly held the purse-strings and gave the law to sovereigns. The Hohenzollerns broke it down, first by establishing and fostering *Stände*, or small local diets, to dispute its power and jurisdiction, and then, in 1652, by the Great Elector boldly putting his mailed heel on it as a nuisance. It still lingered on in a formal, colourless, ineffective fashion until in the time of Frederic William I, when it was contemptuously kicked out of sight. That stalwart despot explained this parting kick by saying: "I am establishing the King's sovereignty like a rock of bronze;" and, whatever its composition, there the rock stood indubitably in all men's sight for much more than a century, with neither parliaments to shake its foundations nor powerful ministers to crumble away its sides.

Bismarck had made it a condition of his acceptance of office in 1862 that he would govern Prussia without a Parliament. When the fortune of war and the federation of the states enlarged the scope of his responsibilities to the limits of the new Empire, he proceeded upon the same autocratic lines. There was a greater necessity, it is true, of pretending to defer to the parliamentary idea, but he never dissembled his disgust at this necessity. He bullied the leaders of the opposition factions with such open coarseness, imputing evil and dishonest motives, introducing

details of personal life which his spies had gathered, and using all the great powers at his command to insult and injure, that a large proportion of the educated and refined gentlemen of Germany, who should have been its natural political leaders, either declined to enter the Reichstag at all, or withdrew, disheartened and humiliated, after a brief term of service. All this reflected, and brought down in embodied form into our own times, the traditional attitude of the Hohenzollerns toward the poor thing called a Parliament.

It was therefore very much of an anachronism to find, in the year of grace 1890, a Prussian King invoking the aid of a Parliament to help him encompass the overthrow of his Prime Minister.

The situation on January 20th, briefly stated, was this: The Reichstag, consisting of 397 members, had been governed by Bismarck's "Cartel" combination of 94 National Liberals, 78 Conservatives, and 37 Imperialists, a clear majority of 21. The efforts of the Waldersee party, however, had honeycombed this majority with disaffection, and the National Liberals had been induced to agree that they would not vote for a renewal of the clause giving the Government power to expel obnoxious citizens. On the other hand, the Conservatives promised not to vote for the renewal of the anti-Socialist law at all unless it

contained the expulsion clause. Thus, of course, the measure was bound to fall between two stools. This apparent clashing of cross purposes might have been stopped in ten minutes if it had proceeded spontaneously from the two factions themselves. But everybody knew that it had been carefully arranged from above, and that the leader of each party had had an interview with the Kaiser. This affectation of irreconcilable views on the expulsion clause, therefore, deceived no one—least of all Prince Bismarck. He ostentatiously remained at Friedrichsruh until the very last day of the Reichstag; then, indeed, he arrived in Berlin, but did not deign to show himself at either the Chamber or the Schloss.

The National Liberals voted down the expulsion clause on January 23rd. Then the Conservatives, two days later, joined the Clerical, *Freisinnige*, and Socialist Parties in throwing out the whole measure. Thereupon the dissolution of the Reichstag was immediately announced, and the members proceeded to the Schloss to receive their formal dismissal from the Kaiser. William spoke somewhat more nervously than usual, but was extremely cordial in his manner. He praised the labours of the Reichstag, dwelt upon his desires to improve the condition of the working classes, and said never a word about the defeated Socialist laws. Everybody felt that the imperial

reticence and the absence of Bismarck portended big events.

Next week came the first overt movement in the struggle which all Germany now realized that Bismarck was waging for political life itself. He resigned his minor post as Prussian Minister of Commerce, and the place was promptly filled by the appointment of Baron Berlepsch. This selection was felt to be symbolical—because Berlepsch had been Governor of the Rhineland during the strikes, and had managed to preserve order without recourse to violence, and to gain the liking of the working men. To make the meaning of this promotion more clear, the Governor of Westphalia, who had rushed to declare his province in a state of siege when the strike broke out, and had called in soldiers to overawe the miners, was now curtly dismissed from office.

All this signified that the Hinzpeter propaganda of Christian Socialism had at last definitely captured the young Kaiser. Once enlisted, he threw himself with characteristic vehemence of energy into the movement. Events now crowded on each other's heels.

On February 4th William issued his famous brace of rescripts to Bismarck and to the Minister of Commerce, reciting the woes and perils of German industrial classes, and ordaining negotiations with certain European States for a Labour Conference,

"with a view to coming to an understanding about the possibility of complying with the needs and desires of labourers, as manifested by them during the strikes of the last few years and otherwise." "I am resolved," wrote the Emperor, "to lend my hand toward bettering the condition of German working men as far as my solicitude for their welfare is reconcilable with the necessity of enabling German industry to retain its power of competing in the world's market, and thus securing its own existence and that of its labourers. The dwindling of our native industries through any such loss of their foreign markets would deprive not only the masters, but the men, of their bread. . . . The difficulties in the way of improving our working men's condition have their origin in the stress of international competition, and are only to be surmounted, or lessened, by international agreement between those countries which dominate the world's market." Hence he had decided upon summoning an International Labour Conference.

On the evening of the day on which William thus astonished Germany and Europe, he was the principal guest at a dinner given by Bismarck in his palatial residence in the Wilhelmstrasse, and it was noted that he took special pleasure in talking with Dr. Miquel, Chief Burgomaster of Frankfort, to whom he spoke with zeal and at

length upon his desire to promote the welfare and protect the natural rights of the labouring classes. Court gossip was swift to mark Miquel as a coming man, and to draw deductions of its own from the story that Bismarck had, even as the host of an emperor, seemed preoccupied and depressed.

A fortnight of unexampled uncertainty, of contradictory guesses and paradoxical rumours, now kept Berlin, and all Germany for that matter, in anxious suspense. That Bismarck had been confronted with a crisis was evident enough. Day after day he was seen to be holding prolonged conferences with the young Emperor, and the wildest surmises as to the character of these interviews obtained currency. There were stories of stormy scenes, of excited imperial dictation and angry ministerial resistance, which had no value whatever as contributions to the sum of popular information, but which were everywhere eagerly discussed. The weight of Berlin opinion inclined toward the theory that Bismarck would in the end submit. He had never in his life shown any disposition to make sacrifices for political consistency, and it was assumed that, once his personal objections were overcome, he would not at all mind adapting his political position to the new order of things. This view was, of course, based upon the idea that the Kaiser really desired

to retain Bismarck in office; the loosest German imagination did not conceive the actual truth: to wit, that the Chancellor's retirement had been decided upon, and was the one end at which all these mystifying moves and counter-moves aimed.

The preparations for the Conference went on, meanwhile. A new Council of State for Prussia was founded, to have charge of the general social and fiscal reforms contemplated. The public noted that chief among the names gazetted were those of Dr. Hinzpeter and Count Douglas, and these were given such associates as Herr Krupp, of Essen; Prince Pless, a great Silesian mine-owner; Baron von Stumm, another large employer; and Baron von Hüne, a leading Catholic and important landed proprietor. These were new strong names, altogether out of the old Bismarckian official rut, and their significance was emphasized by the Emperor's selection of Dr. Miquel as reporter of the Council. People recognized that events were being shaped at last from the royal palace instead of the Chancellery.

In the very middle of this period of political suspense came the elections for the new Reichstag. Never before had Germany seen such a lamb-like and sweet-tempered electoral campaign. Three years before Bismarck had literally moved heaven and earth to wrest a majority from the ballot-boxes, for he had induced the Vatican to

formally recommend his nominees to Catholic voters, and had gone far beyond the bounds of diplomatic safety in his famous "*sturm und drang*" speech, threatening nothing less than war if a hostile Reichstag should be elected. But this time he preserved an obstinate and ominous silence. Nothing could tempt him to say a word in favour of any candidate.

Under the double influence of the Kaiser's enthusiastic new Socialism and the Chancellor's grim seclusion, the German electorate knocked the old "Cartel" parties into splinters. The polling results amazed everybody. Of the "Cartel" factions, the National Liberals fell from 94 to 39, the Conservatives from 78 to 66, and the Imperialists from 37 to 20. On the other hand, the *Freisinnigen* rose from 35 to 80, and the Socialists from 11 to 37. Equally interesting was the fact that for the first time the German imperial idea had made an impression on the Alsacian mind, and from sending a solid delegation of 15 dissentients, the two conquered provinces now elected 5 who accepted the situation.

Allusion has heretofore been made to Bismarck's recent declaration that the Kaiser took up the whole Social-reform policy solely as a political dodge. If we could accept this theory, it would be of distinct interest to know what

William thought of his bargain, after the returns were all in. The stupendous triumph of the dreaded Socialists and hated *Freisinnigen* must have indeed been a bitter mouthful to the proud young Hohenzollern. But he swallowed it manfully, and the results have been the reverse of harmful. No parliamentary session of the year, anywhere in the world, was more businesslike, dignified, and patriotic than that of the new Reichstag at Berlin.

But at the outset this political earthquake threw William into a great state of excitement. One might almost say that the electrical disturbances which ushered in the convulsion affected the young man's mind, for he did perhaps his most eccentric action on election day. While the voters of Berlin were going to the polls at noon, on this 20th of February, the Kaiser suddenly "alarmed" the entire garrison of the capital, and sent the whole surprised force, cavalry, artillery, baggage trains and foot, rattling and scurrying through the streets of the capital at their utmost speed. It turned out to be nothing more serious than an abrupt freak of the Kaiser to utilize the fine weather for a drill on the Tempelhof. At least that was the explanation given: but the spectacle produced a sinister impression at the time, and there are still those who believe it to have been intended to influence and overawe the voters.

No doubt consciousness of the gravity of the quarrel with Bismarck, which the Kaiser and his new friends saw now must come swiftly to a point, contributed with the unexpected election results to temporarily unsettle William's nerves. For a week or so, during this momentous period, there were actual fears lest his mental balance should break down under the strain. Fortunately the excited tension relaxed itself in good time, and there has since been no recurrence of the symptoms which then caused genuine alarm.

It was at the culmination of this unsettled period that William made his celebrated speech to the Brandenburg Diet. The occasion was the session dinner, March 5th, and those present noted that the Kaiser's manner was unwontedly *distrait* and abstracted. His words curiously reflected his mood—half poetic, half pugilistic. He began by a tender reference to the way in which the Brandenburgers had through evil and joyous days alike stood at the back of the Hohenzollerns. With a gloomy sigh he added: "It is in the hour of need that one comes to know his true friends." After an abrupt reference to a joke which had recently been made about him as the *reisende*, or Travelling, Kaiser, and a pedagogic injunction to his hearers to by all means travel as much in foreign lands as they could, he drifted into a lofty and beautiful description of the spiritualizing

effects his recent sea voyages had had upon him. Standing alone on the great deck at night, he said, communing with the vast starry firmament, he had been able to look beyond politics and to realize the magnitude and tremendous responsibilities of the position he held. He had returned with a new and more exalted resolve to rule mercifully and well under God's providence, and to benefit all his people. Then there came a sudden anti-climax to this graceful and captivating rhetoric. "All who will assist me in my great task," he called out, throwing a lion's glance over the tables, "I shall heartily welcome ; but those who attempt to oppose me I will dash to pieces ! "

The reporters were so frightened at these menacing words that they toned them down in their accounts of the speech ; but the Kaiser with his own hand restored the original expression in the report of the official *Reichsanzeiger*. Naturally the phrase created a painful sensation throughout Germany. Everybody leaped to the conclusion that the threat was levelled at the Socialist and Radical leaders in particular, and the new Reichstag in general. But within a fortnight the astonished world learned that it was Bismarck who was to be dashed to pieces.

The time has not yet arrived for a detailed account of the circumstances surrounding

Bismarck's actual fall. We have been able to trace clearly enough the progression of causes and changes which led up to that fall. Of the event itself a great deal has been printed, but extremely little is known. The reason for this is simple. The Kaiser and his present friends are possessed with the rigid Prussian military sense of the duty of absolute silence about official secrets. Prince Bismarck has insisted vehemently upon the necessity of this quality in other people, yet has not always distinguished himself by respecting its demands. In his surprising latter-day garrulity, it is easy to believe that he would tell the story about which the others preserve so strict a reticence, if it were not that the story involves his own cruel personal humiliation.

Throughout the trying crisis William never lost sight of the proud and historic reputation of the man with whom he had to deal, or of the great personal reverence and affection which he, as a young King, owed to this giant among European statesmen, this most illustrious of the servants of his dynasty, this true creator of the new German Empire. Every step of the Emperor during the whole affair is marked with delicate courtesy and the most painstaking anxiety to avoid giving the doomed Chancellor unnecessary pain. Although it was entirely settled in the more intimate palace counsels at the end of 1889 that the Prince was

to be retired from office, William sent him the following New Year's greeting, than which nothing could be more cordial or kindly:

"In view of the impending change from one year to another, I send you, dear Prince, my heartiest and warmest congratulations. I look back on the expiring year, in which it was vouchsafed to us not only to preserve to our dear Fatherland external peace, but also to strengthen the pledges of its maintenance, with sincere gratitude to God. It is to me also a matter for deep satisfaction that, with the trusty aid of the Reichstag, we have secured the law establishing old age and indigence assurance, and thus taken a considerable forward step toward the realization of that solicitude for the welfare of the working classes which I have so wholly at heart. I know well how large a share of this success is due to your self-sacrificing and creative energy, and I pray God that He may for many more years grant me the benefit of your approved and trusted counsel in my difficult and responsible post as ruler.

"WILHELM.

"BERLIN, *Dec.* 31, 1889."

A few days later came the death of the venerable Empress Augusta, and William wrote again to Bismarck at Friedrichsruh, affectionately enjoining him not to endanger his health by trying to make the winter journey to Berlin for the funeral.

This friendly attitude was, to the Kaiser's mind, entirely compatible with the decision that a new Chancellor was needed to carry on the enlightened programme of the new reign. But Bismarck stubbornly refused to recognize this. When his obstinacy made peremptory measures necessary, he had even the bad taste to instance these recent amiable messages as proofs of the duplicity with which he had been treated.

The best authenticated story in Berlin, of all the legion grown up about this historic episode, is

to the effect that one afternoon, in the course of an interview between Kaiser and Chancellor on the approaching Labour Conference, Bismarck was incautious enough to use the old familiar threat of resignation with which he had been wont to terrify and subdue the first Kaiser. Young William said nothing, but two or three hours later an imperial *aide-de-camp* appeared at the Foreign Office in Wilhelmstrasse with the statement that he had come for that resignation. Bismarck, flushed and shaken, sent an evasive reply. The *aide-de-camp* came again, with a reiterated demand. Bismarck stammered out that he had not had the time to write it as yet, but that he would himself wait upon the Emperor with it the next day. He made this visit to the Schloss, prepared to urge with all the powers at his command, in the stress of a personal appeal, that the demand be reconsidered. But at the palace he was met with that equivalent for the housemaid's transparent "Not at home" which is used in the halls of kings; and on his return to Wilhelmstrasse he found the inexorable *aide-de-camp* once more waiting for the resignation. Then only, in bitter mortification and wrath, did Bismarck write out his own official death-warrant, which a few days later was to be followed by his son Herbert's resignation.

The widely circulated report that, in his ex-

tremity, the Chancellor appealed for aid to the Empress Frederic, seems to be apocryphal. It is certain, however, that he did, during the twenty-four hours in which that stolidly-waiting *aide-de-camp* darkened his life, make strenous efforts in other almost equally unlikely and hostile quarters to save himself. They availed nothing save to reveal in some dim fashion to his racked and despairing mind how deeply and implacably he was hated by the officials and magnates all about him. But to the general public, astonished and bewildered at this sudden necessity to imagine a Germany without Bismarck, the glamour about his name was still dazzling. When it came their turn to act, they made the fallen Chancellor's departure from Berlin a great popular demonstration. It is well that they did so. With all his faults, Bismarck was *the* chief German of his generation, and the spectacle of cold-blooded desertion which the official and journalistic classes of Berlin presented in their attitude toward him upon the instant of his tumble, offended human nature. Nothing could be more true than that he himself was responsible for this attitude. It was the only possible harvest to be expected from his sowing. He had done his best to make all preferment and power in Germany depend upon callous treachery and the calculation of self-interest. He had contemptuously thrust ideals and generous aspirations

out of the domain of practical politics. He had systematically accustomed the German mind to the rule of force and cunning, to the savage crushing of political opponents, and the shameless use of slander and scandal as political weapons. That this official mind of his own moulding, inured to sacrificial horrors, familiar with the spectacle of statesmen destroyed and eminent politicians flung headlong from the "rock of bronze," should have viewed his own prodigious downward crash without pity, was not at all unnatural. But for the credit of Germany with the outside world it is fortunate that the Berliners, as a whole, responded to the pathetic side of the episode.

William's emotional nature was peculiarly stirred by the separation, when it finally came. The *Reichsanzeiger* of March 20th—two days after the final act in the comedy of the unresigned resignation—contained the imperial message granting Prince Bismarck permission to retire. The phraseology of the document was excessively eulogistic of the passing statesman, and no hint of differing opinions was allowed to appear. Bismarck was created Duke of Lauenburg, and given the rank of a Field Marshal.

More eloquent by far, however, than any rhetorical professions of grief in his public proclamations, were the Emperor's statements to personal

friends of the distress he suffered at seeing Bismarck depart. The ordeal was rendered none the less painful by the fact that it had been foreseen for months, or by the consideration that it was really unavoidable. On the 22nd William wrote to an intimate, in response to a message of sympathy:

"Many thanks for your kindly letter. I have, indeed, gone through bitter experiences, and have passed many painful hours. My heart is as sorrowful as if I had again lost my grandfather. But it is so ordered for me by God, and it must be borne, even if I should sink under the burden. The post of officer of the watch on the Ship of State has devolved upon me. Her course remains the same. So now full steam ahead!"

CHAPTER XI.

A YEAR WITHOUT BISMARCK.

THE first and most obvious thing to be said of the twelvemonth during which the Ship of State has sailed with no Bismarck at the helm, is that the course has been one of novel smoothness. Since the foundation of the Empire Germany has not known such another tranquil and comfortable period. Nothing has arisen calculated to make men regret the ex-Chancellor's retirement. Almost every month has contributed some new warrant for the now practically unanimous sense of satisfaction in his being out of office. When astounded Germany first grasped the fact of his downfall, even those whose hatred of him was most implacable could not dissemble their nervousness lest Germany should be the sufferer in some way by it. He had so persistently kept before the

mind of the nation that they were surrounded by vindictive armed enemies; he had year after year so industriously beaten the war drum and predicted the speedy breaking of the storm-clouds if his own way were denied him; he had so accustomed everybody to the idea that he was personally responsible for the continued existence from day to day of the German Empire, the peace of Europe, and almost every other desirable thing, that the mere thought of what would happen now he was actually gone dazed and terrified the public mind.

But lo! nothing whatever happened. The world continued its placid sweep through space without the sign of an interruption. The spring sun rose in the marshes of the Vistula and set behind the fir-clad ridges of the Vosges, just the same as ever. When Germany recovered her breath after the shock, it was to discover that respiration was an easier matter than it had formerly been. It was really a weight which had been lifted from the national breast. The sensation gradually took form as one of great relief, akin to that of filling the lungs to their utmost with the cool morning air after a night of confinement, unrest, and a tainted atmosphere. It is too much to say that apprehension fled at once; the anxious habit of mind still exists in Germany, and, indeed, must continue to exist so long as France and Russia

stand on the map where they do. But a very short space of time served to make clear that Germany was in adroit and capable hands, and that the old-time notion of the impossibility of supporting national life without Bismarck had been the most childish of chimeras. Then little by little the new civility, freedom, and absence of friction which began to mark Parliamentary debates and official administration, attracted notice. The spectacle of a Chancellor who actually assumed the patriotism and personal honour of his political opponents in the Reichstag, who spoke to them like reasonable beings, and who said their views and criticisms would always receive his respectful consideration, was not lost upon the German brain. People found themselves, before long, actively liking the new *régime*.

In reaching this attitude they were greatly helped by Bismarck's own behaviour, after he retired to Friedrichsruh. It does not fall within the purpose of this work to dwell upon the unhappy way in which, during the year, this statesman who was so great has laboured to belittle himself in the eyes of the world. Allusion to it is made here only to append the note that the Kaiser, under extreme provocation, has steadfastly declined to sanction the slightest movement toward reprisals. Although Bismarck has permitted himself to affront authority much more

openly and seriously than Count Harry von Arnim ever did, his threats, his revelations, and his incitements to schism have all been treated with serene indifference. And so, too, we may pass them by, and push on to greater matters.

On May 6th the new Reichstag was opened by a speech from the throne, almost exclusively reflecting the Emperor's absorption in schemes of social reform and progress, and the new Chancellor, Caprivi, laid before Parliament a Trades Law Amendment Act, as a first attempt at embodying these schemes. After a year of deliberation this measure has just been passed, and, unless the Federal Council interposes some wholly unlooked-for obstacles, will come into effect on April 1, 1892. By this law Sunday labour is absolutely forbidden in all industries, save a selected few connected with entertainment and travelling, and the integrity of the great Church festival holidays is also secured. The Federal Council is given the power to supervise and control the maximum hours of labour in such trades as endanger the health of workmen by overwork. Both journeymen and apprentices are to be able to bring suit against their employers for wrongful dismissal. Female labour is forbidden at night, and is given at all times a maximum of eleven hours. Careful restrictions are also placed upon juvenile labour, and after April of 1894 children

under the age of thirteen are not to be employed at all in factories. These reforms, which practically embody the recommendations of the Labour Conference, do little more than bring Germany abreast of England and America. A more extended programme of social reform is promised when the Reichstag meets again next November.

But it is not on specific achievements that the tremendous popularity which William has won for himself during the past year is founded. We are by no means within view of the end of the game, but it is already apparent that his greatest strength lies in the certainty and sureness of touch with which he appeals to the inborn German liking for lofty and noble visions of actions. The possibility—probability if you like—that these visions will never get themselves materialized, is not so important as it seems. Socialism in Germany is far more a matter of imagination than of fact. Mr. Baring-Gould quotes an observer of the election phenomena of 1878, to show that "decorous people, dressed in an unexceptionable manner, and even to some extent wearing kid-gloves," went to the polls as Socialists then. This has been still more true of later elections. The element of imaginative men who had themselves little or nothing to complain of, but who dreamed of a vague Social Democracy as an idealized refuge from the harsh, dry bureaucracy and brutal militarism of Bis-

marck's government, played a large and larger part in each successive augmentation of the Socialists' voting strength. For want of a better word we may say that William is a dreamer too. In place of their amorphous Utopia, he throws upon the canvas before the Socialists the splendid fantasy of a beneficent absolutism which shall be also a democracy, in which everybody shall be good to everybody else, and all shall sleep soundly every night, rocked in the consciousness that their Kaiser is looking out for them, to see justice done in every corner, and happiness the law of the land.

It is all fantastic, no doubt, but it *is* generous and elevated and inspiring. Granted the premises of government by dreams, it is a much better dream than any which flames in the weak brains of the miners at Fourmies or in the dwarfed skulls of the Berlin slums. And the Germany which, under the impulse of a chivalrous and ardent young leader, finds itself thrilled now by this apocalyptic picture of ideals realized, and of government by the best that is in men instead of the worst, is certainly a much pleasanter subject for contemplation than that recent Germany which, under Bismarck, sneered at every spiritualizing ambition or thought, and roughly thrust its visionaries into prison or exile.

The chronological record of what remained of 1890 is meagre enough. Caprivi's first quarter in

office was rendered brilliant by the bargain which gave Heligoland to Germany, and discussion over this notable piece of fortune was prolonged until the idleness of the summer solstice withdrew men's minds from politics. William made visits to Scandinavia, first of all, and then to the south shore of England, to Russia, and to Austria. In November the excitement over Dr. Koch's alleged specific for tuberculosis was promptly reflected by the Emperor's interest. He gave personal audience to the eminent microscopist, saying that he felt it his duty to buy the wonderful invention and confer the benefit of it freely upon not only his own people but the world at large. A fortnight later he bestowed upon Dr. Koch the order of the Red Eagle of the first class—a novel innovation upon the rule that there must be regular progression in the inferior degrees of the order.

In the same month William accepted the resignation of Court Chaplain Stoecker, and met Dr. Windhorst in conversation for the first time. The two events are bracketed thus because they have an interesting bearing upon the altered state of the religious question in Germany.

The *Kulturkampf* had already, as we have seen, dwindled greatly under the parliamentary necessities of Bismarck's last years in power. But there had been no reconciliation, and the unjust old quarrel still drew a malignant gash of division through

the political and social relations of the German people. Anti-Semitism in the same way lingered on, powerless for much overt mischief, but serving to keep alive the miserable race dissensions which have wrought such harm in Germany, and lending the apparent sanction of the Court to Berlin's social ostracism of the Jews. William's broadening perceptions grasped now the necessity of putting an end to both these survivals of intolerance. The blatant Stoecker was given the hint to resign and an enlightened clergyman was installed in his place. At a Parliamentary dinner, given by Caprivi on November 25th, to which, according to the new order of things, the leaders in opposition were invited quite as freely as supporters of the Ministry, the Emperor met Dr. Windhorst, the venerable chief of the Ultramontane party. All present noted the exceptional courtesy and attention which William paid to "the Pearl of Meppen," and construed it to signify that the days of anti-Catholic bias were dead and gone. This judgment has been so far justified by events that, when Dr. Windhorst died in the succeeding March, it was said of him that of all his aims he left only the readmission of the Jesuits unaccomplished.

William's speeches during the year marked a distinct advance in the art of oratory, and gave fewer evidences of loose and random thinking

after he rose to his feet than were offered by his earlier harangues. At the swearing-in of the recruits for the Berlin garrison, on November 20th, he delivered a curiously theological address, saying that though the situation abroad was peaceful enough, the soldiers must bear their share with other honest Germans in combating an internal foe, who was only to be overcome by the aid of Christianity. No one could be a good soldier without being a good Christian, and therefore the recruits who took an oath of allegiance to their earthly master, should even more resolve to be true to their heavenly Lord and Saviour.

Ten days later William made a speech of a notably different sort in front of the statue of the Great Elector, the 250th anniversary of whose accession to the throne of Brandenburg fell upon the 1st of December. Reference has heretofore been made to the powerful effect produced upon the young man's mind by reading the story of this ancestor, in preparation for this speech. There was nothing at all in it about loyalty to celestial sovereignties, but it bristled with fervent eulogies of the fighting Hohenzollerns, and was filled with military similes and phraseology. It contained as well the veiled comparison between Schwarzenberg and Bismarck which has been spoken of elsewhere.

Within the week the Kaiser delivered another speech, much longer than the other, and of vastly

closer human interest. It had evidently been thought out with great care, and may unquestionably be described as the most important public deliverance of his reign. When he ascended the throne no one on earth would have hazarded the guess that, at the expiration of three years, William's principal speech would remain one upon the subject of middle education!

The occasion was a special conference convened by him to discuss educational reform in Prussia, and the gathering included not only the most distinguished professors and specialists within the kingdom, but representative men from various other German states. A list of the members would present to the reader the names of half the living Germans who are illustrious in literature and the sciences. The session was opened by the Emperor as presiding officer at Berlin, on December 4th.

It was wholly characteristic of the young man that, having tabled a series of inquiries upon the subject, he should start off with a comprehensive and sustained attack upon the whole *gymnasium*, or higher public school, system of the country. The Conference, having been summoned to examine the possibility of any further improvement upon this system, heard with astonishment its imperial chairman open the proceedings by roundly assailing everything connected with, and typical of, the entire institution.

The importance of the speech can best be grasped by keeping in mind the unique reputation which the Prussian school system has for years enjoyed in the eyes of the world. Its praises have been the burden of whole libraries of books. The amazing succession of victories on the fields of 1870–71 which rendered the Franco-Prussian War so pitifully one-sided a conflict, have been over and over again ascribed to the superior education of the German *gymnasia* even more than to the needle-gun—and this too by French writers among the rest. The Germans are justifiably proud of their wonderful army, but it is probable that a year ago they had an even loftier pride in their schools. The teachers are in themselves an army, and have traditionally exerted an influence, and commanded a measure of public deference, which the pedagogues of other lands know nothing about. It required, therefore, an abnormal degree of moral courage for even an Emperor to stand up in cold blood and make an attack upon the sacred institution of the *gymnasium*. It is even more remarkable that what the young man had to say was so fresh and strong and nervously to the point, that it carried conviction to the minds of a great majority of the scholastic greybeards who heard it.

He began by saying that the *gymnasia* (answering roughly to the Latin schools of England and the grammar-schools or academies of America) had

in their time done good service, but no longer answered the requirements of the nation or the necessities of the time. They produced crammed minds, not virile men; wasting on musty Latin and general classical lore the time which should be devoted to inculcating a knowledge of German language and history—knowledge which was of infinitely more value to a German than all the chronicles of an alien antiquity combined. Had these schools done anything to combat the follies and chimeras of Social Democracy? Alas! the answer must be something worse than a negative—and tell not alone of an urgent duty left undone, but of evil wrought on the other side. He himself had sat on the various forms of a *gymnasium* at Cassel—a very fair sample of that whole class of schools—and he therefore knew all about their ways and methods, and the sooner these were mended the better it would be for every one.

It was undoubtedly true, William went on to admit, that in 1864, 1866, and 1870 the Prussian teachers' work showed to advantage. They had in those past years done a good deal to inculcate, and thus help to fruition, the idea of national unity—and it was safe to say that during that period every one who completed his *gymnasium* course went away after the final examination convinced that the German Empire should be re-established, and crowned by the restoration of

Alsace-Lorraine. But with 1871 this practical process of education came abruptly to an end, although as a matter of fact there was more than ever a need of teaching young Germans the importance of preserving their Empire and its political system intact. The consequence was that certain malignant forces had grown up and developed to a threatening degree, and for this the schools were clearly to blame.

Since 1870, he proceeded, there had been in German education a veritable reign of the philologists. They had been sitting there enthroned in the *gymnasia*, devoting all their attention to stuffing their pupils' skulls with mere book-learning, without even a thought of striving to form their characters aright, or training them for the real needs and trials of practical life. This evil had gone so far that it could go no farther. He knew that it was the custom to describe him as a fanatical foe to the *gymnasium* system. This was not true; only he had an open eye for its defects as well as its merits—of which, unfortunately, there seemed a heavy preponderance of the former.

Chief among these defects, to his mind, was a preposterous partiality for the classics. He submitted to his hearers, as patriots no less than professors, that the basis of this public school education should be German, and the aim kept always ni view should be to turn out young

Germans, not young Greeks and Romans. There must be an end to this folly. They must courageously break away from the mediæval and monkish habit of mumbling over much Latin and some Greek, and take to the German language as the basis of their teaching. This remark applied also to history. Thoroughness in German history, both authenticated and legendary, and in its geographical and ethnological connections, should be first of all insisted upon. It was only when they were wholly familiar with the ins and outs of their own house that they could afford the time to moon about in a museum.

"When I was at school at Cassel," said William, "the Great Elector, for instance, was to me only a nebulous personage. As for the Seven Years' War, it lay outside my region of study altogether, and for me history ended with the French Revolution at the close of the last century. The Liberation Wars, all-important as they are for the young German, were not even mentioned, and it was only, thank God! by means of supplementary and most valuable lectures from my private tutor, Dr. Hinzpeter, whom I rejoice now to see before me, that I got to know anything at all about modern history. How is it that so many of our young Germans are seduced from the path of political virtue? How is it that we have so many muddle-headed would-be world-improvers amongst us?

How is it that we all the time hear so much nagging at our own government and so much praise of every other government under the sun? The answer is very easy. It is due to the simple ignorance of all these professional reformers and renovators as to the genesis of modern Germany. They were not taught, the boys of to-day are not taught, to comprehend at all the transition period between the French Revolution and our own time, by the light of which alone can our present questions be understood!"

Not only would the *gymnasia* have to mend their methods, he continued, both as to matter taught and the method of teaching it, but they must also reduce the time burden under which they now crush their pupils. It was cruel and inhuman to compel boys to work so hard at their books that they had no leisure for healthful recreation, and the necessary physical training and development of the body. If he himself, while at Cassel, had not had special opportunities for riding to and fro, and looking about him a little, he would never have got to know at all what the outside world was like. It was this barbarous one-sided and eternal cramming which had already made the nation suffer from a plethora of learned and so-called educated people, the number of whom was now more than the people themselves could bear, or the Empire either. So true it was what Bis-

marck had once said about all this "proletariat of pass-men"—this army of what were called hunger candidates, and of journalists who were also for the most part unsuccessful graduates of the *gymnasia*, was here on their hands, forming a class truly dangerous to society!

The speech contained a great many practical and even technical references to bad ventilation, the curse of near-sightedness, and other details which need no mention here, but which indicated deep interest in, and a very comprehensive grasp of, the entire subject. At the close of the Conference, on December 17th, he made another address, from which we may cull a paragraph as a peroration to this whole curious imperial deliverance upon education. After an apology for having in his previous remarks neglected any reference to religion—upon which his profound belief that his duty as King was to foster religious sentiments and a Christian spirit was as clearly visible to the German people as the noonday light itself—he struck this true *fin de siécle* note as the key to his attitude on the entire subject:

"We find ourselves now, after marking step so long, upon the order of a general forward movement into the new century. My ancestors, with their fingers upon the pulse of time, have ever kept an alert and intelligent lookout upon the promises and threats of the future, and thus have

throughout been able to maintain themselves at the head of whatever movement they resolved to embrace and direct. I believe that I have mastered the aims and impulses of this new spirit which thrills the expiring century. As on the question of social reform, so in this grave matter of the teaching of our young, I have decided to lead, rather than oppose, the working out of these new and progressive tendencies. The maxim of my family, 'To every one his due,' has for its true meaning 'To each what is properly his,' which is a very different thing from 'The same to all.' Thus interpreted the motto governs our position here, and the decisions we have arrived at. Hitherto our course in education has been from Thermopylæ, by Cannæ, up to Rossbach and Vionville. It is my desire to lead the youth of Germany from the starting-point of Sedan and Gravelotte, by Leuthen and Rossbach, back to Mantinea and Thermopylæ, which I hold to be the more excellent way."

The effect of this pronouncement upon the German public was electrical. For years there had been growing up in the popular mind a notion that something was wrong with the *gymnasium*, but no one had had the courage to define, much less proclaim, what the real trouble was. Parents had seen their sons condemned to thirty hours per week in the *gymnasium* (involving an even

greater study time outside), and vaguely marvelled that of these thirty hours ten should be given to Latin and six to Greek, whereas mathematics claimed only four, geography and history combined got only three, German and French had but two each, natural science fluctuated between two and one, and English did not appear at all.[1] But though there was everywhere a nebulous suspicion and dislike of the system, it enjoyed the sacred immunity from attack of a fetich. So wonderful a thing was it held to be, in all printed and spoken speech, that people hardly dared harbour their own skeptical thoughts about it. But when the young Kaiser bluntly announced his conviction that it was all stupid and vicious and harmful, and pledged himself with boldness to sweep away the classical rubbish and put practical modern education in its place, the parents of Germany, to use Herr von Bunsen's phrase, were simply enchanted.

During the five months which have elapsed no miracle has been wrought; the character of the *gymnasia* has not been changed by magic. But it is perfectly understood by everybody that the Kaiser intends having his own way, and being as good as his word. Important steps have already been taken to enforce his views upon the system—notably by a change in the Ministry of Instruction.

[1] See the interesting tabular statement in S. Baring-Gould's "Germany Past and Present," p. 181. London, 1881.

Dr. Gustav von Gossler had held the portfolio for ten years, and was so entrenched in the liking of the great body of professors and teachers that he assumed his position to be perfectly secure. When, in the summer of 1889, the young Emperor despatched to him a long memorandum on the reforms necessary in the higher schools of Prussia, he received it submissively, even sympathetically, put it in a pigeon-hole, and went on in the same old dry-as-dust classical rut. William said nothing more, but eighteen months later, when he summoned the Educational Conference, he simultaneously published the text of the memorandum of the previous year. Even then Gossler seems to have suspected no danger, and made an official speech at the opening of the session full of amiable and confident commonplaces. On the following New Year's Day, however—January 1st, of the present year—a peremptory warning came to him in the form of a gift from the palace. It was a handsomely framed photograph of William II, and above the dashing signature were written the significant words, "*Sic volo, sic jubeo.*" It is not strange that shortly thereafter the retirement of von Gossler was announced.

His successor, Count Zedlitz-Trütschler, although beginning his career in the army, long ago revealed abilities which suggested his being drafted off into civil work. He has sat in the

Reichstag as a Free Conservative, has been Governor of Silesia, and is both an excellent speaker and a man of great tact and resource. Among the reforms which he has already seen his way to enforce is one by which the students of the *gymnasia* report the number of hours out of school in which they are compelled to study to keep up with their lessons—these reports serving as a basis for the monthly rearrangement of tasks in such a way as to leave enough time for recreation. The study of German and other modern tongues has also largely displaced the classical curriculum in the three lower classes of the *gymnasia.* Count Zedlitz is the Minister, moreover, having to deal with ecclesiastical affairs, and his sympathies are all upon the side of toleration and of a good understanding with the Vatican.

On this same New Year's Day William sent a photograph also to the venerable Postmaster-General, Herr von Stephan, bearing a written legend not less characteristic than the other. It ran thus: "Intercommunication is the sign under which the world stands at the close of the present century. The barriers separating nations are thereby overthrown, and new relations established between them." Upon the sentiment thus expressed much of great importance to Germany and to Europe depends.

Brief as has been the career of the present German Empire among nations, its history already covers one very remarkable and complete *volte face* on economic subjects, and the beginnings of what promises to be a second and almost as sweeping change. Up to 1876, with Delbrück as President of the Chancellery and Camphausen as Minister of Finance, Germany stood for as liberal a spirit of international trade relations as at least any other nation on the Continent. But in that year Bismarck, by a combination of the various Conservative factions which leaned toward high tariffs, inaugurated a Protectionist policy which forced these Ministers out and ranged the German Empire definitely on the other side of the economic wall. To the end of Bismarck's rule, Germany steadily drifted away from Free Trade and toward the ideals of Russia, Thibet, and the Republican party in the United States. But even before Bismarck's fall it became apparent that the young Emperor took broader views on this subject than his Chancellor, and during the past year several important steps have been taken toward bringing Germany forward once more into line with modern conceptions of emancipated trade. A liberal Treaty of Commerce has been signed with Austro-Hungary—the precursor, it is believed, of others with countries now committed to stupid and injurious tariff wars, while at home no secret is made of

the ministerial intention to in time reduce duties on cereals, lumber, and other necessaries, and generally pursue a tariff reform policy. The Reichstag has during the year passed a bill which, beginning in August of 1892, spreads over five years the extinction of the sugar bounties, another great bulwark of the rich protectionist ring. An attack upon the spirit bounties is expected next, while the Upper House of the Prussian Diet has just passed the new Graded Income Tax Bill which is to pave the way to a return from tariff to direct taxation.

The inspiring source of these reforms is Dr. Miquel, whose rise to imperial favour during the labour crisis has been noted, and who succeeded von Scholz as Minister of Finance in June of 1890. He furnishes still another illustration of the debt which German public life owes to the absorption, two centuries ago, of that leaven of Huguenot blood to which reference has heretofore been made—and which has long played in Prussia as disproportionately important a part as the remaining Protestant strain has in the politics of France. Herr Miquel looks like a Frenchman, and his manner, at once polished, genial, and grave, is that of a statesman reared on the Seine rather than the Vecht.

In one sense he is scarcely a new man, since he sat in the Prussian Parliament before the days of the Empire, and was years ago regarded as

dividing with Bennigsen the leadership of the National Liberal party. He is in his sixty-third year, and might long since have been a Minister had he not felt it incompatible with his self-respect to take a portfolio under Bismarck's whimsical and arrogant mastership. In this present period of uncertainty in German politics, filled as it is with warring rumours of impending reconciliations and hints of even more deeply embittered quarrels, prophecy is forbidden, but no one on either side attempts a forecast of the future which does not assign to Miquel a predominant part.

His administrative abilities are of a very high order, and he combines with them much breadth of vision and great personal authority. The reliance placed upon him by the Emperor has been a subject of comment, almost from the first meeting of the two men, and German public opinion gives him no rival in influence over the imperial mind. It was at the dinner-table of this Minister last February that William is said to have replied to a long argument by Baron Kardorff in favour of bimetallism: "Personally I am a gold man, and for the rest I leave everything to Miquel."

With the impending retirement of von Maybach, Minister of Public Works and Railways, von Boetticher will be the only remaining Minister of

eleven who held portfolios when William I died in March, 1888. It seems probable that the present year will outlive even this exception. The change in governmental spirit and methods of which Berlin is more and more conscious, is not wholly a matter of new men. The weight of militarism is being lifted. Generals no longer play the part they did in purely civil affairs. Count Waldersee's retirement from his great post as Chief of the General Staff is popularly ascribed to his having attempted to interfere with the amount and distribution of the military budget. Five years ago such an interference would have seemed to everybody the most natural thing in the world. The Emperor, too, grows less fond of obtruding the martial side of his training and temperament. From a beginning in which he seemed to think that Germany existed principally for the purpose of supporting an army, he has grown to see the true proportion of things and to give military matters hardly more than their legitimate share of his attention. The death of Moltke has removed the last great soldier who could speak authoritatively for the army in the Reichstag. In that sense at least he has left no heir.

In the more troubled domain of foreign affairs, the year without Bismarck has been marked by fewer visible changes. We are well along into "a year without Crispi," also, but the Triple Alliance,

if less demonstrative in its professions of mutual affection and pride than formerly, seems no whit diminished in substantial unity. At the moment, peace appears to be as secure as it has been during any year since 1880—which is another way of saying that the weight of force and determination is still on the side of the Triple Alliance.

There has been during the twelvemonth only one sensational incident to mar the polite, business-like relations which Caprivi maintains with the nations of the earth. The unfortunate incidents attending the visit in February of the Empress Frederic to Paris, are too fresh in the public memory to call for recapitulation here. It seems fair to say that it is not easy to imagine so pacific and sensible an ending to such a stormy episode having been arrived at in the days of Bismarck. The young Kaiser, whom Europe thought of as a firebrand when he ascended the throne, kept his temper, or at least prevented its making a mark upon the policy of his government, in a striking manner. He had just gone out of his way to conciliate French feeling by writing a graceful message of condolence upon the death of Meissonier. The foolish insults to his mother, with which this act of courtesy was answered by the Parisian rabble, failed to provoke any retort in kind. Indeed, when it was represented to him that the increased rigour of passport regulations in

Alsace-Lorraine was being construed as a reprisal, he issued orders to modify this rigour.

With this exhibition of judicious restraint, which rises to the full measure of the vast responsibilities and anxious necessities of his position, our chronological record of William's three-years' reign may be fittingly brought to a close. The added narrative which is held in store for us by the future may be tempestuous and discoloured by fire and blood; far better, it may be a gentle story of increasing wisdom, of good deeds done and peace made a natural state instead of an emergency in the minds of men. But whichever betides, we have seen enough to feel that it will be the chronicle of a real man, active, self-centred, eager to achieve and resolute to act, of high temper and great ambitions, and who has been given such a chance by the fates to help or hurt his fellow-mortals as perhaps no other young man ever had.

In a concluding chapter some notice may properly be taken of the personal attributes of William, and of his daily walk and talk as a human being as well as a Kaiser.

CHAPTER XII.

PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

In the matter of personal appearance there are two quite distinct and different Williams. Those who see the young German Emperor on a State occasion think of him as almost a tall man, with a stern, thoughtful face and the most distinguished bearing of any sovereign in Europe. He holds himself with arrow-like straightness, bears his uniform or robes with proud grace, and draws his features into a kind of mask of imperial dignity and reserved wisdom and strength very impressive to the beholder. It is with what may be called this official countenance of William's that the general public is chiefly familiar, for he assumes it in front of the photographer's camera, just as he does on parade, at formal gatherings, and even in his carriage when he drives through the streets

There is nothing to cavil at in this. One of the most important functions of an Emperor must surely be to look like an Emperor.

But in private life, when the absence of ceremonial and the presence of none but friends permit him to unbend, we see quite another William. He does not now give the impression of being a tall man, and his face wears a softened and kindly expression prone to break into an extremely sweet and winning smile. When this smiling mood is upon him he looks curiously like his uncle, the Duke of Connaught, although at other times the resemblance is not apparent. As a boy he was very white-skinned, with pale flaxen hair. Years of military outdoor life burned his face to a tawny brown, through which of late an unhealthy pallor, the product of overwork and sleeplessness, at times shows itself. His hair is of average darkness, but his small and habitually curled moustache is of a light yellowish colour.

An observer who studied him closely during a whole day when he visited Russia three years ago describes him at the first morning review of troops as carrying himself almost pompously erect, and wearing a countenance of such gloomy severity that everybody was afraid to approach him, so that the officers who saw him for the first time jokingly whispered to one another that a new William the Taciturn had come into being. But

in the afternoon, when the Czarina presided over a little garden party, limited almost to the circle of royalty, William appeared in a straw hat and jaunty holiday costume, smoked cigarettes continuously, and laughed and chatted with everybody as gaily and affably as any little bank bookkeeper snatching an unaccustomed day in the country.

The dominant feature of his make-up is a restless and tireless physical energy. In this he is perhaps more English than German. The insular tendency of his out-of-door tastes is very marked. Probably there is no gentleman on the Continent who keeps a keener or more interested watch upon the details of English sport, year by year, than William does. Oxford will not soon forget his characteristic telegram to Max Müller, recently, congratulating the University crew upon their victory in the annual race, and every British yachtsman looks forward to this season's regatta at Cowes with added interest, from the fact that the Emperor intends personally competing with his newly-purchased yacht.

William rides like an Englishman—which is another way of saying that he cuts a better figure in the saddle than most of the other Hohenzollerns, notoriously bad horsemen as a rule, have done. He has all the British passion for the sea and matters maritime. In his speech to the

officers of the English fleet at Athens he said that his interest in their navy dated from the earliest days of his boyhood, when he played about Portsmouth dockyard and gained impressions of the vastness and splendour of British shipping which had vividly coloured his imagination for all time. No other German ruler has ever given so much thought to naval matters, and it is his openly-expressed ambition to give the Empire during his reign a fighting fleet which shall rank among the great navies of the world. During the debates in the Reichstag last March on the excessive naval estimates, he sent to the chairman of that special budget committee a copy of an old painting representing the fleet of the Great Elector, with footnotes in his own imperial hand giving the names and armaments of the various vessels, and bearing the inscription: "To Herr von Koscielski, in remembrance of his manly advocacy of my navy, from his grateful Emperor and King."

William's love of exercise for its own sake is truly English. He fences admirably, is a skilful boatman, swims and bowls well and with zest, and delights in mountain climbing. No other Prussian Prince has ever been so fond of shooting. Hohenzollern notions of this particular sport have for generations been a matter for derision among Englishmen. Even Carlyle, who will hardly be

WILLIAM II. IN HUNTING COSTUME.

(*From a photograph by* SELLE & KUNTZE, *Potsdam.*)

described as a sportsman, was alive to the grotesque features of the *Parforce Jagd*, that curious institution in the Potsdam Green Forest which owes its origin to Frederic William I. The *Saugarten* is still there, and young boars, bred in captivity and bereft of their tusks at a tender age, are still released from their pens when the first frosts of autumn fall, and after a start of a few minutes are chased by mounted and gaily caparisoned parties of huntsmen—for all the world like the tame lion hunts of the Sardanapalian decadence pictured for us by the Assyrian palace friezes. But William has never shown much admiration for this pet diversion of the Potsdam officers. His own tastes are for the most laborious and difficult forms of woodland sport, and he is an exceptionally good shot.

What renders all this the more remarkable is the fact that his left arm is practically paralyzed. He has trained himself to hold the rein with it when he rides, but that is the sum of its usefulness. This defect dates from the occasion of his birth, and is ascribed to the ignorance or ineptitude of a physician. The arm is four inches shorter than its fellow, and has a malformed hand with only rudimentary fingers. The arm is so wholly limp that William has to lift its hand to even place it on the hilt of his sword with his right hand. It is in this posture, or else in the

breast of his coat, that he customarily carries it when out of the saddle. All his photographs show it thus disposed of. At the table he has a combined knife and fork, which slide into each other. He uses this with much dexterity, first to cut up his meat and then to eat it, all of course with one hand.

To have become a skilled marksman under such a weighty disadvantage indicates great patience and determination. William uses a very light English gun, having abandoned in despair the attempt to get any made to his liking in Germany, and carries it on his shoulder with the stock behind him. At the proper moment he brings the weapon forward by a movement of his right arm, with incredible swiftness and deadly accuracy of aim.

Of much graver importance, of course, is the internal inflammation of the ear, formerly complicated at times with an acute earache, with which he has now been afflicted for a number of years. Just what the affection is no one has yet been able to determine. It grows worse in cold and wet weather, and that is about all that is known of it. The physicians disagree as to its character. William himself, though occasionally suffering grievously from it, has never been alarmed about it, and really believes it to be a local ailment. Its existence naturally enough suffices to create a

certain uneasiness in the minds of his friends, and of Germans generally, and serves as the fruitful source of alarming rumours by which, from time to time, the virtue of Continental bourses is systematically assailed. But no responsible professional man seems to regard it as necessarily dangerous. This year, although the Emperor's appearance shows evident signs of the wear and strain of his great burdens upon his strength and spirits, this particular affection is said to be less troublesome than usual.

Undoubtedly, however, this annoying and wearying burden of the flesh has a great deal to do with William's disposition towards nervous excitability and restlessness. A man with the earache cannot be expected to hold calm mastery over all his moods. It is a reasonable assumption, too, that to this affliction is in some measure due his phenomenal and unseasonable physical activity. Sometimes it happens that he is unable to sleep at all, and he habitually keeps notebooks and pencils within reach of his bedside, upon which to work until the demon of insomnia is exorcised. Upon occasion, for distraction, he routs out the garrison of Berlin, or some regiment of it, before daybreak. In any case he rises at five.

Both at home and when abroad the amount of labour he gets through in a day is almost without parallel. It is a commonplace experience for him

to do four hours' work in his Berlin study in the early morning; then take a train to Potsdam and spend the remainder of the forenoon in reviewing troops; then trot back in the saddle with his staff over the distance of eighteen miles; devote the afternoon to the transaction of business with his Ministers and officials; receive and return the calls of two or three visiting royal personages; then dine somewhere where a speech must be made, and get back to the palace for more work before bedtime.

In Constantinople and the scarcely less Oriental Athens they still recall his energetic daily routine with bewildered astonishment. He was up long before the drowsy muezzins from the minarets summon the faithful at the hour of prayer—rattling indefatigably about to see all the sights, reviewing the Sultan's troops, inspecting all the chief military establishments, War Ministry, military school, artillery barracks, and what not besides, asking questions of everybody who had anything to tell, peering into every nook and cranny with an insatiable curiosity, working through it all upon notes of instruction and reference to be forwarded to Berlin every evening, and then sitting up until all the others were yawning with sleep.

Of course he could not bear the strain of this constant activity if he were not endowed with two great gifts—prodigious physical vitality and

imagination. Mere strength alone, mated with dulness of mind, would be broken down and destroyed by the wear and tear of such a life. William is, physically and mentally, the heir of the best things which European royalty has to offer. He inherits the bodily force and resolution of the Hohenzollerns, the *savoir faire* and comeliness of the Guelphs, the intellectual acuteness and philosophical tastes of the Coburgs, and the romantic mediæval Ascanien strain which Catherine II took to Russia and her granddaughter brought back again to Weimar—a leaven half divine half dæmonic, which swings between genius and madness. The product of these marriages might be expected to be what he is—by far the most striking personality in the whole gallery of contemporary kings.

What other dynasty in Western Europe does not envy William his six handsome, sturdy, and superbly healthy little sons? Seeing them with their shining, bright-eyed faces and ordinary well-worn clothes, one cannot but reflect upon the contrast afforded at Vienna, where the great rival house of Hapsburg is dying miserably out in pallid epileptics and vicious dullards.

These six fine boys, the oldest of whom is now in his tenth year, are reared in the Spartan traditions of the Hohenzollerns. Winter and summer they are up at six o'clock and into their cold tubs

with merciless punctuality. As a rule they breakfast with their father half an hour later, and throughout the meal he talks with them alone. They salute him on entering, and again on leaving, in military fashion; even at this tender age a considerable portion of their education is upon martial subjects. The Emperor, in his recent speech at Bonn, indicated an intention of having the Crown Prince eventually matriculate there, but for the present, as soon as the lads outgrow their private tutors it is understood that they are to go to the great cadet school at Lichterfelde, just outside Berlin. Evidently the *gymnasium* has no part in the plans for their education.

The predominance of the military idea, which envelops even these little baby princes, is indeed the keynote to every phase of their father's character. He is first of all a soldier. He lives a plain and simple life; the service and routine of his palaces are those of an officer's mess. He is a heavy eater, with a preference for homely dishes; he smokes great numbers of light Dutch cigars which cost about three halfpence each. He addresses all persons whom he meets in an official capacity in the terse form and curt, sharp tone of a drill sergeant. Although in private conversation with friends his voice is soft and pleasant, all his public speeches are declaimed in a harsh and rattling voice, with

abruptly ended sentences. His relations with other Germans, from the kings down to the peasants, are, in short, those of a commanding officer on the parade ground. This attitude does not suggest tact, or lend itself to roundabout methods. The bluntly-expressed rescripts to the officers of the army which William from time to time has issued, complaining about the harsh personal treatment of the men, denouncing gambling and extravagant living, and so on, might easily have provoked a spirit of discontent in a country less wholly ruled by the idea of military discipline.

Naturally enough, his innate liking for display and scenic effects is strongly coloured by militarism. He cannot see too many uniforms about him, and he literally inundates Berlin with martial pageants. One might suppose that the effect of this would be to satiate the Berliners, but they maintain a most vigorous and unabated interest in seeing the troops march by, and throng the sidewalks every time as if the spectacle had all the excitement of novelty.

In almost every other country the personal tastes or whims of the sovereign, if he be at all a man of the world, leave a certain mark upon the every-day dress of the people about him. The Prince of Wales, for example, during the quarter century in which he has assumed the social work of his mother's reign, has made a

good many changes in the fashions of men's clothes—changes which have been respected in Melbourne and Washington and Toronto as well as in London. But hardly anybody in Germany has ever seen the adult William in citizen's clothes —and positively no one ever thinks of him save as in uniform.

As William is a soldier in manners and habits, so his conceptions of government and of domestic statecraft are largely those which might be expected in a chief of staff. He addresses his people always as their commander-in-chief. The starting-point of his resolve to get rid of Bismarck and bring in new men like Miquel and Caprivi, was his discovery that the Chancellor and the various political parties and factions which he alternately bullied and cajoled were really so many impediments standing between him and his subjects. The Hohenzollern desired to speak directly to the people, as a general to his army, and he has swept aside whatever stood in the way. Such a posture does not, at first sight, seem to promise much for progress and enlightened development, but it must be remembered that universal service in the army has had the effect of familiarizing all other Germans with this same point of view, so that really sovereign and subjects get on much better together than in many countries nominally more free.

The difficulties of government in Germany are almost wholly social and economic. The Prussian artizan, perforce, spends seven years at school and three years in the army before he seriously takes up his trade and sets to working for himself. He marries early and has a swarm of children, and the necessity of toiling to support all these in an overcrowded and underpaid labour market grinds upon his temper. He has, to begin with, a racial tendency to think highly of himself and to criticize other people; he is afforded only too much justification for his rooted dislike of aristocrats, employers, and rich people generally, who in Germany are much less generous and considerate than in some other countries. Thus he is peculiarly open to the arguments and allurements of the social democratic propaganda.

The Kaiser's idea is to meet and counteract this by appealing to the workman's military recollections and pride. It is difficult for outsiders to realize the potency of this appeal. Americans and Englishmen see the scores of thousands of young Germans who expatriate themselves to escape military service, and assume, therefore, that it must be a hateful thing. To those who look forward to it this may be true. But to the poor German artizan who looks backward upon it this term of service in the army is apt to seem the pleasantest period of his life. By comparison

with the hardships of his later independent struggle for existence, he comes to regard this time when he was fed and clothed and instructed and lodged, and wore a uniform, with affectionate regret.

William, with what seems a sound instinct, lays great stress upon keeping alive and strengthening this army spirit. His wish is so to extend a semi-military organization throughout the social structure that every German may continue to feel that he belongs to the army. To this end he encourages the founding in each village of a *Landwehrbezirksverein*, or military club, where veterans and reservists are invited to come and read the papers over their beer and pipes, take charge of anniversary celebrations, promote local shooting festivals, and keep Social Democrats at a healthful distance. This plan is reported to be working well in small places, but it has not been thus far of much service in cities and factory centres, and in Mainz the attempt has just been abandoned owing to the discovery that all the members had become Social Democrats. But it is important to notice that since William has actively interested himself in the condition of these lower social strata, and sharply rated employers and army officers for harsh treatment of their men, the tone of the Socialists in the Reichstag toward him has been quite as civil as that of the other members.

For a young man descended from such phenomenally thrifty people as the Hohenzollerns and Wettins have always been, William has remarkably lavish, not to say prodigal, notions about money. He was left a very rich man by his father's death, and a complaisant Reichstag shortly thereafter largely increased the amount of his civil list, but for all that prudent Germans shake their heads over the immense schemes of expenditure to which he is already committed. The outlay upon the renovation of the Old Schloss in Berlin, entered upon in the first months of his reign, startled these good souls, but that turned out to be a mere drop in the bucket. The whole park arrangements at Potsdam are to be altered, and the unsightly old Dom—or cathedral—facing the Lustgarten in Berlin, has been torn down to make room for a magnificent ecclesiastical edifice worthy of the German capital. This means a heavy bill of expense, and Berliners hear with mingled emotions that their Royal Opera House is also to come down, to be supplanted by a wonderful new structure rivalling in dimensions and cost the Grand Opera House in Paris.

This last plan reflects the most marked artistic sense discoverable in William. He is passionately fond of the theatre, and has enlightened views about its popular usefulness. In decorating the tragedian, Ludwig Barnay, he has put on record

an act by a Prussian King which not even his grandfather, the old Kaiser, enamoured of all things connected with the stage as he was, could be brought to contemplate. He delighted in the company of players to the end of his days, but he always frowned when the possibility of stars and ribbons was hinted at. William's action, therefore, deserves special notice. It must be admitted that his attitude toward the drama is dictatorial to a degree—very like that which a general might be assumed to occupy toward a band of mummers allowed inside the camp to amuse the soldiers; but the German drama is framed to resist a great deal of pressure to the square inch, and is indeed rather the better for it. Very comical are the stories told in Berlin of the way in which William personally superintended the rehearsals of Wildenbruch's "The New Lord" last winter, criticizing and instructing the actors, and rearranging the distribution of the cast to suit his notions of their several capabilities. The fact that the drama had for its principal incident the Great Elector's dismissal of his father's Minister, Schwarzenberg, doubtless accounted for much of the Emperor's personal solicitude as to its proper presentation. But it is not in William's nature to refrain from meddling and dictating about anything, no matter how trivial, in which his interest is aroused.

The young Kaiser was never what is called a bookish man, and, as has been said before, the tremendous pressure of his daily work now leaves him no time whatever for reading. But he still manages to secure a certain amount of leisure for association with intimate friends, and among these are a number of highly-cultured men. He gets from them what others are obliged to seek in books. His inclinations seem to develop steadily in the direction of respect for intellectual people and products. It is a part of the phenomenon of belated growth which we have traced from his thirtieth birthday; mentally and spiritually cramped up to that time by the despotic influence of the small Bismarckian clique, he had still the strength and ability to expand his mind and character with splendid swiftness when finally the bonds were thrown off. One of the pleasantest features of the Labour Conference gathering in Berlin was the kindly and appreciative way in which William gave his chief attention to the venerable Jules Simon, talked with him intelligently about his works, and presented him with what of all possible gifts he would most prize—some of the manuscript French writings of Frederic the Great. It is more than likely that a twelvemonth before William did not know anything at all about either Jules Simon or his books.

His special liking for the scholarly King of

Sweden, and his annual choice of the sombre solitudes of the Norwegian coast for his summer season of entire rest, are very interesting evidences of this progressive mental elevation. William has a natural tendency to deference and a display of youthful humility toward able men much older than himself, as all who have seen him in the company of his grandfather, Moltke, Windhorst, or Bismarck must have noted, but his attraction toward the learned and gentle Scandinavian monarch is hardly to be put down to that score. Most other princes of William's age, or even much older, devote as little time to King Oscar as politeness will permit, and for choice prefer to spend their holidays at Homburg or Monte Carlo.

No gambling Casino or mere frivolous watering-place so much as knows William by sight. He detests the whole spirit of these princely resorts. He drinks with tolerable freedom at dinner, and is neither a prig nor a prude. But he is distinctly a moral man. People who are close to him aver that he is sincerely religious, and that by no means in a latitudinarian sense. So far as his actions have thrown light on this subject they have indicated a spirit of theological tolerance. In the fourth month of his reign, when the Senior Council of the Evangelical Lutheran Church sought to overturn the election of the heterodox

Professor Harnack to the chair of Church History and Dogma at Berlin, William emphatically tossed aside their protest and confirmed the selection of the University. At about the same time he delivered a public rebuke to certain enthusiasts who sought to commit him to an approval of Jew-baiting, and since then, as we have seen, Dr. Stöcker has gone for good. Last winter the Emperor gave a most interesting and characteristic proof of this broad-minded spirit. Two earnestly religious young Germans named Haase and May, belonging to a sect called the New Church, the basis of which is non-resistance, refused on moral grounds to do military service. Their persistence naturally brought them into collision with the courts, and they were sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment. William heard of the case, and, while it would not do to remit the punishment, he issued directions that their stay in prison should be made as comfortable as possible. Upon their release he personally gave the money to pay their passage to America, whither they sailed with the intention of becoming missionaries.

When William ascended the German throne, under such unpleasant and prejudicial conditions, the world thought of him as an ill-conditioned and wildly-reckless young swashbuckler, whose

head would speedily be turned by the intoxicating sense of power, and who would make haste to plunge Europe into war.

Three years of authority have worked such a change in him—or, perhaps better, have brought to the top so many strong and admirable qualities in him which had been dwarfed and obscured by adverse circumstances—that the world has insensibly come to alter its opinion of his character. We think of him no longer as a firebrand. He preserves enough of the eccentricities of a nervous and impetuous individuality, it is true, to still impart to public scrutiny of his words and deeds an element of apprehension. One still instinctively reads the reports of his speeches with an eye cast ahead for wild or thoughtless utterances—and only too often, as in the case of the "salamander" remarks to the Borussian Students' Corps at Bonn the other day, finds what was anticipated. But even in this matter of an over-hasty and unrestrained tongue three years have wrought an important improvement, and in almost all other respects he is unquestionably a better man and a better ruler than the world took it for granted he would be. Doubtless as time goes on we shall come to regard him in a still more altered light.

At present what can be fairly said is that he stands out with clearness from among European sovereigns as a living and genuine personality—

a young man of imagination, of great activity and executive ability, taking gravely serious views of his duties and responsibilities, keenly anxious to do what he believes to be right, and increasingly disposed to look to wise and elevated sources of judgment for suggestions as to what is right.

THE END.

THE NEW EXODUS

ALEXANDER III

THE NEW EXODUS

A STUDY OF ISRAEL IN RUSSIA

BY

HAROLD FREDERIC

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

To the Memory of

GEORGE JONES,

The Founder of a Great Newspaper

and

The Lifelong Champion of Good Causes,

This Volume,

Owing its existence, as it does, to the

Deep and Sympathetic Interest

With which the Horrors of the Jewish Persecution

in Russia filled his Last Days,

is reverently Dedicated.

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THE NEW EXODUS

CHAPTER I

"PARA DOMOI!"

EDMUND BURKE confessed, over a century ago, that he knew not the method of drawing up an indictment against a whole people. The task is no easier now than it was in 1775. Moreover, the world's jury, grown callous to sensation and wearied with ever-multiplying claims upon its sympathies, takes, in these latter times, a deal of moving. Not even Burke risen from the dead could hold its undivided attention for a second four days' speech.

On the other hand, the day of the solitary and unaided advocate is past. Mankind is far too busy now to listen for more than the briefest minute to any individual voice. A thousand men toil daily to collate the facts and arguments upon which it passes in judgment over its breakfast cup. The story to be told in these chapters seeks only its proper place among the great mass of accusatory records that truthful observers and inquirers for ten years back have been piling up at Russia's

door. These records are in themselves an indictment—an indictment more solemn, more sweeping, more terrible than exists in written language against any other people. Were the waning nineteenth century a hundredfold more idle-minded and indifferent than the *fin de siècle* cult would have it, still must this indictment compel attention.

My own share in the gathering of materials is represented by a long and painstaking journey through Russia, both within and outside the Pale, for the most part under the guidance of practical men who were able to ensure to me the minimum of wasted time. The tour was made without official assistance, and, I am happy to believe, escaped official notice. This fact prevented my making personal studies of the Czar's domesticity, of M. Pobiedonostseff's piety, of General Ignatieff's urbanity, and of other similarly fascinating features of polite Russia, concerning which so much has been written. The Russia I saw was not polite. It was a Russia which had never done anything more than promise sometime to get civilised, and now for ten years had openly surrendered itself to the engulfing return wave of barbarism. It was a Russia of dark and hopeless ignorance, of drunken incompetency, of frank and even smiling contempt for everything of thought and word and deed that we call honesty. I saw it in cottages, in fields, in churches, camps, and market-places—and everywhere, depressing as the picture was, it furnished the background to a still more sinister scene, that

of a whole race being hunted from its homes, despoiled of its possessions, hounded by the Cossack and plundered by the *tchinovnik*, and all unpitied by any one.

To attempt to deal in any satisfactory way with the whole question of the Jewish persecution in Russia is like setting out to write an Encyclopædia Britannica. The subject is so vast that its bulk fairly frightens one. To tell merely what is being done—what has happened since March of 1891—would require the space of many volumes, and the labour of as many men as there are scores of towns, villages, and hamlets in a section of country stretching from the Baltic to the Black Sea, and containing a population of fifty millions of people. The most industrious gleaning cannot hope to gather the thousandth part of the past twelve months' tragic facts. The scope of the figures staggers the imagination. More families, for example, have been affected by this new and savage enforcement of Ignatieff's May laws and the added ukases than were called upon to mourn the loss or wounding of relatives on either side during the great American civil war. Yet even a comparison of this kind fails to convey an adequate idea of the host of human beings involved in this brutal and wanton persecution.

How much more difficult must seem the task, then, of striving to explain this strange and monstrous excrescence upon the history of our century. To comprehend the position of the Jew in Russia

one must study the Russian, and get to understand the curious qualities and absence of qualities which make him, although nominally master, in reality the intellectual and material serf of all the strangers within his gates—Germans, Jews, Tartars, Finns, Poles, Armenians alike. One must realise, further, that in this present barbaric attempt of the Russian to drive out one of the groups of people who know more than he does, there lies both the whole long story of the effort to civilise Russia, and the final admission that the effort has failed and is abandoned. Truly, a complex subject!

And in starting upon an examination of this tangled and far-reaching web of race hatreds, dynastic ambitions, and religious strifes, it cannot be too clearly kept in mind that this raid upon the Jews is only one phase of a vast national movement. All things conspired to point to the unhappy Jew as the one to begin upon. It will be the turn of the German next. Even now the air is filled with ugly suggestions as to the confiscation of German factories and industrial plants, and new laws are actually coming into force which will compel foreigners to choose between naturalisation and flight. The Finns are already under the harrow. The fact that their autonomy was sacredly pledged to them under the Grand Ducal Crown never mattered for a moment. The pledge was simply broken—snapped over the Imperial knee like a dry twig. A hundred solemn pro-

mises, to which had been given the weight of Ministerial seals and Imperial signatures, were as calmly tossed on the dust-heap when it was desired to drive the Jews from Moscow. Good faith has no meaning in Russia. No assurance, no pledge, no law will avail for an instant to save the German and English properties in Russia, once the Ministerial hand is lifted to seize them.

Upon the banners of the advance guard in this prodigious national movement might well be inscribed Aksakoff's famous words, "*Para domoi!*" ("It is time to go home"). The phrase at the moment thrilled Moscow with new Pan-Slavic raptures. It has come to be, if not the spoken watchword, at least the tacit motto of rank and file as well as leaders.

We talk glibly enough of Pan-Slavism, but rarely define it, even to our own minds. To most persons it signifies in a vague way something about grabbing Bulgaria and Roumelia whenever the next war with Turkey comes, and meanwhile subsidising spies and agitators in the Balkans. In reality Pan-Slavism signifies something incalculably broader and more important to the rest of the world. A big book could be written—nay, the next generation will have many big books written—upon its meaning. When Aksakoff called out "*Para domoi!*" every Russian knew him to mean that it was time to give over the pretence of apeing Western Europe; that it was time to throw to the winds the effort

to appear civilised; that it was time to turn the clock back again to the starting-point of Peter the Great, to undo all that his German successors had done in imitation of Occidental models, to frankly relapse into Slavonic barbarism.

One must go to Moscow to comprehend the strength of this feeling and the tremendous fascination it has for the Russian mind. A dozen years ago it seemed to be the exclusive property of a small though influential group of reactionary thinkers—the Aksakoffs, Katkoff, Ignatieff, and others less well known to European fame. To-day it literally possesses the nation. Those of the educated Russian classes who are too intelligent to be really moved by it, are precisely the ones who most vigorously simulate being under its sway. The feeling is quite akin to that of the child who, having laboriously sat out the long hours of a church service in tight boots and a stiff shirt collar, returns home to tear off these hateful bonds and roll barefooted and collarless in the hay. The Russian is captivated with the thought of ceasing to pretend to be civilised. His is the longing of the young Indian brave at the mission-school to get back again into the breech-clout—to exchange the school-desk and books for forest glades and the chase.

We of the outside world have no notion whatever of the lengths to which this reaction has already gone in matters affecting not merely the Jewish population, but the whole social structure

of Russia. Few, for example, realise that on July 1 of last year corporal punishment was re-established in Russia. The horrors of the knout used to be dilated upon in every book about Russia. No collection of instruments of torture is complete without one of those terrible bunches of leathern thongs, their ends knotted in balls of lead, and curious visitors look at them with as much sense of strangeness as if they came from the Papal Palace at Avignon or the old Binnenhof in The Hague. It is indeed only thirty years ago since it disappeared in Russia, when the Liberator Czar remodelled the judicial system of his country. It is perhaps too much to say that the knout has come back. Such beatings as I have heard of have been with rods. From this to the knout is but a short backward step. If the latter is itself restored, it will appear in company with so many other savage revivals of pre-liberation days that its return will be scarcely noted.

In the same way the old landlord magistrate has come into existence again. After the serfs had been emancipated it became necessary to provide decent legal machinery for the trying of minor cases. Up to that time the "owners of souls" had dealt with petty offences and disputes after their own sweet will, punishing, fining, maiming, killing, quite as they pleased, and with only the barest forms of law. Alexander II, in September of 1862, eighteen months after the emancipation, established by decree a system of

minor jurisdiction, presided over in each district by a justice of the peace (*Mirovoi Sudya*), who passed upon all cases involving not more than 500 roubles ($330), and who, in criminal cases, was bound by an explicit criminal code. Alexander III, on July 1 of last year, 1891, abolished all the justices of peace outside St. Petersburg, Moscow, and a few other large cities, and returned to the old system of Nicholas. Instead of the justice of the peace, there is now a *Natchalnik* of the *Zemstvo*—that is to say, a landlord who has time and needs the place, and who is elected by the landed gentry of the district. This is the gentleman who, during this last awful winter of famine and pestilence, has so ably muddled or obstructed the efforts of the central authorities and the Red Cross Society toward popular relief. Of only one or two of these *Natchalniks* has any good word been spoken by those who have been studying the famine districts. More often they are alluded to as rough despots or hopelessly stupid fools. Occasionally we hear of one like M. Dementieff, *Natchalnik* in Samara, who late last autumn got together 300,000 roubles on the pretext of relieving the suffering in his district, and coolly left the country with the entire sum. It is to these officials that the power of ordering corporal punishment at will has been restored.

This is only one of scores of similar revivals, showing on every side the governing desire to get Russia back again into her Asiatic shell.

The signs of this reaction force themselves upon the attention at every corner in inner Russia. Gentlemen and officers who fifteen years ago affected rationalism in religion, and left the demonstrative part of the Church ceremonial to the monks and the moujiks, now ostentatiously halt before every shrine and church edifice to bow and cross themselves. The pilgrimages to holy places have swollen enormously in volume, and embrace now a well-to-do element which under the last reign they never knew. If this were accompanied by any spiritual awakening inside the Church, or even an increased activity in theological discussion, it would invite more respectful comment. But nothing is more certain than that there has been no spiritual or other awakening. The Russian Orthodox Church—of which something will be said later on—is spiritually and mentally as dry and barren as a sandbank. It exists solely in forms and ceremonies for the intelligent, and in fetiches for the unintelligent. This augmented observance of the ceremonies, everywhere noted by on-lookers, indicates merely a general consciousness that the Church is playing a part in this grand national retrograde movement.

Another indication, perhaps even more significant, is found in the immense proportional increase of books printed in the Russian language. Booksellers who formerly kept a few Russian works, and devoted most of their shelf space to French, German, and even English literature, now see the

conditions quite reversed. The new Russian generation is far less inclined to reading of any sort than was that which flourished under the Liberator Czar, and is also far less well educated, in the better sense of the word. Scholars, students and booksellers, with whom I talked in a half-dozen widely separated large towns, all told the same tale: the demand for serious works was yearly diminishing, and the younger Russians were not learning languages as their fathers did. The principal display in every window and on every counter is of pamphlet translations from Zola, Belot, Richepin, Gaboriau, and other modern French novelists. Next to these in importance come imported editions of these same books in their original French. The literature of strictly native production seems to be almost wholly confined to pamphlets.* No one talks of a visible successor to Turgenieff, Dostoieffsky or Tolstoi.

Even in the army curious effects of this ruling

* A critic, writing to the New York *Nation* under date of October 3, 1891, took exception to my earlier statements upon this subject, and quoted the St. Petersburg *Knizhny Viestnik* (a publishers' organ) to show that of the 4358 works published in Russia during 1890 only 10 per cent. were translations. One may prove anything under the sun by Russian statistics. I sent copies of this criticism to student friends in both St. Petersburg and Kieff. The replies were that I was absolutely right; that the vast majority of the books on philology (455), medical science (372), political science (337), &c. &c., were either text-books or obscure pamphlets; and that M. Struve, the Russian Minister at Washington, had publicly described the intellectual and literary decadence of Russia in terms much more sweeping than mine.

idea that "it is time to go home" are observable. The soldiers — stout, deep-chested, docile, and hardy-looking fellows—are fast getting out of the stiff, pipe-clay routine which the other Czars, in their passion for imitating the German model, insisted on. If there were any geniuses among the military leaders of Russia, they would doubtless have invented before this a series of original Asiatic formations to answer as substitutes for the corps, division, regiment, and squadron borrowed from the hated Teuton. Unhappily, this flight is beyond their intellectual level. They must still have a Guards Corps in St. Petersburg as in Berlin, and use a German manual of arms. But both officers and soldiers are already a long distance away from the standard of discipline that was enforced a dozen years ago. The officers in their uniforms do not scruple to pay open court to the *cocottes* in the public gardens of St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Kieff. They sit with them at the supper tables in the open air, buy wine for them, quarrel with one another for the privilege of their society, and drive away in *droschkis* with them, all without the slightest thought of concealment —and all in full uniform! The private soldiers no longer try to stand erect or carry themselves like warriors. They slouch along at an easy, round-shouldered gait, hands in pockets, and it is a mere matter of taste and convenience whether they salute a passing officer or not. Only a few months ago the case was reported of a young

Russian officer who drew his revolver and shot dead a private soldier who failed to salute him.

A sympathetic Russian explained to me this laxity of discipline which I noted on every side among the soldiers by saying that formerly they were drilled a great deal in all sorts of precise, dry-as-dust German formalities, but this did not suit the spirit of the Slav, and so now that was all abandoned and reliance was placed solely on "moral discipline."

Thus, evidences of the reaction might be multiplied and extended into practically every department of Russian existence. But the sequel will of necessity deal with this subject in detail.

The essential point is that the overwhelming mass of Russians, educated, half-educated, and ignorant alike, are for the moment enlisted under the banner of reaction. If there are dissenters, they hold their peace, sneering in private, but openly throwing up their caps for the march backward. All those who have the intelligence to see what folly it is, joined with the courage to speak their minds, are in Siberia or in exile. So far as public opinion is visible in Russia, it is unanimous. Everybody professes to be in favour of Russia for the Russians, and to be quite satisfied with the measures adopted and foreshadowed to make that policy good.

This absence of criticism is a fatal bar to any general awakening on the subject. The value of any set of ideas, if they are persistently promul-

gated and may not be debated, will naturally establish itself in the public mind—all the more if that public mind is inherently indolent and limited. Thus, Moscow and inner Russia generally has come to believe that the Western civilisation—the civilisation of Germany, France, England, and America—is absolutely corrupt and diseased, and must, from its own rottenness, very soon break down altogether. They ascribe to it nameless abominations, of which Western Europe has hardly so much as an abstract idea. And their editors and spokesmen profess continually the conviction that, when these wretched and effete nations of the West shall have collapsed and perished in their own putridity, the pure and untarnished Slavonic race will inherit and regenerate the earth. The wildest of these frantic teachings takes root somewhere. The broad notion at the back of them—that the Russian race can do great and wonderful things by itself, that it has not thus far done them because its energies have been directed in mistaken channels, and that it is high time now to turn back and begin again *à la Slave naturel*—has taken possession of the popular mind.

Of course this popular mind is a very childish affair. Indeed, the temptation continually arises to find parallels for all things Russian in the fantasies and queer aberrations of childhood. The Slavic brain is nothing if not juvenile. It is invincibly optimistic; it rushes headlong into enthusiastic beliefs founded upon the merest hearsay

or imagining; it invents lies and excuses with incredible swiftness and an entire disregard for probabilities, or for cause and effect; it has no conception of responsibility, of duty, or any other abstract virtue. Withal, it is kindly and ferocious by turn, cowardly in the face of stern power, merry when the sun shines, lazy as the day is long—childlike always.

The bold shamelessness of Russian official lying has long since passed into a proverb, yet it remains still so difficult a thing for the Western mind to lay hold of, that able travellers are to this day deceived on every side. Within the past five years books have been published by English and other travellers, professing to tell "the truth about Russia" which were literally padded from first to last with Muscovite falsehoods. Only last summer, for example, Mr. Arnold White, who had been journeying through the Empire to secure confidential information for Baron Hirsch, returned and gravely reported for facts about Moscow a pack of lies which had been told him by the officials of the Holy Synod, the falsity of which was demonstrated on the first moment of inquiry. He was told, to take only one incident, that the cruelties perpetrated in driving the Jews from Moscow in March of 1891 were due to the mistaken and excessive zeal of "a late Chief of Police," and he repeated this for truth in his report. As a matter of fact there was no "late" Chief of Police at all. Yourkoffsky, the Cossack

adventurer, who did these cruel deeds, had been Chief of Police in Moscow for six years, and was Chief of Police still. Only a child or a Russian officer would venture upon such a lie as this.

This infantile quality has its fullest exemplification in the confidence with which the Russian regards the commercial future of his country, once all the people who know how to conduct commerce have been chased from it. Over and over again, in the official literature of the Persecution, one finds it set forth with the utmost naïveté that Jews and other foreigners were necessary in Russia to open up avenues of trade and establish industries, but now that they have done this they can safely be driven out. The Russian admits frankly that he was not intellectually equal to the task of establishing such industrial commerce as Russia enjoys, but he never dreams of doubting his ability to carry it on now that it has been established. Much less does it occur to him to question his moral right to kick out and despise all those who established it.

Thus we return to the expulsion of the Jews. Undoubtedly they owe it to their nationality that they are the first to feel the effects of the Pan-Slavic upheaval—but they are being put out because they are not Russians, not because they are Jews. The expulsion of the other non-Russians will follow—nay, is already in progress.

It was natural to begin with the Jews. In every imperfectly civilised country—and un-

fortunately in at least one country which regards itself as very completely civilised—the materials for an anti-Jewish movement always lie close at hand. In Russia this unhappy people had from the first lived under extraordinary conditions. A whole thick volume of laws existed, all designed to keep it a race apart. Every moujik knew that the Jew was a pariah, a creature who in official eyes had fewer rights than himself, or even than the despised gipsy. When an ignorant man low down in the social scale finds somebody lower still, mere contact breeds a lust for persecution. Somewhat higher up on the ladder, the small Russian merchant, artisan, and trader had the additional grievance of disastrous competition with the Jew, who could actually add up figures in his head without an abacus, who never drank, rarely took holidays, understood how to buy, and could not be dismayed by hard work. Still higher up, the Russian professional and larger commercial circles had this feeling in a form intensified by the greater magnitude of the competition.

In one sense, the religious antagonism was a less potent factor in Russia than in Germany or Hungary. The Russian of the last reign was but a lackadaisical theologian, and took only less interest in the creeds of those about him than he did in his own dogmas. But with the sombre and sinister revival of ecclesiastical energy which followed the rise to power of Pobiedonostseff, the Orthodox Church was able to add the spirit of

religious intolerance to the commercial, social and racial elements which, under the new reign, threatened Jewish security and peace.

Hence, when a wretched personal intrigue, to be detailed later on, put into certain base minds the idea of a *Judenhetze* in Russia, it was an easy matter to secure anti-Jewish riots. And later, when the Pan-Slavic vision had expanded into a demand for the expulsion of foreigners in general, what more natural than that the crusade should start with the Jews?

The Russians are the excuse-makers of the world. The police had scarcely begun their work of expelling Jews who were too poor to buy temporary immunity before all Russia blossomed with reasons for the expulsion. The Jews were all usurers, money-lenders, vampires who sucked the choicest Russian blood, promoters of dishonesty in business, &c. These charges began in the imagination, but it was not long before the Russians had persuaded themselves of their truth. Every bankrupt Russian merchant, who has misconducted his business with drunken stupidity and indolence for years, will tell you now that he has been ruined by Jewish chicanery; every bad Russian workman, who never properly learned his trade, and has lost every job he ever had through drink, ascribes his lack of work to Jewish competition; every moujik, who is too lazy properly to cultivate his field, and whose labour is mortgaged ahead for two or three years to the local

publican, while his children have neither clothes nor food, feels convinced that his misfortunes are all in some way due to the Jew.

More than that, the Russian Jew labours under the disadvantage of the fact that the large majority of English, German and other foreign merchants and manufacturers in Russia take the side of the Russians against him. This is not difficult of explanation. All commerce in Russia—all financial activity of whatever kind—is in the nature of a game, in which all the people who are not Russians—Jews, Germans, English, Armenians, Greeks, and Tartars—play for the possessions of the Russian, he himself not being smart enough to take a place among the gamesters. In this game the competitors do not like one another, but race prejudice enables the others to more or less unite in a common dislike for the Jew.

What the actual facts are concerning the Jew in Russia, I hope to be able to state with some degree of conclusiveness later on. It is enough here to say that, whatever his faults, they are not those with which the present popular clamour in Russia charges him.

CHAPTER II

THE PARIAH COMMUNITY

PROPERLY to follow what has happened and is happening in Russia, not to speak of the still more impressive events to come, one must first of all realise that all over the empire the administrative power is above the law. It is by the failure to comprehend this that men even of Mr. Goldwin Smith's intellectual rank are led to write and print misleading and mischievous nonsense about Russo-Jewish matters.

In Anglo-Saxon countries, when we speak of a law-abiding community, we mean that the people therein obey the laws and give the officials appointed to administer the law a minimum of trouble. There is no equivalent phrase in Russian, and there is no need for one. That the people obey is taken for granted. It is the officials who do not observe the laws, but who instead use the vast and conflicting jumble of ukases, decrees, and Ministerial instructions as a general basis for doing whatever they want to do. There is no study or science of jurisprudence in our sense of the word. If a Governor-General sees that the drift of Imperial or Ministerial inclination is in a

certain direction, his underlings and all the small officials who serve the courts and police offices of the province make a search and find a thousand and one smart ways of interpreting what is called the law to suit His Excellency's purpose, which, of course, is to keep abreast of the St. Petersburg current. If this current is suddenly arrested, if it backs, shifts, flows off at a tangent, the law as promptly assumes a wholly different complexion.

Moreover, if warrant for any given line of action which seems desirable to the local officials is not to be found at all in the law, the fact does not deter them for a minute. They go ahead without it, confident that there will be no one to bring them to book, and that, even if there were, they can rely upon Ministerial recognition of the fact that their excessive zeal was well-intentioned.

I am not writing at random in this or exaggerating anything. If it were necessary, I could fill a chapter of this book with quotations of perfectly authenticated cases in my notes of administrative actions which had no earthly excuse in law. What law, for example, authorised M. Alexeieff, Mayor of Moscow, during the summer of 1891 to order that no more sick Jews should be admitted to the hospitals of Moscow? This is only one of scores of such incidents, some of which it will be useful to cite further on. And as for grotesquely-strained constructions of the law, now stretched one way to form a pitfall, now wrenched the other way to clutch and fleece the victim, they form a

leading feature of the whole story of the persecution.

For this reason, less importance attaches to the formidable list of anti-Jewish laws which exist in Russia than might be supposed. Three years ago a compilation of them was published at Kieff which covers 290 octavo pages of close type, and of these laws nineteen-twentieths have never been translated out of the original Russian. Since that book was printed there have been enough additional ukases, notes, and rescripts on the subject half to fill another such volume. It would be an incredibly dull official who in all this huge repository of contradictory laws and interpretations could not find new ways of commending himself to M. Pobiedonostseff.

Four years ago a commission was appointed to codify the existing laws and suggest new ones governing the residential privileges of Jews within the empire, and their rights of holding property and engaging in business. This commission, in the spring of 1891, made a report, which all Russian Jews know of by hearsay and refer to as "the sixty-five projects." This report was drawn up by M. de Ploeve, the chief assistant in the Ministry of the Interior, and the chosen penman of the persecution. It is said that the majority of the commission made a different kind of report, recommending more tolerant measures, and that the Czar refused to receive this and took M. de Ploeve's stringent suggestions instead. It is also

alleged that none of the Ministers save M. Dournovo, who is M. de Ploeve's nominal superior, originally favoured the adoption of this minority report.

However that may be, the "sixty-five projects" were hanging like a nightmare over Israel last summer and autumn, while I was in Russia. It was understood that nothing more was needed to make them laws save a formal act of ratification by the Council of the Empire, and the announcement of this was looked for from week to week. Copies of these "projects," surreptitiously obtained, began to circulate through the Empire, from one official to another. A devoted man, at great risk to himself, was able to procure for me one of these written copies, and smuggle it out of the country to me where I waited for it on the Hungarian border. When the task of getting it translated, and of comparing it section by section with existing laws as far as they are obtainable in any language but Russian, had been completed, I found that the mysterious projects" were really little more than a restatement of previous regulations. What is new in them considerably limits Jewish privileges, and elaborates the machinery for harrying them from country to town once they have been driven inside the Pale. They also provide punishments for even unwitting offenders not previously authorised by the law. But to my knowledge things have been done all over Russia for which not even these new projects afford a warrant,

although, like all Imperially-approved "projects," they have been practically in force ever since the first high officials were able to find out about them.

These "projects" remain to this day unratified. This fact may be due to the Ministerial dissensions of which so much has been heard during the past winter — dissensions which, together with the general disorganisation incident to the famine, and the collapse of the Imperial Exchequer, seem to have paralysed governmental action in many other directions. But even if affairs in Russia had pursued their normal course, it is quite likely that the "projects" would still have remained in a pigeon-hole.

It had been taken for granted that the extreme severities of the past autumn and winter were based upon these mysterious "projects," of which so much was heard and so little known. I find now that this, with the exceptions noted above, is not the case. All this only enforces what was said at the outset—there is no need for laws in order to enable the placemen of the autocracy to harass, persecute, despoil, and expel the unhappy Russian Jew. The leash has been slipped. The whole official pack, from Governors-General down to the poorest Cossack, are in full cry at his heels.

To rehearse a few elementary facts: What is known in Russia as the Pale consists of fifteen Governments, or *Gubernia*. This territory, where Jews are allowed to live and into which they are being chased from all other parts of Russia, was

all stolen by the Russians from other people. What is called Little Russia—the *gubernia* of Tchernigov, Poltava, and Ekaterinoslav — was conquered from Poland in 1670. The Crimea, or government of Taurida, was taken from the Turks in the following century. White Russia—that is, the governments of Vitebsk and Mohilef —came in from Poland on the first partition in 1772. The later partitions brought in at varying times the Polish governments of Kovno, Wilna, Grodno, Minsk, Kieff, Podolia, and Volhynia, while the further dilapidation of Turkey yielded Kherson and Bessarabia. These fifteen governments are the Pale. They stretch from within a few miles of the Baltic Sea, southward to the Euxine, and eastward to the land of the Don Cossacks.

This territory was supposed in 1879 to contain about 25,500,000 inhabitants, of whom 3,000,000 were Jews. I say "supposed," because Russian statistics are wildly inaccurate, and are confessedly made up from tax lists, village registers, estimates of neighbours, and everything except actual counting. No better means exist now upon which to base a speculation as to the entire number of Jews in Russia. The number is placed all the way from 4,000,000 to 10,000,000. Probably the estimate of Paul Dimidoff, whose pamphlet* is of great value on the whole Russo-Jewish question,

* "Juden-Elend im Lande der Romanows," geschildert von Paul Dimidow. Berlin. 1890.

giving them a total of 6,000,000, is most nearly correct. The Jewish rate of increase is almost as abnormally large as that of the French Canadians in Quebec. Hence, we may say, roughly, that thirteen years ago there were 5,000,000 Jews in Russia, of whom 3,000,000 lived in the Pale, something more than 1,000,000 in Poland, and something less than 1,000,000 in Russia proper.

These Jews in the Pale constituted nearly or quite 12 per cent. of the entire population of the Pale. Of the urban population they constituted a vastly greater proportion. In the towns and townships of Mohilef, for example, they were 94 per cent. of all the people; in those of Volhynia, 71 per cent.; Minsk, 69 per cent.; Kovno, 68 per cent., and so on down to 15 per cent. in the towns of Ekaterinoslav.* Thus it will be seen that they were already congested in the towns. In fact, their enforced residence in these fifteen districts made the Pale distinctively a place of towns. In the Pale and in Poland the number of inhabitants in towns was 223 to every 1000 of rural population, whereas in the rest of Russia, excepting St. Petersburg and Moscow, the proportion of town to country was only 59 to 1000, and even in the governments containing the two great cities mentioned it only rose to 221 to the 1000.

Yet even with this tremendous preponderance

* "The Jewish Question in Russia." By Prince Demidoff San-Donato. Translated from the Russian by J. Mitchell. London. 1884.

of Jews in the towns of the Pale, it is estimated that there were from 400,000 to 500,000 Jews living outside the towns. The laws, and even more, the spirit of their administration, rendered theirs a most precarious life. They had legally no right to own land, and they rented only under all sorts of restrictions and liability to plunder. But the overwhelming pressure of competition for existence in the crowded towns created a necessity for their spreading into the country which literally bore down opposition. They paid blackmail to the police and the higher authorities, and continued to live, or, rather, to exist.

Both in town and country existence for these Jews was a problem which never came to an end. Of all the gross misconceptions to which ill-informed writers have lent their minds, there is none at once so cruel and grotesque as that which Mr. Goldwin Smith reflects when he paints the Jews of the Pale as prosperous usurers. I have never seen anywhere else in Europe, not even in the poorer part of Ireland, which I know well, a more terrible poverty than is the rule of their lives. It does not need the evidence of an eye-witness to show the absurdity of the other view—the figures do that. Let one only try to conceive each ninety-four Jews in the towns of Mohilef, for example, waxing rich and fat by lending money to the six Christians who remain. Since Dr. Johnson's islanders earned a precarious livelihood by taking in one another's washing there has been no other such comical

economic paradox. In truth, not a third of the Jews, even outside the Pale, have had money enough to buy railway tickets to the frontier. Inside the Pale the most grinding poverty has always reigned.

Another feature of the Pale claims attention before the question of laws is touched. If we include Poland, it will be seen that its entire western edge is upon the frontier of Germany, Austro-Hungary, or Roumania. This border line is nearly fifteen hundred miles in length. By law a strip thirty-three miles in width (fifty versts) along this whole frontier was marked as land upon which Jews might not live. Thus, a territory about the size of the State of New York was sought to be closed to them. But in the lax days of Alexander II this further attempt to bottle up the Jews in the towns of the Pale also failed. As they had pushed their way into the rural districts, so they slid past the policeman, greasing the palm outstretched behind his back as they went, into the interdicted frontier zone.

Here, as in the country part of the Pale, they lived under constant liability to police raids and official exactions; if not in terror of their lives, at least at the daily mercy of every one in authority, and subjected to ceaseless blackmail.

We have, then, 3,000,000 of Jews living in the Pale, of whom five-sixths were huddled together in 114 towns, in four of which they were over 80 per cent. of the population; in fourteen from 70 to 80

per cent.; in sixty-eight from 50 to 70, and in twenty-eight from 20 to 40—none of them wealthy towns or centres of rich industries—and one-sixth lived outside the towns, dependent daily upon the whim of rapacious officials. In any case existence would have been difficult for a people thus forcibly restrained. It was made almost impossible by a great volume of hostile laws.

In addition to the ordinary taxes borne by all Russian subjects alike (and these the heaviest to be found anywhere in Europe), a whole series of special taxes were invented and enforced against the Jews. There was a tax on every animal slaughtered according to the Jewish or *Kosher* rite, and another upon every pound of Kosher meat afterward sold from it; these imposts made meat cost a third more to the Jews than to other people. A percentage tax was levied by the Government upon all rents of houses, shops, &c., received by Jews, and on the profits of all factories, breweries, vinegar manufactories, and other industrial establishments carried on by Jews. A heavy legacy duty was exacted upon all capital bequeathed by Jews. Printing presses owned by Jews paid annually for a licence. The Jewish head of a family had to pay a special tax for the privilege of wearing a skull cap during family prayers, and the very candles, which every Jewish housewife must light Friday evenings, yielded a revenue by taxation to the Russian Government of £28,000 per annum.

All these taxes are still levied, and all the other impositions to be mentioned are still in force. I speak of them in the past tense only to show what the Pale was like before the May laws added despair and choice between flight and death to the original burdens.

If a Jew became converted to Christianity he received a money payment of from £2 to £4; if he was married, and his wife declined to follow him to baptism, her refusal *per se* divorced her, and she might not marry again, but her husband could take a new wife on the morrow, and, moreover, could baptise, against the deserted wife's will, all her male children under the age of seven. Precisely the same privileges were extended to the Jewish wife who should become a convert.

There could be no synagogue in a town containing less than eighty Jewish houses, or house of prayer in one with less than thirty Jewish houses; and the robbery of plate and other effects from these was not sacrilege. Jews who held public worship or prayer in any other place than the synagogue or legal house of prayer were liable to imprisonment.

Jewish youths of the age of twenty-one were stripped of practically all the safeguards and legal reservations which enable Russians to escape military service. No Jew could be a member of the Recruiting Committee which makes up the conscription lists. The ordinary rules exempting young men from service who were the sole

supports of families only occasionally applied in the case of Jews. Moreover, worst of all, if in a certain district the number of Jewish recruits presenting themselves fell below the proportion which had been expected, enough Jews could be taken from the exempt class to make good the deficiency.

Let us pause at this to note a peculiarly characteristic Russian trick. These conscription lists were (and are) compiled upon the basis of the village or district registers. The way in which these are kept in itself suggests a whole chapter on Russian administration. It is enough here to point out that at its birth every male child is put on the registers by the doctor, but if he dies his name can only be taken off by the certificate of the village priest or pope. This affords one of the means of livelihood which the pope watches most closely and employs most profitably. Unless the dead urchin's name is removed from the register, the family is liable to produce him, or an equivalent, as a recruit when the twenty-one years have elapsed. But in the case of Jews the pope cannot certify to the death of a child. The parent must apply in person for a death certificate to the Governor of the province and bring witnesses. This means a long journey and great expense, which not one in a score can afford. The result is that many names are carried on in the registers to the military age of Jewish boys who died in infancy. It was for this that the law quoted above was

made, by which this bogus deficiency may be made good by seizing other Jewish youths throughout the district.

Thus it comes about that, while the Jews constitute only 3.95 per cent. of the population of European Russia, the army conscriptions for a series of twelve years (1875–86) show the average proportion of Jewish soldiers to be 5.97 per cent.

Yet there is no lie of which Russian writers and apologists are more fond than that the Jews continually evade their military duties. The truth is that, by a device of counting dead men, they are called upon for much more than their proper share of the annual recruiting force, and the very operation of this trick is made a reproach to them. As for asking for military enthusiasm among the Jews, let it not be forgotten that no Jew can become an officer in the Russian army, or even an officer's servant, and that the Military Regulations are studded thick with insulting and injurious references to and restrictions upon him and his religion.

The restrictions upon trade, upon intercourse with other markets, upon the holding of property, upon practically every relation of life, under which the Jews of the Pale suffered twenty years ago were literally without number. The legal limitations alone fill a volume; they were everywhere mixed up with a sliding scale of illegal exactions which the local authorities imposed for their personal benefit.

In substance the Jew could do nothing at all

without paying blackmail. The humblest Jewish artisan—for example, a tailor—could be raided by the police if when he made a coat for you he brought it to you with the buttons sewed on. There was a law which said that Jewish artisans should sell only the product of their own handiwork. "Very well," the police would ask, "do you pretend that you made these buttons yourself?" To such a question there were only two answers: one was to yield in despair and surrender the trade-guild passport which it had taken years to gain; the other was to give the policeman three roubles.

Thus underhand dealing became a law of existence. So far as the power of a despotic empire could do it moral degradation was thrust upon this people. Money became the one thing which could make life tolerable—money for the police, money for the informer, money for the local magistrates, money for every harpy and blackguard with the will and power to molest. Whenever men engage in an unhealthy and unnatural competition those with the worst and most dangerous qualities rise to the top, trampling the weaker and softer ones under foot. We have seen something like that in Wall Street, where there are no laws abridging virtuous happiness or making dishonesty the condition of life. In the terrible Jewish Pale the wonder is that any religion, any charity, any rudimentary notion whatever of honesty survived. The truth is that the great bulk of the Jews of the Pale, like the

hideously poor everywhere, remained a simple and devout people, clinging doggedly to their despised faith, helping one another where they could, and keeping up virtues of temperance, family affection, and chastity which their Russian taskmasters scarcely knew by name.

But in those days there were methods of escaping from the Pale.

The Jews of Western Europe, even in the darkest days of blind mediæval persecution, had their brethren dwelling in the palaces and castles of the rulers of the land, clad in rich raiment and commanding respect for their long beards from even the ribald men-at-arms—I mean the physicians. In Russia in our own century the Jewish doctor made the pioneer experiments with that ticklish affair, the toleration of a Slav. After him came the Jewish scholar, then the Jewish merchant prince. All this will be traced in detail further on. It is enough here to say that at last, by the edicts of March 16, 1859, Nov. 27, 1861, and June 28, 1865, the Czar Alexander II threw all Russia open to Jews who could fulfil certain conditions.

Besides the Jewish physicians and surgeons, graduates of universities, and merchants of the first guild, who still retain the right of residence outside the Pale, skilled artisans were now allowed to move into Russia proper, and settle where they pleased. They did this under restrictions and conditions of espionage and arbitrary attack which in any free land would seem incredible, but to

them this enlargement of their horizon was so wonderful that they still refer to the time as the "golden age" for Jews.

In no place, for example, were they allowed equal civic or religious rights with Russians; nowhere were they permitted to forget what indeed the law of 1876 explicitly reminded them of—that "Jews are aliens, whose social rights are regulated by special ordinances." * But, subject to the old laws, which now for fifteen years were but languidly enforced by the local officials, nearly or quite a million Jews came to live in St. Petersburg, Moscow, Kieff, Nijni-Novgorod, Smolensk, and the other larger towns outside the Pale. Here they settled themselves in something like security, educated their children, extended their business operations, and multiplied after their kind.

For these fifteen or twenty years life was perhaps in some small degree easier in the Pale, as well. The Jewish population, which previously had been increasing with dread rapidity, became about stationary under the reduction by this outlet of eastward emigration. The ruling poverty was scarcely lessened, because the best workmen and the most active spirits were those which had strayed off into Russia proper. But there was a little more bread to eat for those who were left behind, and, under the influence of a kindlier atmosphere wafted from St. Petersburg, the burden

* "Law upon Status," vol. ix. note 7, § 835. 1876.

of blackmailing officials pressed less heavily upon them.

It was a season of stagnation inside the Pale—sorrowful enough for any of us to contemplate, but representing in retrospect now an almost ideal peace to the inhabitants. It was a time of hopeful energy, of high educational and professional distinction, and of growing aspirations and achievement to the Jews in Russia outside the Pale. The story of how they reached this promising position, and of the effect it had upon their character as a race, and upon the conditions about them, will be told in its place, and I trust will be thought worth the telling.

The story of how, suddenly and without warning or reason, this work of a score of years of toleration and intelligence was at a stroke undone; of how hundreds of thousands of people were and are still being torn from their homes, swindled and robbed of their possessions, and driven like criminals into that present pen of horrors, the Pale, or beyond the borders of their native land, it will be difficult to tell with either completeness or adequate force.

CHAPTER III

THE BARBARIAN AND HIS STORY

The traveller, making his slow way in summer over the vast, sprawling, sparsely settled continent called Russia, is struck by nothing else so much as the weird likeness presented everywhere to the more backward agricultural districts of the United States. The fine dry air, the splendid sunsets, the majestic movement of the rolling clouds, are all American; so, too, are the unspeakable country roads, the grey, old, unpainted wooden houses and sheds, the well-curbs with long reaches, and the huge piles of cordwood bordering every road. The very locomotives have bulging smokestacks, after a fashion now almost forgotten in America, and fill the rural atmosphere with the pleasant scent of burned hard wood. The railway stations and the buildings about them are all of wood, decorated with stereotyped patterns of carpenters' ornamental scroll work, and painted with that single priming coat of ochre which one associates always with the temporary structures of a picnic ground. The forests are of birch and ash. Water melons are everywhere for sale, and the fields are white with buckwheat. The panorama

from the car window is literally crowded with suggestions of the New World.

Russia is indeed a new world—so new as to tread upon the heels of the hindermost thing in old worlds. Watching and pondering its varying manifestations, I could never rid myself of the thought that it was a kind of America in which the early civilised settlers had been overwhelmed and absorbed by the aborigines. Everywhere one got the sense of departed glories, of vanished arts and forgotten knowledge. To the genuine aims and works of a real race had succeeded the squalid views and surface purposes of a mongrel and half-caste people, through whose feeble and fickle hands everything was slipping back into barbarism.

There was a different Russia once—a Russia which moved quite abreast of Christian Europe, which in art and architecture, in skilled industries and in general learning, was not inferior to the England or France of its time. The Northman Viking dynasty which Rurik founded at Novgorod and which his children enthroned at Holy Kieff was as western in spirit as that of Charlemagne. The three daughters of Yaroslav wedded the Kings of France, of Norway, and of Hungary, and his grandson took for wife Gyda, the daughter of the English Harold. In that far-off time architects, painters, workers in mosaic, and teachers and scribes were brought in great companies from Greece to the Courts of the Russian Princes, and art and letters flourished there as they did

not flourish in Saxon England or Carlovingian Germany. The Greek mosaics still decorate the walls of the *Sophieski Sobor*, or cathedral of St. Sophia at Kieff, a building founded by Yaroslav in 1017. The tomb of that Prince, in a neighbouring chapel, shows much more art and skilled workmanship than the so-called tomb of Athelstan in Malmesbury Abbey, or any other western carved remains of that period.

It is even on record, established by the pictures in the manuscript Chronicle of Nestor (A.D. 1285) and other contemporary works, that in those days the dress of the Russians, nobles, merchants, and peasants alike, was practically that of Western Europe.

The change began when, early in the thirteenth century, the Tartar hordes of Ghenghis Khan burst across the Ural Mountains and overran Russia to the Dnieper, killing 50,000 people in Kieff alone, and devastating the land. Thereafter the House of Rurik for more than three centuries waged a desperate and continuous warfare against these succeeding waves of barbaric invasion. The history of every individual town in Old Russia through this 300 years' nightmare is made up of conflagrations and massacres. The dynasty of Rurik may be said to have died thus fighting, for when Ivan the Terrible finally crushed the Tartars, it was only to clear the ground for domestic anarchy, in the darkness of which his line perished.

The Russian who emerged from this anarchy wore his shirt outside his trousers. This badge of reversion to Asiatic standards, to which he has steadfastly clung ever since, is strictly symbolical. The old Russia of the saints and martyrs, of the Yaroslavs and Vladimirs, was definitely gone. We cannot tell how deep was the soil in which those early fruits of civilising art and literature sprouted. Perhaps it would have exhausted itself in any case. As it is, the Tartar wars burned it into utter and hopeless sterility.

The close of these wars and of the obscure and wasting confusion which followed, brought to view, as I have said, a new Russian—clad like an Oriental, and sunk in more than Oriental ignorance and degradation. Ethnologically he did not know who he was—and to this day he has not discovered. He seems in truth to have been an amalgam of all the lowly elements which had survived those awful centuries—a mixture of Lett, Finn, Lapp, Cossack, vagrant Slav of a thousand different tribes, all coloured and tainted by the savage licence of ten generations of Tartar conquerors. He spoke varying jargons of a debased Slavonic language. Of the highly elaborated Byzantine system of Christianity—which, after the final separation from Rome in 1054 evolved a far more complicated dogmatic theology than the Latin church knew—he had retained almost nothing, but had become merely a worshipper

of sacred pictures, which is all that he is to this day.

Three generations of strong Romanoffs—Michael, the founder, his son Alexis, and his son Peter—devoted something over a hundred years to the attempt to civilise this new Russian, and bring him into the fold of European nations. The first two of these Czars laboured chiefly to establish the foundations of the throne to which their family had been called, to systematise representative and legal institutions throughout the land, and to restore some sort of spiritual life to the nominal Christianity which had survived. The third, that amazing Peter the Great, had vaster dreams. He built St. Petersburg as a window through which his people might study Europe. He compelled married Russians to abandon the acquired Oriental idea of secluding their wives, and enforced their unveiled attendance upon the "Assemblées" which he instituted. He made his subjects shave their beards. He dressed his army in the wigs, three-cornered hats, and broad-skirted coats of Western warfare. He created a navy, and visited half the Courts of Europe to learn new tricks of civilisation. From first to last, the paramount idea in his strange, wild, tumbling brain was to drag Russia forcibly out of the arms of Asia, and make her European. While he lived, the work seemed to be well done. When he died it collapsed like the proverbial house of cards.

The Romanoffs practically ended with the great Peter. There had been four of them, all good men, and three much above the average of men. There followed now thirty-eight years of pitiful waste and retrogression, during which two vicious young male idiots and three loathsome elderly drabs in succession astounded Europe by hitherto undreamed-of spectacles of buffoonery, crime, ferocity, and animal lust enthroned. At the end, what problematical drops of Romanoff blood remained in existence were to be found in the veins of a peculiarly vile and disgusting young Duke of Holstein-Gottorp, whose mother was supposed to have been the great Peter's illegitimate daughter. This German Duke was made Czar as Peter III, and a few months later was murdered by his wife, a German Princess of the house of Anhalt-Zerbst, who now herself ascended the throne as Catherine II.

During all this time—indeed, from a period long before the accession of the Romanoffs—almost every Sovereign, good or bad, strong or foolish, had added something to the already huge expanse of Russian territory. From the fall of the Byzantine empire to the destruction of the Teutonic knights, through all the weary centuries of mediæval warfare, pillage, and smashing of dynasties, Russia has steadily annexed territory right and left, north and south. How Catherine the Great still further augmented this vast domain by the spoliation of Poland, or how she strove

with her notable powers of mind and will to carry forward Peter's task of Europeanising Russia, need not be dwelt upon here.

No drop of Romanoff blood flowed in the veins of her descendants, the five Czars who have filled the throne since her death in 1796. The pretence was scarcely made at the time that her son, Paul, was actually the child of his nominal father: no historian treats it now as even a probability. Mirabeau and other observers of the Court in the next generation have left amusing accounts of the precautions taken to prevent the madman Paul from being the father of a new imperial line. His wife, a Wurtemberg princess, seems to have made no secret of them, and the paternity of the handsome Nicholas, at least, was always popularly connected with an Alsatian grenadier of humble origin but lofty destinies. However that may be, the Czars since Catherine have been wholly German. They have behaved like Germans, creating a prodigious bureaucracy in imitation of Teutonic models, dressing and drilling their soldiers in German fashion, forming all the details of their Court after German notions of what a Court should be. Alike under mad Paul and the sentimental Alexander I, under grim, stalwart Nicholas and the romantic Alexander II, the work went on of striving to Europeanise Russia. Though each pursued this ideal in his own peculiar way, their ruling desire was the same—to confirm and solidify Russia's place among civilised nations.

It requires a mental effort to realise that we now confront a Russia which, after 200 years of reluctant shambling and shuffling along under the whip on the road to civilisation, stops short and declares that it wants to go back—that its true affinities are with Asia, not Europe.

Moreover, those who hold the whip are now themselves of the same opinion. The moujik and the small Russian merchants and artisans have never wanted to be civilised. It is a new thing, though, for them to find that their masters in St. Petersburg feel that way too. Under such conditions the backward movement has already attained a tremendous momentum.

A strange figure in the human gallery is this moujik, who, stubbornly and placidly resisting for two centuries all the efforts of a powerful autocracy to make him something different, remains to-day just the man he was when the Tartar invasions ended and the Romanoffs began to create the modern Russia. He still wears his shirt outside his trousers, in silent protest against the pretence that he is a European.

If he were really as far away from us as he thinks he is and desires to be, one might find much in his curious character to like and to dwell almost tenderly upon.

The childlike qualities so markedly developed in most Slavonic peoples find their fullest expression in him. He is, moreover, an exceedingly docile and kindly-natured child. He bears with

uncomplaining patience, in all his weary pilgrimage from the cradle to the grave, an accumulation of burdens such as no other people in the world are acquainted with. He dislikes work with all his heart, yet tramps through life on the treadmill of toil ordained for him without protest or bitterness. When he gets drunk, which is whenever beneficent chance affords, he leans for hours against a fence or wall, smiling gently at the passers-by. If he makes any demonstration, it is to throw his arms about some other moujik's neck and kiss him. The drunker he is, the more affectionately fraternal he becomes.

Lifelong communion with the vast flat-stretching plains of his country, with its enormous tracts of uninhabited land, of marsh and low-lying forests, has made him a silent man. Nothing is more surprising to the observer in Russia than the spectacle of two or three hundred moujiks going to or from their work, or even out upon a holiday, from whom no sound whatever proceeds. Great throngs of thousands will assemble at Moscow or St. Petersburg to watch a procession of ikons or a military review, and preserve absolute noiselessness for hours. Paradoxical as it may seem, they are a talkative, even garrulous, people by instinct. But their conversation is limited to the dialogue. Two moujiks alone will talk each other to death. Three moujiks together are reserved. A half-dozen will say next to nothing at all.

Doubtless this queer trait reflects the universal,

omnipresent burden of suspicion under which their lives are passed. They are never sure that they are not outside the law, because the law means only the personal disposition of the individual policeman or small official toward them. In the cities, for example, the moujiks who traverse the principal streets all walk in the middle of the road. Noting this in St. Petersburg, I commented upon it to an English friend long resident there. He told me that at the Christmas time last year, when the great shop windows of the Gostinny Dvor were filled with their richest holiday display, he saw a moujik, or labouring man, attracted by a show of gaily-dressed dolls, come up on to the sidewalk and approach the window to look. A policeman roughly bade him be off, and the moujik, taking off his cap in apology, crept humbly back again to the middle of the road. No doubt that man will go through life without once questioning the existence of a law forbidding him to look in shop windows, if, indeed, he ever arrives at the point of distinguishing between law and the whim of a policeman.

Although the traveller in Russia gets a great idea of the variety and appetising scope of the Russian cuisine, the moujik lives very badly. The present terrible famine has only made him a little worse off than he was before—the margin between him and starvation was already so pitifully slender. His staples of food are the *kasha*, a sort of thick gruel, mainly of buckwheat, baked in a bowl, and

eaten with grease; the *schtchi* or soup of a white cabbage peculiar to Russia, eaten both fresh and sour, and rye bread. He knows little or nothing of the taste of meat, save occasionally when he is lucky enough to get a little piece for his soup. He consumes great quantities of weak tea, but rarely tastes sugar in it, for the reason that the tariff and bounty swindles combined make sugar cost five times as much as it does in England. He drinks *vodka*, a raw and deadly spirit, by the pailful when it is given him, and habitually spends a large share of his pitiful earnings in buying it. One of the most melancholy and hopeless features of the existing famine has been the universal certainty that the moujik, if he was given relief in any portable form, would at once march off to pawn it for drink.

He has, as a rule, a stiff, coarse, mud-coloured beard, and wears his thick hair cut short and shaved at the neck, but very long in front; in imitation of the portraits on the ikons, he parts it in the middle, which imparts to even the greatest ruffian an air of sweet gentleness deceptive in the extreme. The older men have exceptionally heavy and shaggy eyebrows.

The moujik wears a pink shirt—a peculiar tint of pale red which never varies—and wears it all exposed, like a tunic, belted at the waist. His big bagged trousers are tucked at the knee into bootlegs. These boots become to the eye an even more familiar symbol of Russia than the red shirt.

The first thing one notices after the Russian border has been crossed is that every one wears high boots—the customs officers, the train officials, the railway porters, the cabmen, the soldiers, the policemen—on every side nothing but high boots. Even the country women wear them when they do not go barefooted.

The rural moujik, who represents five-sixths of the population of the empire, lives in a little unpainted wooden hovel, rarely built with a second story, and thatched with straws. These shanties are clustered together in hamlets, in groups of fifteen or twenty. Many miles will intervene, as a rule, between this rustic village and the next—miles of wild, flat land, probably unbroken by even a road, and without fence or wall or other sign of habitation, much less a house.

His communal system of land division and his dependence upon the decisions of the Mir, or village Parliament, need not be entered upon here. The careful explanation of all this which Dr. Mackenzie Wallace made fifteen years ago has been widely studied, and still remains the best statement of the matter in existence. The trouble is that the moujik, whom Mr. Wallace even then suspected of not turning his emancipation to the best possible advantage, has since gone steadily backward. As I have pointed out broadly that the Russia of the fourteenth century was more civilised than the Russia of the seventeenth, so it is unhappily true that the

moujik of to-day is a much less thrifty and prosperous creature than the moujik of 1875.

To some extent this is his own fault. His passion for drink and his childlike inability to see the value of consecutive application have led him into the vicious trick of mortgaging his labour whole years ahead. The Government encourages him to drink, because the *vodka* tax is one of the principal sources of official revenue. But equally harmful to him are the protective tariff laws, which make everything he has to buy twice or thrice as dear as it is anywhere else, and beyond that almost the whole burden of direct taxation falls upon his overloaded shoulders. This poverty-stricken wretch, who when times are bad or harvests fail is daily brought face to face with starvation, has to pay an annual passport tax of five roubles—about $3—to begin with, and his land, house, and other taxes make up an aggregate at which the poor man in any other country would stare in open-eyed amazement.

His great poverty at home and the nomadic instinct in his blood make the moujik a notable wanderer. Very often he is in a way an artisan as well, and picks up a little work in various towns as he passes. Wages, however, are so low in Russia—the latest report on the subject assumes that while an English cotton spinner, working 10 hours a day, earns 70 roubles a month, the Russian cotton spinner, working 12 hours

a day, earns 19½ roubles a month*—that the most marked success in securing employment hardly raises a strolling moujik above the level of pauperism. Many trades are like that of the carpenter, chiefly in the hands of travelling bands who go from place to place, put up houses for those who want them, and then roam elsewhere. These carpenters, working bareheaded in the open air, perform marvels of skill with the adze, which is often their only tool. If trades unions were not sternly forbidden by law, these capable craftsmen would be a prosperous people. Even as it is, they seemed the most contented men in Russia. While at work they sleep herded together in rough little shanties put up for temporary use by themselves, and share everything, wages included, in common. In the long twilights of the North the traveller sees their cooking fires coming out one by one on the vast, desolate landscape like the first evening stars in the sky.

Less skilled labourers also go about in companies seeking employment as roadmakers, harvesters, or farm hands, living meantime in much the same way. These itinerant bands, when they have been long enough together, sing in concert at their work. It is said that the stay-at-home moujik now rarely does this. The soul of music

* Report from the British Embassy at St. Petersburg on "The Condition of Labour in Russia." Summarised in the *Times* of January 21, 1892.

has been scared and frozen from him. He used to have a musical instrument of his own, as national as the cymbal in Hungary, the pan-pipe in Roumania, and the guitar in Spain; nowadays he knows nothing but the German concertina.

These groups of wanderers, moving at will over the immense tracts of sparsely-populated country, include also the pilgrims. of whom through the year a half million are on foot in Russia, and the tramps, if, indeed, there can be drawn a satisfactory line of demarcation between the two. And now—not for the first time in Russian history, indeed, but threatening results novel to our generation—there is added the sinister spectacle of the remnants of whole communities, with their children and their cattle, roaming gaunt and wild-eyed across the never-ending plains, driven under the lash of famine and the plague.

I have lingered thus, at length, over the moujik because he is the foundation upon which all things truly Russian are built. His character and condition furnish the key to the entire Russian situation. The relatively small class of Russian petty traders, master artisans, and other townspeople not of the educated orders is made up of the moujik with his shirt worn inside his trousers. There is very little other discernible difference.

This class is a small one, because it is racially artificial. The Slavonic—or at least the Russo-Slavonic—character does not lend itself to the development of what in England is called the

RUSSIAN PEASANT TYPES
(*Government of Smolensk*)

middle class. There is the moujik, and then nothing indigenous between until you come to his master. What does intervene is chiefly not Russian at all.

The history of modern Russia is full of confessions that the Russian by himself is "no good." The three strong monarchs of this period, Peter the Great, Catherine II, and Nicholas, all laboured hard at the task of colonising the Empire with people from other lands, by whose example in industry, thrift, and intelligence the native Russian might profit. In turn Dutch, German, Swedes, and Swiss were brought in and established in villages or on the soil as models. The experiment in one sense succeeded; these strangers prospered and flourished beyond expectation, branching out into new fields, creating commerce and industries which had not previously existed, and thereby enriching the State as well as themselves. But in only the smallest degree can they be said to have served the original purpose of their Imperial promoters. A certain infinitesimal proportion of the native element was caught up by the current of activity they set in motion, and spurred into imitation. But the overwhelming bulk of the native population declined to learn or imitate or be in any wise affected. Thus to this day you may see German agricultural colonies settled as far back as the great Catherine's time, with neat and comfortable buildings and closely-cultivated fields, the proprietors of which are all men with

money in the bank or out at interest; while next to them are Russian farm hamlets made up of filthy hovels, with fields tilled in the most slovenly and half-hearted manner by moujiks, who in their wildest dreams could not imagine themselves being free from debt.

This points the fact at which, perhaps too slowly, we have arrived, namely, that the commercial and industrial activity and prosperity of Russia are almost wholly in the hands of people who are not Russian. It is not alone that the business of St. Petersburg, Moscow, Kieff, and Odessa is principally conducted by people whose fathers or grandfathers crossed the frontier. The great annual fairs, of which that at Nijni-Novgorod is the best known, and the innumerable minor fairs at which, in true Oriental fashion, supplies and wares are still concentrated and distributed, are alike dominated by everybody rather than the full-blooded Russian.

The same thing is true outside of trade. If a Russian landed proprietor stands out among his fellows as a successful farmer, if he secures good returns from his estates and gets his rents paid regularly, in nineteen cases out of twenty he has a German steward. It need hardly be added that this steward, in the very act of deserving well of his employer, will have made himself bitterly disliked by the moujik.

Here is struck the keynote of all that we are considering. The Russians as a whole lack the

qualities which, from the standpoint of Western civilisation, command success. They see the alien wax prosperous and commercially powerful in their own country, where they grow constantly poorer. They are said by those who know them well to be the most amiable people in the world; their amiability would have to be superhuman to stand such a test as this.

Among the strangers within the gates who monopolise the commercial activity of Russia and struggle together for its rewards, the Jew is naturally foremost in attracting attention. He is first of all marked off from the others by an arbitrary cleavage of race, religion, and blood prejudice. Beyond that, as we have seen and shall still more in detail observe, the law has fenced him round with restrictions peculiar to himself, rendering him in all men's eyes a suspect creature, like a ticket-of-leave man or a registered harlot. Still further, the limitations placed upon him have forced him to work in a field where whatever he does must be unpopular, and where his success in securing even existence must seem a sort of crime to the rest.

The ground having thus been cleared, and some idea, meagre and imperfect as it is, having been given of the external conditions of the question, it will be possible hereafter to keep more closely to the subject of the Jew in Russia and his tragic story.

CHAPTER IV

BEGINNINGS OF THE RUSSO-JEWISH QUESTION

THE Jew represents at once humanity's oldest and least familiar fact. The records which he embodies visibly before us in his curled hair, in his eager eyes and bended nose, in his gestures, his utterance, the peculiarities of his family and religious life, belong to the very childhood of the race. We feel or simulate a tremendous interest when the palace tomb of another Rameses is dug out from under the drift of desert sands, or a new triumphal tablet of some forgotten marauder king is unearthed from the dust heaps of Nineveh. Our library shelves are filled with the literature of these efforts to grasp the likeness of these dead peoples, to fathom the secret of who they were and where they went to. Our scientists measure skulls and compare jaw-bones and wage with one another an endless war of words to solve for us the identity of the Hittites, the origin of the Assyrians, the disappearance of the Egyptians.

All the while we have with us a people older than any of these vanished races, to whose real history we pay very little attention indeed. The Old Testament, we know, and braggart Josephus

may still be the reluctant resource of boys in Puritan households of a Sunday afternoon. But the connected story of this ancient folk has not to this day, save in Graetz's massive German work, been intelligently told. Yet how superbly strange and impressive a romance it is!

The Jews are the sole survivors of antiquity. With the calm, meditative gaze of a tent-dwelling people, they watched the dawn of human history. They knew and gave a name to that mysterious first race which went off into the darkness as the shadows lifted—that unknown elder son of the night for traces of whom we now blindly grope—the "Canaan" of Scripture, the Turanian of modern hypothesis. The Jews saw Chaldea, Assyria, Babylon, Media, Egypt, Phœnicia, Greece, Carthage rise, flourish, and fall. They saw Rome tower up in the West; expend the greatest effort of its vast power in smashing and levelling Jerusalem, and then go down itself. They saw one by one the Byzantine, the Gothic, and the Frankish Empires soar skyward, darken the heavens with the wings of dominion, and tumble to earth again. They saw Spain withered up by the flames she herself had lighted in the *auto da fe* of the Inquisition.

Persecuted by all, cursed, feared, quarantined, fettered by all, the Jews have survived all. One need not look alone in Asia Minor for peoples whose practical extinction they have witnessed. Three centuries ago the Grand Duke of Lithuania

was a powerful monarch in Central Europe, strong enough to make himself King of Poland. As late as 1566 the Lithuanian nobles in Diet assembled decreed that Jews should wear a yellow head-covering to distinguish them from Christians. Last winter a friendless emigrant girl was discovered here in the streets of London speaking a language none could understand, though the linguists of several learned institutions were applied to. Finally an amateur philologist wrote a letter to the papers describing the sounds of the girl's speech, and this led to the discovery that she spoke Lithuanian. The gentleman who wrote solving the mystery began by explaining to his readers where Lithuania was!

Only one small phase of this race's wonderful history comes properly within the scope of our inquiry. It is a common popular error to assume that what is called "the dispersion" was incidental to, and consequent upon, the fall of Jerusalem. Four centuries before that triumph of Titus there were large and influential colonies of Jews in all the important cities of the East. Alexander the Great was deeply interested in them as a people, and gave them many privileges not extended to other conquered races within his vast empire. His successors, especially the Ptolemies in Egypt, inherited and even emphasised this attitude, until there were said to be a million Jews in the city of Alexandria alone. Exaggerated as this estimate obviously is, it serves to indicate

how generally the Hebrew race must have been distributed throughout the immense territory which the Greeks held by conquest long before the Christian era.

History and legend throw a great deal of light upon the character and achievements of some of these earlier colonies. We are peculiarly rich in records of the *rôle* the Jews of Alexandria played in civilising that part of the world, and, later, in influencing that strange, evanescent outburst of Arabian and Saracenic culture* from which to this day we draw so much unsuspected inspiration. We know, too, how strong and popular a force the Jewish residents of Rome exerted even in the days of Augustus.

It is only in Russia that we get next to no trace of their original settlements and earlier history. Perhaps this is not to be wondered at, for the story of the Russians themselves is wrapped in myth and fable up to the tenth century. It is apparent, however, that there were Jews inhabiting the basins of the Volga, Don, and Dnieper fully 500 years before Christ. At the time of the coming of the half-legendary Viking Rurik, in 864, the Jews were an important element in the population along these rivers, and in the east and south of what is now known as Russia, and had been for ages before Russians as such were heard of.

* "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe." By John W. Draper, M.D., LL.D. Vol. i. ch. xiii. New York. 1876.

In the Crimea there are, at Chufut Kaleh and Mangup, cemeteries of the Karaïm Jews, with tombs far antedating the Christian era. The monuments here, and the ancient parchments preserved at Chufut by the Rabbi Fircowicz, and in the Fircowicz collection in the Imperial Public Library at St. Petersburg, tell a story unique in the history of Judaism. The Hebrews settled here actually converted the barbaric pagan hordes of the Khazars to their religion in the eighth century, and the larger part of the Karaïm Jews in South Russia to-day speak the Tartar language among themselves. They are, however, very few in number—perhaps not more than three or four thousand. Madame Novikoff did not allow this to deter her from denying that the Russians treated their Jews badly, and then, when confronted with facts, explaining that she referred to the Karaïm Jews and not the schismatic Talmud Jews, as if these latter were an unimportant minority, instead of outnumbering the others 1000 to 1.

This brings us to the grand theological question with which Jewish history is so dishearteningly entangled, and which, however briefly, we must touch upon. I have spoken of the conversion of the heathen Khazars, whose realm extended from the Caucasus to the Don and Volga, and whose kings thereafter professed the Jewish faith, as unique in the records of Israel. It need not have been, were it not for the fact that the Jewish

religion was in its essence a national creed. The policy of its priests and exponents was entirely one of exclusiveness. With this solitary exception of the Khazars, proselytism to the Jewish faith has been unknown.

It is, of course, useless to speculate upon what might have happened had the spirit of Judaism contemplated a propaganda among Gentiles. The Jewish Jehovah reigns now in men's consciousness wherever the idea of one God exists—among Mohammedans not less than all varieties of Christians—dethroning Bel, Jupiter and Woden alike. The Jews, however, have had little or nothing to do with this world-wide extension of their monotheistic idea. They kept their Jehovah for themselves, and never dreamed of preaching Him to outsiders. Rome, with its addition of the doctrine of the Trinity, and Islam, with its addition of the Prophet, divided the great propaganda between them.

This fact bears a curious relation to our immediate theme, because it is recorded that when Vladimir, seventh in descent from Rurik, and the first authentic figure in Russian dynastic history, decided to forsake the heathen gods of his Norse fathers, he gave serious consideration to the idea of embracing Judaism. From this it would seem that the Jews settled in Kieff and the Ukraine, far away from the centres of population of their race, and influenced by their success with the Khazars, had developed a missionary spirit. Whatever

their attitude may have been, Vladimir finally chose Christianity instead, and is now enrolled among its saints.

It has always been noticed that the conditions which produce the most luxuriant growth of saints provide the largest measure of unhappiness for the Jews. Christianity had not reached its fifth generation in Russia before it had a calendar with scores of native saints and had chased all the Jews out of Kieff. This first persecution dates back to 1110, under a monarch whose wife was the English Princess Gyda. There was nothing unusual about it. Indeed, it furnishes proof that Russia had, during those four generations, taken great strides toward civilisation as Western Christendom understood it. Bear in mind that this was the pious century in which the authorities of Toulouse accepted a large sum of money from the Jews in commutation of the privilege of Christian citizens to strike them in the face on the streets during Eastertide.*

Thereafter for centuries we get no glimpse whatever of the Hebrew in Russia. We may be sure, though, that during the long nightmare of the Tartar invasions it was looked to that he got his full share of the woes and anguish which the unhappy land suffered. How terrible this share must have been we can guess from the fact that the mediæval Russian Jew, unlike his fellows in every other country, has left no written sign. We

* Vaissette's "History of Languedoc."

know absolutely nothing of his story during those darkened ages.

Meanwhile the Jew of Poland emerges into the light of history. At the beginning of the sixteenth century there were computed to be 200,000 Hebrews in the various provinces of Poland and Lithuania. Some had been settled there for centuries, coming through the German and Austrian States from Italy, Spain and France; others had been driven or had escaped thither from Russia. They enjoyed exceptional privileges, as Jewish rights went in those days—had entire religious freedom and tolerably broad civil liberty. The spectacle was a unique one in Europe, where Spain's savage crusade with stake and rack seemed much the more natural and proper thing. Jews in other lands thought of Poland as a veritable Land of Goshen. So many German Jews crossed the frontier and settled there, to escape the persecutions and levies of their own petty Princelets and robber Barons,* that their language, in the corrupted Hebraised German known as Jiddish, became the speech of the race.

This happy toleration was too good to last. Under it the Jews had largely lost their exclusiveness, and lived side by side with the Christians in entire amity, and were artisans, merchants, and farmers like the rest. The reproach of usury, cast upon them and earned by them in other countries where persecution drove them from more

* Stobbe. "Die Juden in Deutschland." 1866.

honourable pursuits, was not deserved or heard in Poland.* But, as the power of the Polish throne diminished, and the authority of the nobles and clerics increased, matters began to wear a different face. The Jews, after many generations of friendly equality and frank community with their neighbours, found themselves legislated once more back into the vicious old circle of being forced to do certain things and then hated and abused because they did them.

Then came the upheaval of the Russo-Tartar-Cossack wars and invasions (1648–67) ending with the treaty of Andrussoff, whereby the second Romanoff Czar, Alexis, obtained Smolensk and the Ukraine. This was the country in which Jews, as I have said, had lived for two thousand years. The Czar at once drove them all out. Thereafter all was misery.

There succeeds now a period of nearly 200 years, filled with acute disquiet or active oppression for the Jews. The refugees from the Ukraine who had settled in Little Russia were expelled in 1727. No Jews from without were allowed to enter Russia upon any pretext. The few physicians and other professional men of the excluded race who did manage to remain in Russia were in continual jeopardy of insult and expulsion. Over and over again Russian statesmen who were anxious to develop the resources and trade

* Professor S. Bershadsky. "The Lithuanian Jews." St. Petersburg: 1883.

possibilities of their backward and barbarous land, hinted at the advisability of bringing in some Jews. The Imperial will was resolutely opposed.

In 1743, for example, the Senate recommended that Jewish traders should be allowed to enter Riga and Little Russia on temporary visits "for the promotion of the welfare of the Empire and the development of commerce." The Empress Elizabeth wrote with her own hand on the report: "I seek no gain at the hands of enemies of Christianity."* When the broad-minded Catherine II ascended the throne these efforts were renewed, but she too resisted them, and says in her Memoirs, "their admission into Russia might have occasioned much injury to our small tradesmen."† She was too deeply bitten with the Voltairean philosophy of her time to have, or even assume, any religious fervour in the matter, but though in 1786 she issued a high-sounding edict "respecting the protection of the rights of Jews of Russia," the persecution on economic and social grounds continued unabated.

By this time it will be seen the laws did, however, recognise the existence of Jews in Russia. The explanation is that the first partition of Poland and the annexation of the great Turkish territory lying between the Dnieper and the Dniester had brought into the empire such a vast Hebraic

* Observation No. 8840. Continuation of Vol. xi. of Code of Laws.

† The Zaria Journal, Vol. vi. "Catherine as an Authoress."

population that any thought of expulsion was hopeless. Holy Russia could keep herself uncontaminated no longer. The thief was compelled to submit to the pious discomfort of keeping the unholy part of his plunder along with the rest.

The rape of Poland and the looting of Turkey had brought two millions of Jews under the sceptre of the Czar. The fact could not be blinked. They were there—inside the Holy Empire, whose boast for centuries had been that no circumcised dog could find rest for his foot on its sanctified territory. To an autocracy based so wholly on an orthodox religion as is that of the Czars, this seemed a most trying and perplexing problem.

The solution they hit upon was to set aside one part of the empire as a sort of lazar house, which should serve to keep the rest of it from pollution. Hence we get the Pale.

Almost every decade since 1786, the date of Catherine's ukase, has witnessed some altèration made in the dimensions and boundaries of this Pale. Now it has been expanded, now sharply contracted; this city and that has been exempted from the laws governing the territory about it; deeds have been made lawful in one of its provinces which were penal offences in the next; lifelong residents have been "decanted," as the old Burgundian phrase went, from one district to another—all in the most wanton and whimsical fashion, according to the freak of a despot or the

interest of a Minister. To trace these changes would be to unnecessarily burden ourselves with details. It is enough to keep in mind that the creation of the Pale was Russia's solution of the Jewish problem in 1786, and is still the only one it can think of.

Side by side with this naïve notion that Holy Russia could be kept an inviolate Christian land in the eyes of Heaven by juggling the map, there grew up the more worldly conception of turning the Jew to account as a kind of milch cow. Traces of its dawn may be discerned in Catherine's later years, when Jews were allowed to enrol themselves as merchants in certain towns and enjoy the privileges given other people on condition that they paid double taxes. The local consistorial organisation which they had received from the Polish kings was, alone among all their institutions, retained, avowedly because it made the collection of these unjust taxes easy.

Later this view of the possible profits to be derived from the Jew came to be expressed with utmost frankness. In 1819 Jewish brandy distillers were allowed to go into the interior and settle "until," as the ukase said, "Russian master distillers shall have perfected themselves in the art of distilling." They availed themselves of this permission in great numbers, and at the end of seven years were all summarily driven out again, a new ukase explaining that "the number of Christian distillers was now sufficient." The Imperial

ukase of July 29, 1827, speaks of the laws about the Jews as "Government measures adopted for deriving State advantages from this race."

The past century's history of the Jews in Russia is made up of conflicts between these two impulses in the childlike Slavonic brain—the one to drive the heretic Jew into the Pale as into a kennel with kicks and stripes, the other guardedly to entice him out and manage to extract some service or profit from him. Now one, now the other, of these notions has from time to time obtained ascendency, as whim dictated or need compelled. On occasion the two appear together, yoked side by side, yet pulling in opposite directions. It is to this that the Russian laws about the Jews owe their wild and chaotic contradictions, and their inextricable jumble of confusion as to what may and may not be done.

The Panslavists of Russia nowadays sum up all their arguments against the Jew in the word "exploitation." It has come to be a part of the Russian language. A conversation in Russia about the Jews would be impossible without it. Those who use the word so glibly seek to convey the idea that the Jew is being driven out because he has "exploited" everybody—the noble, the landed proprietor, the merchant, the moujik. This allegation has been made so steadily that I daresay a great majority of Russians now actually believe it themselves. Certainly the opinion of the outside world has been largely influenced by it.

The sober truth is that it is the Jew who has been "exploited." I have shown how frankly the Russian Government used to confess its purpose of turning the Jew to account—sternly curtailing or abolishing all the natural rights which would minister to his own happiness or welfare, but using him wherever he seemed likely to be of service to his Russian neighbours or to the Government.

It was in this strictly utilitarian spirit that the keeping of taverns and rural grogshops throughout Poland and the Pale was put into the hands of the Jews. The fact that some of them still remain in this business is one of the chief reproaches levelled at the whole race by the Russian anti-Semites. But no one explains that they were put into this business, first by the great aristocratic proprietors and then by the Government, for the admitted reason that they alone among the population could be trusted to themselves to keep sober the while they sold drink to others. Both the Imperial revenues and the incomes of landed proprietors had for their chief item the tax and profits on the drink traffic. Both the Finance Ministers and the big landlords have always been anxious to increase rather than diminish this traffic. The special Imperial Commission of 1812, appointed to consider the advisability of forbidding Jews to retail *vodka* in the villages, reported that the Jew was most useful in that capacity, and that if he was sent away the business would

fall into the hands of the native moujik, to the destruction of business and moujik alike.

In the same way, one hears continually of the Jewish usurer. To believe the average Russian's talk, all the money-lending in that whole great empire of debtors is done by the Jews. As I have said in a previous chapter, this is wild nonsense. The rich Jewish usurers in Russia can be counted on one's fingers. But the significant thing is that these big money-lenders and, to use an American provincialism, "note shavers," have always been hand in glove with the Russian authorities. They are still powers in the land. Nobody has heard a word about their being expelled or even troubled. The reason is that they are systematically "exploited" by the Russian officials.

A curious story told me partly in Kieff, partly in Odessa, illustrates this. One of the oldest and most distinguished native families in the Ukraine is that of Kotchubey, the princely head of which is the best remembered of Mazeppa's victims. The Princes of the house of Kotchubey are now much better known in Paris than they are in their ancestral Poltava. The last of them to live on his estates in old Russian fashion was Prince Victor Kotchubey. An elderly English gentleman who has lived since youth in Little Russia told me that some thirty years ago he was in the office of an English firm which was introducing agricultural machinery in the South. One day there entered

a tall, fine old gentleman in a silk hat and dressed in the height of the London fashion. He spoke English perfectly, without even an accent, which greatly delighted the young British clerks. They were still more charmed to learn that he was Prince Kotchubey, the chief proprietor of the district. He ordered one of the machines to be taken to his estate for trial, and expressed courteously his pleasure at learning that these smiling young English clerks would attend this trial on the morrow.

They went, anticipating the most sumptuous hospitality. The trial began without the Prince. Soon thereafter appeared on the scene an old man dressed in Russian moujik fashion—huge boots, a tunic-like shirt open at the throat, a fur cap, and with a whip in his hand, who scowled about him and brusquely questioned the clerks in Russian. With difficulty they recognised him for the Prince; they begged him to speak English, and, when he refused, to allow them at least to reply in English. He roughly told them that if they could not speak Russian they had no business in Russia, and roundly abused them and their machine, which, deeply crestfallen, they took back with them. Later, when a friend asked the Prince if this account of his treatment of the English youths was true, he replied: "Yes, it was my fantasy."

The heirs of this old savage were, after the fashion of their land, stupidly prodigal and waste-

ful youngsters. They got into difficulties. A Jew named Michaelowitz, living at Vannitsa, and said to have begun life in great poverty, lent them some money. Other loans succeeded, with renewals, interest accumulations, &c., until ruin stared the Kotchubeys in the face. Then some of their advisers took the matter up, and discovered that Michaelowitz had been guilty of gross frauds. Suit was begun against him, and also a criminal action, brought by the judge of the district. He was in prison some days before he got out on bail. He hastened off to St. Petersburg, where Ignatieff was then Minister of the Interior. The next thing was that the judge who was prosecuting Michaelowitz found that the case had been taken out of his hands and turned over to a judge in Odessa, who was Ignatieff's friend. Michaelowitz was now promptly acquitted, having been his own solitary witness. Shortly thereafter Ignatieff turned up as the owner of one of the Kotchubey estates, valued at 300,000 roubles, and which Michaelowitz is said to have grabbed upon a loan of 125,000 roubles. To-day Michaelowitz is thought to be worth 3,000,000 roubles.

This kind of Jew stands in no fear of molestation. He has friends, confederates, partners at Court. The Jewish brothel-keeper, the Jewish receiver of stolen goods, the rich Jew of any questionable variety, has not been so much as menaced by the expulsions; he has friends among the police. These excrescences upon the Hebrew community

are cited by every Russian who defends the May laws in justification of them. It is characteristic of the whole tragic farce that this handful of men, whose delinquencies are quoted as warranting the persecution of a nation, are themselves not persecuted at all.

During the Napoleonic wars, and peculiarly at the period of the invasion, the laws against the Jews were very largely relaxed, and Czar Alexander I made a personal appeal to them for help against the French. It was given, and in return the Imperial promise was passed that they should be given equal rights with other Russian subjects. But by 1822 this pledge had been so completely forgotten that the same Czar abolished most of the consistorial organisation, with its independent communal jurisdiction, which they had enjoyed since the days of the Polish kings.

In 1825 Nicholas ascended the throne. Within a year he had earned from the Jews that sinister title of "The Second Haman," by which Israel still recalls him. The events of his reign, intimately connected as they are with what the world to-day indignantly witnesses under his grandson, will be studied in the ensuing chapter.

CHAPTER V

UNDER THE "SECOND HAMAN"

THE Jews of Russia called Nicholas "The Second Haman." They could think of nothing more opprobrious. The Book of Esther was, and still is, by far the most familiar of their sacred writings. The story of the victory of Mordecai appeals powerfully to their indomitably hopeful fancy. Scrolls containing it, and ornamented by marginal pictures of gibbets and hangmen, are everywhere to be found among them. Every Jewish boy in Muscovy is proud of being able to recite the names of Haman's ten sons without taking breath. The gallows upon which they were all hanged looms ever darkly triumphant in the Russo-Jewish imagination.

Undoubtedly the thirty years' reign of Nicholas, from 1825 to 1855, was filled with special hardships for the Jews. At the time they thought nothing could be more terrible than their position. But looking back upon it now, it does not seem so bad. In those days they at least could comprehend the intentions and aims of the despotism which oppressed them.

The Czar Nicholas, a man of immense personal

force, tireless energy, and original ideas, which from their very narrowness ran deep and strong, had an intelligent theory about the Jews. He wrestled for thirty years with the task of carrying out this theory, but, though a great number of Jews got hurt during the process, he accomplished very little else.

Nicholas succeeded to an inheritance wasted by war and weak misgovernment, and generally run to seed. He threw himself with his whole strength and pride of character into the work of regenerating the empire. His notions of what regeneration meant were, of course, very curious; they might easily have seemed backward and reactionary to one of the Pharaohs. But he was at least sincere and devoted and consistent in his labours. He permitted nothing to be done of which his intelligence did not approve simply because it had been the habit to do it. The most awful brutalities of his reign had a reason of some sort behind them.

This powerful and resolute Czar had, as has been said, a theory about the Jews. He recognised their exceptional mental qualities and their economic value to the State as no other European Sovereign save Napoleon had ever done. He believed that they could be made of the utmost use to Russia if—and this "if" was the key to his whole attitude—they could be cured of their religion. The first half of his reign was devoted to harsh bullying, to persecutions in novel forms; the latter half brought milder devices and more specious tricks—but cudgelling and coaxing had

alike for their end the breaking down of Judaism as a creed and race caste.

Nicholas had an essentially military mind. He began his propaganda against Israel through martial channels. In April of 1827 he issued a ukase rendering Jews liable to military conscription like other subjects. Unlike other subjects, the Jewish recruits had to serve twenty-five years without ever being eligible to promotion. But, though no instructions were committed to paper, it became speedily understood in the army that the Czar desired heavy pressure to be put upon the Hebrew soldiers to win them over to baptism. This pressure became universal, and naturally took the shape of cruel torment to the obdurate.

But this process was too slow. Accordingly Nicholas invented a scheme of military colonies or schools, to be planted in the remote South, to be devoted to the combined conversion and martial training of Hebrew youths. This was an adaptation of the plan of settling regiments of the line about in the farm lands among the Crown serfs, which General Arakcheieff had proposed and carried out under the preceding reign. These colonies were an absorbing topic of agitation in Russia during the last days of Alexander I, and gave cause to numerous riots which were suppressed with bloodshed. The Jews now think of Arakcheieff as having also been the agent of Nicholas, in the establishment of the Jewish colonies. The facts are, however, I believe, that

Nicholas did not like him or employ him, and that he died in retirement some few years after that Czar's accession. It was only the idea that was indirectly derived from Arakcheieff.

Under this pretty plan, press gangs were now deputed to prowl about the Pale and forcibly abduct Jewish boys of from five to ten years of age. These were carried off to the southern settlement camps, and, after a violent baptism, were trained to the use of arms and brought up as soldiers. Jewish boys are, however, extremely precocious in the matter of theological learning. Their religious education begins so early that at eight their convictions are quite as well grounded as those of their elders. Some of these lads used to resist baptism. Then it was the commandant's thoughtful custom to put them in solitary confinement and feed them on salt herrings, without water to drink, until they consented to accept the baptismal rite.

I myself talked with a venerable man in Moscow last July, who was one of these "colonists," as they are called, in his youth, and who was brought by the herring test to the baptismal font. He was very proud of his forty-five years' service in the army, and carried himself with the dignity of a veteran of the Grenadier Guard. But neither this nor his juvenile apostasy prevented him from devoting his whole time to the succour and assistance of the poor Jews, then as now being hunted out of their homes in Holy Moscow.

Some of these Jewish urchins, thus forcibly converted, rose to rank in the Russian army. More than one of the generals of Nicholas are said to have come from this class. Those were days when generals were not necessarily educated men.

This trick of baptising boys and giving them new names, and the steady pressure so roughly exerted upon the Jewish conscripts, render it difficult to trace either the extent to which the army of Nicholas was filled with Hebrews, or the measure of admixture of Jewish with Russian blood throughout the Empire. It is known that Nicholas paid great attention to this press-gang method of gaining young Jewish recruits. They were most valuable, because the great landed proprietors, who were supposed to offer each year for enlistment a certain proportion of their serfs who had just reached the age of twenty-one, habitually bribed the recruiting committees to accept worthless and decrepit moujiks of forty-five and fifty years. As the term of service was twenty-five years the ranks were being continually depleted by the failure of these worn-out serfs to keep up with the rest.

But it was not alone through the machinery of the army that the proselyting screws were put upon Israel. In every walk of life rewards were busily dangled before the eyes of Jews if they would forsake Judaism. The local officials, eagerly interpreting and putting into execution the desires

of their master, did abominable things. Sometimes they also did comical things. An elderly rabbi told me that even so late as the days of the Crimean war he remembered policemen stationed at the corners of the streets leading to the Jewish quarter in his native town, their business being to catch Jews as they passed and cut off with scissors their long earlocks, or *pies*, and the skirts of their caftans, or long-tailed coats.

Nicholas, too, made numerous serious efforts to plant Jews upon the soil as agriculturalists. The story of these attempts is one of the most melancholy in the whole unhappy records of the race—at once melancholy and grimly grotesque. We all remember the scene in "Great Expectations" of the little boy who, scared out of his wits by the apparition of the mad old spinster in her wild bridal array, hears her awful voice bidding him get down on the floor and play. In the same fashion the wretched Jew, physically feeble, poverty-stricken, underfed, cooped up in the crowded ghetto of his town, densely ignorant of even the names of plants and farm implements, was suddenly commanded by an imperial voice of thunder to be an agriculturist.

Great colonies of Jews, sometimes numbering hundreds of families, were now gathered up promiscuously, transported across to the desolate prairie lands of Novorossüsk and dumped down upon the unbroken soil to thrive by agriculture. In any case the experiment could have promised

scant success. As it was managed, it became simply murderous. A staff of officials, almost as numerous as the colonists themselves, was appointed to control the thing. Each family was supposed to be granted 175 roubles, but of this the officials gave the family only 30. The rest purported to have been expended in buying land, farm machinery, &c., and building houses. But seven-eighths of it was really stolen, and such colonists as did not die on the road found only groups of shanties not fit for pigs, and implements which broke in their hands. Here, under the control of brutal officials who knouted the incapable, but could not instruct or advise the industrious, these unhappy town Jews died of epidemics or starvation. The chief digging they did was the digging of graves.

The report of M. Stempel, who was superintendent of the Ekaterinoslav settlements, made in 1847, and which was not specially sympathetic to the Jews, presents an almost incredible tale of suffering.* It is quoted from the official documents in Prince Demidoff's book, and pictures the colonists as arriving at the beginning of winter, to find a cluster of wretched huts, damp, half open, and too low for a man to stand upright in, prepared for them to inhabit. These cabins had, let it be borne in mind, cost the Government enormous sums of money. The Jews begged to

* Archives of Kherson—Bessarabian Board of Administration. Report of Feb. 15, 1849. No. 116.

be allowed to reconstruct these shanties; permission was refused by the officials. Stempel, the superintendent, then suggested that the Jews should be allowed to find shelter in neighbouring villages until spring. This also was refused, and they were peremptorily ordered to occupy the houses assigned to them. Those who had already sought refuge in the villages round about were driven back by Cossacks under circumstances of the greatest barbarism. Epidemics of scurvy and small-pox broke out shortly after.

It is only by the study of records like these, and of the laws forbidding Jews to own, lease, or till land save in such "colonies," that we can understand why the Russian Jew seems to have no vocation for agriculture. It would be a highly miraculous thing if he had.

All this helps us, too, to comprehend the remarkable solidarity, at once so pathetic and so prejudicial, into which the Russian Jews have been driven. Once you cross the Russian frontier, you can tell the Jews at railway stations or on the street almost as easily as in America you can distinguish the negroes. This is more a matter of dress—of hair and beard and cap and caftan—than of physiognomy. But even more still is it a matter of demeanour. They seem never for an instant to lose the consciousness that they are a race apart. It is in their walk, in their sidelong glance, in the carriage of their sloping shoulders, in the curious gesture with the uplifted palm.

Nicholas undoubtedly secured in one way or another the baptism of many thousands of Hebrews. But he solidified the others into a dense, hard-baked, and endlessly resistant mass, the like of which no other country, perhaps, has ever found taxing its digestive powers. It is interesting to note that by that very ukase of 1827, extending conscription to the Jews, the Iron Czar unwittingly contributed to this undesirable end.

In a previous chapter it was mentioned that the Empress Catherine II allowed the Jews who came under her rule by the spoliation of Poland to retain, alone among all their ancient Polish privileges, their institution of the consistory, simply because it provided a simple and satisfactory machinery for the collection of taxes. Nicholas in the same way turned this remnant of Jewish self-government to account by making the *kahals*, or consistories, responsible for the furnishing of quotas of Jewish recruits. This placed a tremendous weapon in the hands of the Elders and orthodox leaders in every Jewish community. The old people of the strict Talmudic sect had it in their power to deliver over to the bondage of the army, at their own discretion and at any time, any young Jew who offended them, or whose opinions they regarded as dangerous because heterodox. No more effectual means could have been devised for stamping out every vestige of independent thought or impulse. The theocratic heads of each little Jewish community became absolute in their authority. One

might almost say that they had the power over life and death in their hands. Naturally they used it to enforce observance of the minutiæ of the law, to widen the gulf between them and the Christians round about, and to augment the melancholy isolation of their race.

The abolition of these consistories in 1844, by which the Hebrew population was made subject to the ordinary civil jurisdiction, might have done some good if it had been a complete measure. But the duties of collecting taxes and of making up recruiting lists were still left to special Jewish bodies. Thus the real root of the evil was not touched.

Of course, there are those who will not regard it as an evil at all. I am not insensible to the picturesque and inspiring side of the picture—the spectacle of this little persecuted people clinging doggedly to the smallest detail of their despised faith, and risking everything they have in the world for the sake of perpetuating in its least important particular the ceremonial of their ancient worship. But in sober fact this view of the case is most apparent to those who know least of the Russian Jew. This theologico-racial isolation of his, much as it may appeal to the generous imagination, has done him only harm. It has not made him broad or tolerant; it has helped neither his mind nor his body. Its effect, on the contrary, has been to develop unlovely and unlikeable qualities in him. It has made him selfish, fanatical,

narrow-minded, ignorant of what civilisation likes and respects—in a word, unsympathetic. It is, more than anything else, responsible to-day for the fact that no nation on earth desires him as an immigrant: that in every city to which he comes he finds committees of his co-religionists formed for the purpose of sending him somewhere else.

Even his virtues are of the unsympathetic sort. He is a temperate man, generally a teetotaler; he is a creature of tireless industry, undergoing the most arduous tasks for the smallest rewards; he is, perhaps with the exception of the Irish Catholic peasant, the only uniformly chaste man in Europe: he is a faithful husband and a marvellously good father, taking the harshest forms of self-denial as a matter of course in the effort to provide education and a start in life for his children; he is innately a peaceful man, and, in whatever country he may be, a docile and law-abiding citizen.

Let us take this rather unique catalogue of virtues and use it to illustrate a contrast with the London dock labourer, with whom all England and the world at large sympathised in his great strike three years ago. This person, if he drinks at all, is about the drunkenest man on the habitable globe; his indolence is a thing which no employer can describe in language fit for publication; his haunts and the unspeakable streets about them swarm with drunken and vicious women, young and old; he almost rivals the miner of the north country as an habitual wife-

beater; his neglect of his children is at once the scandal and the gravest problem of East London; fisticuffs, street brawls, and the breaking up of political meetings are his unfailing delight.

Yet we all took the deepest interest in seeing the dock labourer succeed in his strike for what we felt in our bones would probably turn out to be only extra beer-money, and no new country would object to him as an immigrant. *Per contra*, the miseries of the Russian Jew had to mount up in the scale until they suggested the horrors of the Spanish Inquisition before the world really took much interest, and, as I have said, nobody wants him as a settler.

Of course one might explain this by quoting the sage old remark that, after all, there is a good deal of human nature in the average man. But there is something more in it than that. The Russian Jew has suffered from the internal effects of this huge legal compression we have been tracing. He has been driven into the most contracted conceptions of things—into the least expansive and least informed variation of an exclusive creed, and into a fierce struggle for existence outside the bounds of natural and legitimate industry. The notions of tolerance for others or indulgence to himself are equally unknown to him. He alone among the scions of his race in Europe has produced next to nothing in art, music, or letters. When we have named the two brothers Rubenstein, the sculptor Anto-

kolsky, and the young poet Frug, the list is well-nigh exhausted. If it were not for these, and for a certain journalistic activity among the more modern Jewish graduates of the universities, one might call the Russian Jew a barren and sterile thing in the gallery of nationalities.

He would, indeed, be a hopeless problem upon our hands were it not for the strange, almost startling, recuperative power in his race. The grandsons of these bearded and caftaned refugees, now flying in dumb and ignorant despair out into the unknown Christian world, will be recognisable cousins of Heine and Mendelssohn, of Spinoza and Eduard Lasker.

But to return to the chronicle. Nicholas is figured to our mind always as the very type of Sovereign who would not learn anything. In the matter of the Jews the latter years of his reign show a considerable change of attitude. After 1845 we do not meet many of those arbitrary and wanton ukases, curtailing Jewish privileges or driving the Hebrew population from certain towns, which are up to that date so cruelly abundant. These expulsions from towns were generally based upon the petition of the Christian merchants. Among the edicts ordering them are many curiosities. The Christian guilds of Knyshin, for example, in 1845 procured the expulsion of Jews from their town; in 1858 we find them admitting that this had done injury to the place and begging that the order be revoked. Even queerer is the

record of how, in 1829, the Karaïm Jews of Trok, in the Government of Wilna, obtained a decree expelling the other Jews from the town.

We see that the basis alike of antagonism and concession was economic. It was, in fact, a sort of barbaric variety of the protection idea. Every man who thought he could make more money if he were relieved of Jewish competition was an advocate of expulsions and a policy of repression. Where the Government here and there enlarged Jewish privileges it was admittedly because it had come to be seen that the country would profit by it.

As railways began to be built in Russia, and commerce and manufactures took on a new meaning and importance, the value of the Jew became more apparent. It is this fact which makes the closing part of the reign of Nicholas seem tolerant by comparison. A good many of the earlier restrictions were lifted. Jewish contractors were allowed to make bids for the carrying of Government stores and even the building of roads and railways. The farming of brandy manufacture came to be almost wholly in their hands, and now even the inspectorships over this business were filled with Hebrews, for the reason that they were superior in both honesty and bookkeeping skill to native Russians.

Nicholas, also, in his later years, exhibited a great liking for educated and intellectual Jews. Hebrew doctors, dentists, and lawyers were in

demand. To this Czar is due the exception made in Russian laws in favour of Jews who have graduated at the higher schools of the empire, by which they are allowed liberty of residence throughout the realm. The facilities which he finally offered to the Jews in the matter of education were not, however, very generally improved during his reign. They remembered his earlier devices of abducting and forcibly baptising their boys, and suspected some new scheme of conversion or perversion in this opening of the schools.

With the death of Nicholas and the advent of Alexander II a new era dawned. Dr. Mackenzie Wallace has drawn a spirited and comprehensive picture of the literal stampede all Russia made to reform everything. History records no more interesting phenomenon than this frenzy with which the whole Slavonic mass set to work ripping up old institutions, knocking over old idols, and beginning life afresh We have to do, however, with only one minor aspect of this universal but delusive awakening.

Almost the first thing the young Czar did was to revive a commission to inquire into the condition of the Jews, which Nicholas had decreed in 1840 and then allowed to lapse. This commission sent out a list of inquiries to all the Provincial Governors. These gentlemen returned voluminous reports, all, without exception, favourable to the Jews. Of course it must be remembered, in this as in everything else, that Russian officials report to the

Czar what they suppose the Czar wants to hear. The air was surcharged with Radical electricity. Everybody knew that the heir apparent had been in opposition and was still a Liberal. Rumours of the emancipation of the serfs already sounded in men's ears. Nothing seemed more natural than that he should be a friend of the Jews, since he was so unlike his father. Hence these reports sent in by the Provincial Governors are not to be taken as quite trustworthy testimony. Yet they are of value as showing how much interested officials could find to praise in the Russian Jew, once they felt the Imperial tastes ran that way. Indeed, for the ensuing fifteen years the official literature of Russia was to abound in testimonials to the industrial, commercial, and educational value of the Jew, emanating from the most authoritative sources.

Upon the strength of these reports were issued the ukases of 1859, 1861, and 1865, already referred to, by which Jews of the first mercantile guild and Jewish artisans were allowed to reside all over the Empire.

It is just as well to remember that even these beneficent concessions, which seem by contrast with what had gone before to mark such a vast forward step in Russo-Jewish history, were confessedly dictated by utilitarian considerations. The shackles were stricken only from the two categories of Jews whose freedom would bring profit to Russia. I venture to call attention to

this at the risk of seeming ungracious to the memory of the "Liberator Czar," because otherwise one gets a false perspective in the picture. There has never been any time when the Jews in Russia were treated like other people. Even in this period which we have now reached—this "golden age," as they call it now in bitter retrospect of regret—the milch-cow theory ruled their fortunes. They were treated better than before only because more enlightened views as to their usefulness prevailed. Those Hebrews who seemed unlikely to be of public use were kept, as before, cooped up in the Pale or running the gauntlet of police persecution.

The official records of this period are filled with recommendations from local officials pointing out places in the interior where skilled labour was needed and where Jewish artisans and artificers would be of service. Many of these are accompanied by the specious argument that if the Jews are allowed thus to settle in the interior, a few in each town, they will the more easily become converted and amalgamated with the Christian population. Ministerial decrees over and over again explain themselves on these practical, not to say sordid, grounds. In 1867, for example, Jews were for the first time allowed to rent flour mills and factories on rural estates, because "no one but Jews can be found there to manage these mills and factories, such management requiring special technical knowledge and experience." Nowhere

is it ever suggested that the burdens resting on the Hebrews are lightened because it is the civilised and human thing to do.

Still, the quarter century following Alexander II's accession in 1885 fairly deserves its appellation of the "golden age" when what preceded it is recalled. It seems almost beatific by comparison with what has followed it.

CHAPTER VI

"THE GOLDEN AGE"

WHAT is called the "golden age" of the Jews in Russia may be roughly said to have lasted for twenty years—from 1857 to 1877. It began with the efforts of a high-spirited, broad-minded, and eager young Czar to profit by the terrible lesson Russia had learned in the Crimean war, and to so widen and reform the national structure that no such catastrophe could ever again overwhelm monarch, army, and people alike. It ended in the dismal confession of a dispirited and pessimistic old Czar, who found himself against his will embarked in another only less disastrous war, forced gloomily to recognise that his efforts had been in vain, and that it was beyond the power of any human force to civilise and satisfactorily govern Russia.

It is the universal testimony of fair men in Russia that, all circumstances considered, the Jews bore very well the measure of prosperity now meted out to them. I have talked with numbers of Russian gentlemen who are frankly anti-Semitic, but who admit that fifteen years ago they were satisfied with the progress the Jew had made

ALEXANDER II

(The Liberator Czar)

under the existing liberal conditions, and regarded him as a good and valuable citizen. So late, indeed, as 1880 the Christian merchants of Moscow signed what we would call a round-robin setting forth the excellent qualities of their Jewish associates on the Bourse or in the mart, and of the Jewish artisans settled in the city, and protesting against the introduction in Russia of the odious *Judenhetze* then rampant in parts of Germany. The first man to sign this was M. Alexeieff, now the bitterly anti-Semitic Mayor of Moscow!

During these twenty years of relative enfranchisement the Jews came a long way out of their shell. The cruel line of race and creed demarcation which we have seen so deeply drawn in previous reigns became less prominent in men's thoughts—in places faded away altogether.

In nothing was this beneficent effect more plainly exhibited than in the matter of education. I have pointed out that, although Nicholas nominally freed the public schools to Hebrew children, the old suspicion of his motives prevented any general advantage being taken of this step. But this not unnatural hesitation vanished at once under the new reign. The Jews have in every land and in every age been distinguished for the prominence they give to the education of the young. In Russia they had the added incentive of securing the special privileges for their sons which still attach to the Jew "of the higher education." Every father who now could, by

doubling his own labour and self-denial, send his son to school, did so. In the cases of bright and promising Jewish boys whose parents were too poor, it was a common thing for the neighbours of the village or quarter to raise a purse among themselves to send them to school.

As the native Russian has less of this innate regard for learning than any other white man alive, it follows that the proportion of Jewish scholars in the schools far exceeded that borne by the Jewish to the general population. It was almost equally a matter of course that these Hebrew students should carry off the great bulk of the prizes. They started with a swifter and more facile brain; they had the advantage of a home training in another language, or perhaps two other tongues,* besides Russian, and they were sustained and spurred on by the peculiar significance of that goal toward which all struggled—the freedom of "the higher education." So it was not unusual to see in a school where only one-sixth were Jews every one of the prizes taken by this minority.

Many of these Jewish graduates of the *gymnasia* and universities entered the professions as physi-

* The importance of this it is impossible to exaggerate. The poorest and lowliest Russian, Polish, Bohemian or Hungarian Jew, through his Jiddish, knows enough of German to transact business in it. This gives him an enormous advantage, with strangers, over his neighbours who speak only the outlandish language of the country. But of course it also makes him all the more hated by those neighbours.

cians, lawyers, and engineers. Others embarked in commerce, happy in their exemption as belonging to the "higher education," until they could win the other title to emancipation as "Merchants of the First Guild"

The constitution of this privileged commercial class is a curious one. A Jewish merchant inside the Pale who has annually paid taxes amounting to 1000 roubles (something over $600) for five consecutive years may then go and establish himself provisionally in a city of the interior. Here for a further term of ten years he must pay this same amount of taxes. Then his term of probation is over, and he may thereafter live wherever in Russia he pleases, and even buy land, subject to certain testamentary restrictions.

Neither of these two classes, the *intelligensia* nor the Merchants of the First Guild, ever, however, became numerically important. Save in the three professions I have mentioned, the Jewish alumnus had very little chance of a livelihood in Russia outside of trade. He could not be a professor, he generally did not want to be a rabbi, and the civil service was practically closed to him. The result is that after a few years he either drifted into business or emigrated. As for the other class, it seems unlikely that there ever were at any one time more than 2000 or 2500 Jewish Merchants of the First Guild. The number in Moscow, for example, was estimated by well-informed people for me last summer at 120.

There are only two or three other cities in Russia where there could be more.

And these two classes, moreover, concern us the less in that they have scarcely been touched by the persecutions. No doubt their time is coming, but as yet they retain the privileges of 1865.

Of the "something less than 1,000,000" Hebrews supposed to have been living in Russia outside the Pale at the close of Alexander's II's reign, the overwhelming bulk were neither alumni and Merchants of the First Guild nor usurers; they were artisans and the families of artisans.

In the preceding chapter I have instanced some of the requests which came from all parts of Russia proper, after the Crimean war, for the colonisation of skilled labourers, and have shown that the shackles were stricken from the Jewish artificer inside the Pale primarily to meet this demand. Official records of the period make it clear that Alexander II himself desired to see the Hebrew population so completely distributed and scattered over the Empire that it would lend itself to amalgamation. His lieutenants never rose to this height of statesmanship. They, indeed, threw open the gates of the Ghetto and let 60,000 or 70,000 Jewish craftsmen out; but they followed these to the remotest parts of Russia, with the whole lumbering mass of machinery which had made their previous existence a burden.

Wherever they settled these artisans could not

buy property or take up a permanent residence. Everywhere they were "sojourners," members of a class known in Russian law as the *Inorodzy*, the other members of which are "the Kirghiz Tartars, the Samoyedes, the Kalmuks, the tribes on the Caspian, the nomads of the Stavropol Government, and the inhabitants of the Komando Islands." This Jewish artisan, settling, let us say, in Tula, had each year to get his certificate of good character from the police of that place, and his residential passport from the Jewish community of his original place of domicile, renewed. If from whim or by accident the renewal of either was delayed for a day beyond the stated time, the fact transformed him and his family on the instant into pariahs, wholly outside the law and helplessly liable to whatever measure of persecution and spoliation the police might choose to inflict.

Beyond all this he was entirely subject to the will of the artisan guild in this new town. Before he could take up his abode there at all, he had to pass a practical examination in the working of his particular trade. This was always a fruitful source of injustice and iniquity. The examiners would habitually find out what branch of shoemaking or watchmaking he knew best, and then set him to show his proficiency on another branch. This trick had its uses in more ways than one. It enabled the Christian craftsmen of each little town to regulate the number and skill in workmanship of their Jewish competitors; it allowed them to

pass in as artisans other Jews who really had no trade at all but would pay for an artisan's certificate, and it afforded a broad and fertile field for the cultivation of blackmail, which the Christian guild and the police tilled industriously on shares.

Although we are studying a "golden age," there were still other restrictions which might as well be set down here. The law of 1865 permitted the Jewish artisan emigrating from the Pale to take with him his wife, children, and infant brothers and sisters. These, as his family, shared such precarious right of domicile as he was able, by the means enumerated above, to secure. But if he died, back these others all had to go into the Pale again. Similarly, if he fell ill or was disabled and hence was no longer able to work at his trade, he must return to the village in the Pale whence he came, and where he had been unable to earn a decent living even when in health.

It will be seen that the gilding does not bear overmuch examination. On the other hand, it ought to be explained that while these harsh restrictions and many others remained on the statute books, they were by no means sternly or strictly enforced. The police used them just enough to extract a comfortable livelihood.

But there was still another class of Jews who, under the liberating edicts of 1857–65, left the Pale to spread through the towns of Russia proper. The merchant of the First Guild might

"take with himself" as many Jewish clerks as he "needed." I have put within quotation marks two portions of the sentence, because upon their phraseology has turned, as will be seen later, the ruthless expulsion of thousands of people. But in the days of Alexander II a loose and amiable construction was placed upon this concession, with results not wholly fortunate.

Considerable numbers of Hebrew clerks, book-keepers, accountants, and superior salesmen were brought into the interior, under the obvious meaning of this permissive clause. But there were also large numbers of less useful Jews who were neither artisans nor clerks, and who had no legal right to leave the Pale at all, but who followed on after the others. The recent opening of Oklahoma furnishes a rude sort of parallel for this overflowing of Israel from the Pale. Lots of people joined the throng who had no business to be in it—that is, who were without money, a craft, or a legal status—and greatly added to the complications and difficulties of the others.

These outsiders, if I may use the term, may have lacked trades and passports, but they had enough tenacity and assurance to make good the deficiency. They became small traders, hawkers, hucksters, messengers, money-changers, petty speculators, and the like; running a desperate race always, and being incessantly chivied by the police, like fakirs at a country fair, yet somehow scraping a living together. Soon their audacity

and the appetite of the police joined forces and devised a scheme from which mutual profit could be extracted. It is universally alleged on the anti-Semitic side, and as stoutly denied on the other, that these outsiders got themselves fraudulently registered as clerks of the Merchants of the First Guild, and that in payment for this privilege they rendered themselves useful to their pseudo employers—the connection helping them to make money with which to buy police immunity. The closest inquiry led to the conclusion that such a class did exist, but in nothing like the numbers popularly given in Russia.

It is almost entirely from this grade of unauthorized Jews, so to speak, that the usurers, brothel keepers, and general rich scoundrels about whom the Russians talk so glibly, have arisen. They owed every step of their progress, as now they owe their freedom from persecution, wholly to the venality of the Russian police and officials.

The commercial and industrial value to Russia of this change in the treatment of the Jews was immediately recognised. The Jewish traders and artisans who now spread themselves over the empire at once multiplied by tens or scores the traffic of the districts in which they settled, and altered the whole scale of prices in entire departments of manufacture. Elderly men remember still the wonderful effect produced in small places like Podolsk or Riazan by the advent of the Jewish watchmaker and silversmith, who would actually

repair timepieces to make them go instead of to secure their early collapse and another job—and whose charges bore an intelligible relation to the labour he had expended.

The great and almost universal cheapening of prices which followed this pacific dispersion of Israel, and which to this day is angrily remembered by the native Russian tradesman, is of service as pointing an essential difference between the two races.

The Russian tradesman dislikes exertion, and has almost a Turkish contempt for hurry or eagerness in traffic. He has no notion whatever of the theory of quick returns. His idea of commerce is to mark a fifty or sixty per cent. profit on his goods, and then sit down and drink tea and play draughts till God sends him a customer.

The Jew, on the other hand, comprehends to its utmost the value of turning his money as rapidly as possible, and he has a real delight in activity.* He will sell each week at a profit of 10 or 5 per cent. a stock of goods as big as that which cumbers the Russian's store for six months. If 5 per cent. is not forthcoming, he will take less, down to the lowest margin which will effect a sale and return something. Prince Demidoff says that he will even sell without a profit at all, if the demand

* The great Pan-Slavist, Aksakoff, says in his "Investigation of Trade at the Ukraine Fairs" (St. Petersburg, 1858), "while a rouble will be turned over twice by a Russian trader, in the hands of a Jew it will be turned over five times."

for that special line hangs fire, in order to hasten off and embark the capital in a more promising venture.

This conception of business did not endear the Jewish merchant to his Russian competitor. Still less did the amazing energy with which he threw himself into his work. The restless, nervous, tireless industry of the Russian Hebrew in pursuit of the object he has in view is in truth one of the chief objections to him. He sets a pace which the others find impossible.

In Kieff a very intelligent Russian took the trouble to explain to me why he objected to the Jews. There were a number of commonplace and familiar reasons, which did not stick in my memory. One, however, interested me. Formerly, he said, the peasants used to drive into town on market days and sell their produce in the open square. Then it was possible for honest citizens to sleep comfortably in their beds till 8 or after, and then stroll down at their leisure to the market, after their first breakfast. But now the Jews go out on the country roads for miles, at 4 or 5 in the morning, intercept these peasants and buy the produce as it lies in the carts. This my Russian friend regarded as monstrous.

As I have said, the development of trade, the opening up of new avenues of commerce, the founding of new industries, and the cheapening of articles of common use which followed this partial emancipation of the Jews, was of inestimable

service to Russia. It is impossible, however, to estimate it for what it was really worth, for the reason that it is, from every economic point of view, inextricably mixed up with the Emancipation of the Serfs.

The main bulk of the Hebrew host let out of the Pale by Alexander II found all Russia turned topsy-turvy by the sudden setting free of these millions of serfs. The opinion of the most thoughtful and best-informed men I know in Russia is that, without the services of these Jews as middlemen, as cheap producers, and as hard workers, the emancipation experiment would from the start have been a failure.

However that may be, it is the wildest and most fanciful nonsense to say that such measure of failure as is apparent now is due in any way to the Jews. Something like universal bankruptcy exists in Russia at the present day, undoubtedly. There is said to be not one Land Bank in the empire which, if it closed its affairs, would prove solvent. The Nobles' Bank is so sadly the other way that not even the lottery loan, which M. Vishnegradsky has authorised, against Russian law, and used his Ministerial power to compel other banks to take up, can possibly put it on its feet. But the Jews are not the creditors. The multiplying swarm of Grand Dukes, each with his two millions of roubles of capital; the rapacious gang of officials and politicians, of whom Ignatieff is a type; the vast thousand-armed devilfish of an

Orthodox Church, sucking in everything portable from every quarter, and piling up in its maw literally tons of gold and silver; the incapable native producers and traders, with their ceaseless clamour for higher tariffs; the wildly-debauched colonies of spendthrift aristocrats in Paris and on the Riviera —these are the people to whom Russia owes her bankruptcy—not the Jew.

Fortunately this assertion need not rest on my own authority. Very striking proof of its truth is at hand. Since the present famine became a reality in the minds of the governing officials in St. Petersburg, there has been an interesting relaxation in the vigilance of the Press Censorship. Presumably this means nothing more than that a general demoralisation has spread through the departments, as a result of the crisis. However that may be, it is certain that from last autumn to the present time the newspapers of Russia have printed much bolder remarks upon public affairs than ever before, and have apparently not been in any way molested. The three articles published in the St. Petersburg *Viedomosti* on the 11th, 15th and 25th of October, 1891, to the substance of which I desire to call attention, would six months earlier have brought the *gendarmerie* down upon the office within an hour of publication, and would probably have landed the editor in prison.

These articles were given the title of "Lie and Truth." They dealt with the familiar Russian assertion that the Jew "exploits" the moujik, and

is alike a social and commercial curse to Russia—and dealt with it, not by abstract arguments but by the production of solid and unanswerable statistical evidence.

Too much importance cannot be attached to this proof that the presence of Jews, so far from injuring the moujik, benefits him. His prosperity is much greater in the districts containing a large Jewish population than it is in parts where no Hebrew is allowed to live. Demonstration of this is furnished by the figures of the new Government Peasant Land Bank, whose operations extend over the 15 provinces of the Pale, and 26 other provinces of the interior. The Pale, as we have seen, is crowded with Jews; the Interior contains practically no Jews at all. The report of the Land Bank for the five years 1885–9, make this remarkable showing as to the condition of the Orthodox peasantry (the only persons permitted to buy land) in the two contrasted districts:

Land bought by peasants in the Pale .	67.2 per cent.
Land bought by peasants in the Interior .	32.8 „ „
Value of this land in the Pale . . .	87.7 per cent.
Value of this land in the Interior . .	12.3 „ „

Of the total moujik population in these 41 provinces, the Pale contains considerably more than half, it is true, but the prosperity of this section as compared with the other is not to be accounted for in that way. If we follow the figures further, this is brought out very clearly:

Peasant population of Pale (15 provinces)	58.3 per cent.
Peasant population of Interior (26 provinces)	41.7 „ „
Area of peasant purchases in Pale .	470,299 desiatines.
By population ratio should be . .	407,463 „
Excess .	62,836 „
Value of land bought in the Pale .	23,496,795 roubles.
By population ratio should be . .	15,618,369 „
Excess .	7,878,426 „

There can be no answer to figures like these. They show us that in the dread Pale, where the unhappy Jews are huddled together in the most terrible poverty and driven to the most desperate devices to keep body and soul together, the Russian peasants have two million sterling more money to invest in land on their own account, than have the moujiks in the interior where no Jew is to be found. If this indicates "exploitation" anywhere, then obviously the Jew and not the moujik is its victim.

The Government report for the same years, 1885–9, on the amount of unpaid taxes due from the peasantry, is quite as remarkable. The Land Bank statistics covered only 26 of the interior provinces; these official tax-arrears returns embrace all Russia, but this only serves to exhibit the condition of the Orthodox peasantry of the Pale in a still more favourable light:

Unpaid taxes in Pale (15 provinces) .	36,041,590 roubles.
Unpaid taxes in Interior (35 provinces,	237,984,768 „
Debt *per capita* inside Pale . . .	26 kopecks.
Debt *per capita* outside Pale . . .	83 „

Students of sociology attach great importance to statistics based upon the death rate. In a country like Russia, and among a people like the moujiks, the question of health and of life itself is most intimately connected with that of material prosperity. Tried by this test, then, we secure much the same results. The *Viedomosti* quotes only the returns for the three years 1884–6. They show that the death rate in the 35 interior provinces where there are no Jews was 35.6 per thousand, whereas inside the Pale it was only 29.8.

Fully as interesting, from another point of view, are the statistics relating to crime. Enough has been said about the Pale to indicate that there, if anywhere under the sun, the Jew might feel justified in setting all laws, human and divine, at defiance. Yet the records of these three sample provinces of the Pale show that even where the Jew is poorest, most ignorant, most oppressed, he still behaves himself better than his Russian neighbours:

Town population Province of Vilna.

Jews	66.3 per cent.	Jewish criminals	52.1.
All others	33.8 „ „	Other „	47.9.

Town population Province of Vitebsk.

Jews	60.2 per cent.	Jewish criminals	49.
All others	39.8 „ „	Other „	51.

Town population Province of Kovno.

Jews	80.4 per cent.	Jewish criminals	50.1.
All others	19.6 „ „	Other „	49.9.

To get the full significance of these figures, it must be kept in mind that a thousand actions which the Russian himself is entitled to perform are crimes when done by a Russian Jew. Even praying in an unauthorised synagogue puts a man in the criminal classes—certainly would enrol him in one of the tables of Jewish offenders quoted above. There are no Jewish judges, no Jewish juries, no Jewish policemen. To say the least, we may be sure that the statistics do not err on the side of leniency to the Jew.

The sober truth is, that nobody in Russia has dreamed of paying any debt to a Jewish trader or artisan these eighteen months. The sums due throughout the Empire to individual Hebrews who have been driven out of their homes, no kopeck of which they can ever hope to see, would in the aggregate mount up to many millions. Thus at every step last summer I encountered or heard of some respectable head of a family, who could have gone away in relative comfort if his outstanding credits had been available or negotiable, but who in reality needed charity to assist him and his household to the frontier. Yet it is they who are denounced as "exploiters" of the Russians!

But it is important not to forget that we are studying a "golden age."

Up to the reign of Alexander II, the rich Jew was practically unknown in Russia. The Hebrew

doctors and dentists in St. Petersburg were prosperous, and here and there throughout the empire some merchant more daring or more useful to the police than the others had managed to lift himself out of the slough of penury which engulfed his race. These were very few in number, however, and are now hardly remembered.

But in the new order of things after the Crimea there was room and scope for the millionaire Israelite. Apparently the fortunes of those who now climbed the ladder of finance and attracted the attention of all Russia were at the time much exaggerated. The load of blackmail which they had to carry was too heavy and too continuous in its pressure to make the amassing of really great wealth possible. But, undoubtedly, Warschoffsky, Horwitz, and the elder Poliakoff became rich and powerful capitalists. I mention these names because they belong to a little family group, the character and fortunes of which played an important part in the tragic sequel. Intermarriages among their children bound these three strong and self-made men together. It was the era of railway building, and they, by superior shrewdness and energy, secured the most important contracts all over the empire. To this day, when an accident happens on a Russian railroad from bad rails, defective roadbed, or rotten bridge, the Russian always ascribes it to the Jewish contractors.

It does not concern our inquiry to dwell upon the careers of these great business and building

magnates. Probably they were no better and no worse than the active, aggressive, strong-handed men who in every new and undeveloped country come to the front, carry through big constructive projects, and reap the rewards. The building of our own Pacific road produced just this type of men and much the same kind of questionable methods. The difference was that in the United States the Crédit Mobilier exposure and Congressional interference made every detail of the scandal public property. In Russia many Ministers and officials and even princes of the blood waxed wealthy side by side with the railway contractors, but there was never a protest raised by anybody.

Smaller Jewish contractors grew up under the shadow of these great men, and thrived by intimate relations with the officials. The collusion was notorious. I have already spoken of Ignatieff, and the manner in which he shared with the Vannitsa Jew, Michaelowitz, the plunder of the Kotchubey estates. He was hand in glove with all these Hebrew contractors, who, by Ministerial favour and even higher influences, gradually got control of the public works. What was true of him was true of practically every other Russian politician and office-holder of importance. We have seen how, in the days of Catherine, Paul, and Nicholas, the poor Jews were treated by the Government as a kind of milch cow. The same idea was still in force, only it was the officials who had learned now to create and then exploit rich

Jews for their own personal benefit, at the expense of the country at large.

These things came to a climax in the Russo-Turkish war of 1877–8. Here again a dozen volumes could be written upon what must be condensed into a few paragraphs.

Briefly, that war was a veritable debauch of corruption. Its very inception was a cold-blooded swindle. Ignatieff, as Minister to Constantinople, sedulously sent home lying reports about Turkey's weakness, the disorganisation of her army and finances, and her utter inability to defend herself at any point. He as untiringly used every means in his power to stir up the Balkans to a point where Russian interference should seem to have become a matter of national honour and Imperial dignity. So enthusiastically was he backed by the whole official hierarchy—each member keenly scenting plunder in the air—that the Czar was at last reluctantly forced across the Rubicon. War was declared.

In Russia everything is done by contract—war included. What happened now simply staggers the imagination. Ten thousand civilian officials wrestled with ten other thousand army dignitaries for their share of the spoils. Minister struggled against General, Mayor hurled himself in fierce rivalry with Colonel. As a result, the army was so heartlessly and completely robbed by every one that it barely missed being starved out of existence; indeed, Russia would have been whipped to her

knees if thievery and bribe-taking had not been almost as prevalent among the Turkish Pashas as well.

In this wild rush for booty the luckless Jew was literally overwhelmed by superior Muscovite numbers. Like little Jakey, in the whimsical story of the synagogue being stampeded by a cry at the door of "job lots!" he was killed in the deadly crush.

The contracting machinery in Russia had been invented by the Jews and was in their hands. The three Hebrew capitalists I have mentioned, with numbers of their less powerful co-religionists, secured most of the contracts for supplies, horses, munitions, &c., at the outset. But the official appetite had all at once grown so savage and ravenous that they could not for a moment hold their own against it. They would themselves have been eaten had they not thrown everything else to the monster. Every Russian will tell you that the late Grand Duke Nicholas, brother to the Czar and Commander-in-Chief, stole enough for his own purse to have fed an army corps during the campaign, though he is said to have died last year heavily in debt. Thousands of officers only less splendid in rank took only a smaller share. The present Czar, then heir-apparent, was so indignant at this shameless wholesale robbery that he complained formally to his father, and an inquiry was ordered. The culprits were too lofty in rank to be exposed. The inquiry came to nothing.

Doubtless the Jewish contractors had embarked upon the business with confidence that at least a proportion of the spoils would be theirs. They made a cruel mistake. Not only were profits denied them—they did not get back even the principal of their investment. They were robbed openly and without mercy. Warschoffsky was broken mentally as well as financially by this spoliation, and hanged himself. The older Poliakoff, going to his funeral, fell dead with heart disease in the house of mourning.

In this sinister fashion ended the "golden age!"

CHAPTER VII

IGNATIEFF AND THE MAY LAWS

THE last thing which foreigners who study the contemporary history of a country get to understand is the part played in the making of that history by powerful journalists. No Englishman, for example, comprehends in the least the influence upon the American civil war exerted by editor-politicians like Horace Greeley and Thurlow Weed. In the same way, it is very difficult for any one outside of England to realise how largely the events of the past decade in these islands have been affected, mischievously for the most part, by Mr. William T. Stead.

A Russian newspaper man, of whom very few people in Russia itself, and practically none at all outside, have heard, enters our story at this point, and from the moment of his début becomes an important factor in its tragic development. I allude to Mr. Suvorin, the owner and editor of the *Novoe Vremya*.

A most characteristic anecdote is told of the manner in which he first became interested in the Jewish question. M. Suvorin was a journalist and popular writer of *feuilletons* for the most liberal

papers in that era of comparative Liberalism in Russia, that is to say, from 1865 to 1875. Then a distressing domestic tragedy broke down his working power, and forced him for a time into retirement. He had so far emerged from this, when the Russo-Turkish war came in 1877, as to have under his control an obscure and unremunerative paper. Excited by the rumours of great fortunes being made at the seat of war, he went down to Bucharest in company with an inventor, even poorer than himself, but who had some novel sort of copper kettle to sell. Suvorin conceived the plan of enriching himself by getting this kettle adopted for use in the camps of the Russian Army, and to effect this he sought an interview with Samuel Poliakoff, the great Jewish contractor, then in Bucharest. But Poliakoff, harassed and worried by incessant conflict with the bigger Russian robbers, perhaps already foreseeing the ruin which was to overtake him and his colleagues, was in no mood to trifle with this unknown and threadbare adventurer. He brusquely sent Suvorin about his business.

Suvorin returned to St. Petersburg with his kettles, and began attacking Poliakoff in his paper. His rage, however, was too great to appease itself upon any one man, even though that man were the millionaire Poliakoff. It spread itself out to embrace the Jews of Russia. At another time the police would have made short work with unauthorised journalism of this sort. But it chanced just

then to play into the hands of the most influential man in Russia—General Nicholas Paulovitch Ignatieff.

The Jews in Russia always mention this man's name under their breath and with a shudder of hatred. More often he is not mentioned by name at all, but designated with a word which means "The Infamous." I have been told by others that the Jews exaggerate Ignatieff's power for harm to them, and that he has by no means so fully earned their hatred as they imagine. Upon this, of course, I cannot pretend to pass. I know only that they universally ascribe to his malice, greed, and inhuman wickedness and cruelty the sum of their miseries, and that they trace the whole painful record of their persecutions and woes since 1877 by references to the details of his career.

I have shown in the preceding chapter the motives Ignatieff had for crippling and destroying the group of great Jewish contractors. Apparently cognate motives now led him to throw the protecting mantle of his power over Suvorin, and to give his support to the anti-Jewish crusade of the *Novoe Vremya*. From that moment the *Novoe Vremya* became an important paper. After the suppression of the *Golos*, in 1882, it took the position it has since held as the most influential journal in St. Petersburg, or in Russia. And Suvorin has grown now to be a rich man.

The rise of the *Judenhetze* in Prussia at this

particular time (1879) was of tremendous assistance to Ignatieff and Suvorin. It is the habit to assume that this agitation in North Germany was the beginning of the whole thing, and that the fever of persecution only spread over the border into Russia after it had become epidemic from Berlin to Pomerania. So admirable an authority as Dr. Wilhelm Müller takes this view.* But the facts are the other way. The *Novoe Vremya* had been attacking the Jews for months before the first outbreak of feeling in Germany, and Ignatieff, now become Governor of Nijni Novgorod, was openly against the Jews.

The German riots did, however, point the means to a practical demonstration of anti-Semitism in Russia. Up to this time, such unhappiness as the Jew in Russia had suffered had come from maladministration, from bad laws, rapacious and brutal officials, and the jealousy of Christian guilds of traders or artisans. He had got along well enough with the Russian people themselves. I do not pretend that he was beloved, but he had not been exposed to popular insult and violence. Indeed, as has been explained heretofore, he quite generally represented, in the minds of the Russian masses, cheap prices for goods and an industrious distribution of the necessaries of life. Therefore, no one had thought of beating him or burning down his house.

* The annual publication "Politische Geschichte der Gegenwart." By Wilhelm Müller, Professor in Tubingen.

But now, all at once, anti-Jewish riots began in Russia. It was interesting to note that they were all in Southern Russia, a section far remote from German influence. In each case they were in towns containing a large population of Greek stevedores and labourers, and these Greeks had a practical monopoly of the violence. This was in itself significant. But then it was discovered that a band of young men from St. Petersburg—young students, clerks, and ne'er-do-wells generally—was travelling about the country, and invariably appeared in a town a day or so before the outbreak of the riot. These *agents provocateur* did their work too clumsily. They grew inflated by their success, and appeared on the streets blowing whistles, marching in step, and otherwise calling attention to their organisation.

The scandal became so obvious that the Christian merchants of Moscow signed a protest against it. I have already mentioned the fact that M. Alexeieff, the present Jew-baiting Mayor of Moscow, headed the list of signatures. This protest, being intrusted to Dr. Bunge, a fair and honourable man, then Minister of Finance, was shown to the Czar in person, along with convincing proofs as to the bogus character of these riots. It is believed to have been due to direct Imperial interference that they thereupon came suddenly to a stop.

The Czar Alexander II, now in the sixties, saw his reign closing in disaster, confusion, and

dishonour. The hideous carnival of corruption which had paralysed his armies during the recent war, and so well-nigh brought them to defeat, disheartened him. Individually, here and there, as in the case of these fraudulent riots, he could intervene on the side of decency. But his utmost efforts could effect no more than might a cup of water dashed against a burning house. Small wonder, then, that he ceased to try.

Misgovernment, wholesale robbery, over-taxation, the failure of the emancipated moujiks to prosper under the double burden of their own ignorant indolence and the stupid greed of the landed classes—in a word, the blight of barbarism, had created widespread conspiracies of revolt. Society was honeycombed with murder clubs and anarchist associations. The Government of the "Liberator" Czar hardened into a despotism of the most malevolent type. In the years of 1879–80 not less than 60,000 Russian subjects were exiled to Siberia "by administrative order" without any trial whatever.*

It may be well believed that the Czar himself grew utterly despondent. He had tried to do such great things—with this squalid and evil result! Most of all—worst of all—he came to doubt the value of having striven to educate his people. The disaffection all came from the educated classes. To this day Russia offers the grotesque paradox of a country spending great

* Dr. Wilhelm Müller.

sums upon universities and higher schools, a large proportion of the graduates from which are sent in chains to Siberia shortly after their education has been completed. But in those fateful years practically every educated Russian was a suspect.

Naturally a state of affairs in which education is a ground for suspicion must have seriously affected the Jews. They were pre-eminently an educated class in Russia, for reasons which have been heretofore discussed. It is said that the Czar came to believe that the Nihilist movement drew its chief inspiration and instruments from the Jews. Obviously this belief would have been fostered by all the officials of the Ignatieff stamp who surrounded him, and it was openly promulgated in the *Novoe Vremya*.

There seems to have been extremely slight ground for this belief. Mloditzki, who attempted the life of Gen. Melikoff, was a baptized Jew, that is, a Hebrew who had formally accepted Christianity. One of the heroines of the conspiracy which finally accomplished its purpose was Jessy Helfmann,* the daughter of Jewish parents, but herself a professed freethinker. Aaron Zundelevic, the brave founder of the "secret press" in St. Petersburg, who learned the compositor's trade and taught it to four companions for this sole purpose, was the son of a little Jewish shopkeeper in Wilna.† This almost exhausts the list.

* "Underground Russia." By Stepniak. Page 112. London: 1883.
† Ibid., page 202.

In fact, the Jew does not lend himself to the notion of conspiracy. In every country he has been the patient, long-suffering, even servile non-resistant, never the rebel. All over Russia I was struck by the absence of political feeling in the talk of representative Hebrews. I never met one in whose presence I could feel, "Here is a man who would give money to the Nihilists." Of course this proves nothing. In Russia more than anywhere else the desperate man keeps anxious guard over his speech, his face, his demeanour. But the three Nihilists of Jewish blood whom I have mentioned were revolutionists because they were Russians; no hint is given anywhere that they took up arms to avenge the sufferings of their Hebrew brethren. No suggestion is ever heard of even the possibility of conspiracy or revolt among the Jews on account of Jewish wrongs. Their fault is to be over-docile and too submissively loyal.

All the same, Nihilism gave the Jews a bad name. When the terrible blow of March 13, 1881, was struck, an insidious whisper about a Jewish murder plot crept all over Russia in the wake of the dreadful first news. Within six weeks the Jewish quarter of Elizabethgrad was sacked and burned, and the reign of terror inaugurated which was to destroy thousands of homes, reduce 100,000 Jews to poverty, and stain the history of the century with incredible records of rapine and savagery.

The temptation to linger upon the tragedy of the Czar's assassination, concerning which such strange and sinister stories are afloat in Russia, is very great. And though it is only in its effects that it belongs within the proper scope of our inquiry, a brief glance at some of the surrounding circumstances will be of use.

It is well known, of course, that General Gourko, General Drenteln, and other police and palace officials knew all about the plot to blow up the Winter Palace for months before the explosion came. That was clearly demonstrated in the investigation. It was proved that detailed information as to the conspiracy and its purposes and methods had been put into their hands in November of 1879. The explosion, which killed and maimed so many of the Finnish guard and the servants, and which only missed destroying the whole Imperial family by the accident of dinner being kept waiting for a tardy guest, came in February of 1880.

The discovery that the very men who were ruling Russia with Oriental ferocity, in the name of "law and order," were capable of this mysterious negligence, or criminal connivance—one hardly knows to this day what to call it—impelled the Czar to energetic action. He abolished the office of Governor General of St. Petersburg, which Gourko had held, and installed Gen. Loris Melikoff as a kind of military dictator. Drenteln, the Chief of Police; Count Tolstoï, the Minister of Education, and other representatives

of the venal and stupid despotism which had grown up since the war, were thrown out of office, and men of a different type, or at least governed by a different spirit, took their places.

There was a year of Melikoff's Government. To the foreign student, who looks back now over the reforms actually put into operation, to say nothing of those proposed and believed to have been contemplated, the period seems one of unique good feeling, and of unparalleled efforts to abate the evils of which Russians justly complained. Those who lived through this time in Russia do not think so highly of it. They say that no doubt the intentions in high quarters were excellent. But the 30,000 officials charged with interpreting these intentions throughout the Empire simply ignored them and went on in the same old brutal and arbitrary rut. General Ignatieff was Governor at Nijni Novgorod. There were thirty other Governors like him in as many other *gubernia*. They did practically as they pleased, and what pleased them most was to neutralise everything which the hated Armenian, Loris Melikoff, essayed to do.

There came rumours at last that the Czar, under Melikoff's inspiration, was about to grant a Constitution. What purports to be a copy of this proposed instrument has since been published. Whether it is authentic or not, there is no doubt that a circumstantial statement as to the Czar's intention to issue some such decree had spread

throughout the higher official circles. It was even declared that the new Constitution had been signed and was to be promulgated on March 14, 1881.

On March 13 the Czar was blown to pieces by dynamite bombs.

The most that is charged in conversation in Russia is that the officials responsible for the safety of the Czar knew all about the fatal conspiracy, just as a year before they had been cognizant of the Winter Palace plot; that they could have prevented the tragedy by continuing the simplest of precautions, and that, from the point of view of the mutinous and disaffected aristocrats and bureaucrats, they chose a strangely opportune day for the relaxation of these precautions. This much can be said fairly enough, because there was a public, or semi-public, trial of some of these delinquent police officials. They were found guilty of negligence which had contributed to the death of the Czar, and were sentenced to *three years' residence in the pleasant northern town of Archangel!*

But back of what is said lies a world of terrible hints and suggestions. It is not for me to attempt to reduce them to language. They may, indeed, have no tangible basis in fact. But they have taken hold of men's minds in Russia, and they more than vaguely outline in the public consciousness a picture of perfidious murder more awful even than that of the Czar's mad grandfather, Paul.

Be that as it may, the enemies of Melikoff and of the murdered Czar's liberalising experiments came at once into power. It is true that Melikoff lingered along in his anomalous post of dictator for a brief period, and that the new Czar seemed for a little to be attracted by the notion of attempting still further reforms. But any expectations built upon this apparent hesitation were short-lived enough. Ignatieff had hastened to St. Petersburg at the news of the assassination, and was promptly made Minister of Domains. Two months thereafter he and his group had achieved a complete conquest. Melikoff had been driven out in disgrace and exile, and Ignatieff was in his place.

Many other names might be cited of men whom the old Czar distrusted or despised, and whom he had striven to deprive of influence in the State, who now mounted swiftly into prominence and power once more. Gen. Gourko, for example, whose dismissal we noted above, was made Governor General of Poland. Drenteln, who had shared with Gourko the odium of the Winter Palace explosion scandal, was given the fat berth of Governor General at Kieff. But the chief of the former suspects who now assumed control, and the one who gave character to the whole painful episode, was Ignatieff, the new Minister of the Interior.

Count Ignatieff was at this time in his fiftieth year. He had led a life of adventure and brilliant achievement in the far East, and in his younger

days, before he created a new order of reputation in diplomacy and politics, had enjoyed in Russia a celebrity not unlike that of the late Col. Burnaby in England. He was of noble birth, a millionaire, a scholarly gentleman of great linguistic attainments and delightful manners, and the husband of one of the ablest and most fascinating ladies in all Russia. He was a statesman of widespread, cosmopolitan acquaintances and connections. He had seen and studied most of the nations of the earth. Even his enemies admitted his high abilities. His industry and energy were beyond those of any other Russian in public life.

It might well be thought that such a man, stepping into the foremost post in the empire at the beginning of a new reign, would have before him a long, distinguished, and lofty career. As a matter of fact, he was brusquely, almost contemptuously, put out of office after a short thirteen months.

Ignatieff—long since christened "The Father of Lies"—has industriously circulated the story that he retired because the Czar failed to approve his project of reviving the ancient *Zemsty Sobory*, a kind of constituent assembly, or States General, which Peter the Great destroyed. This pleasant tale has come to be generally credited, and has even, in certain weak-minded quarters, cast a sort of halo of liberalism around Ignatieff's foxlike head. The truth is that Ignatieff would have as readily cut off his hand as committed himself to any abstract governmental scheme, of whatever

nature, which ran the slightest risk of encountering the Imperial disfavour.

It was not the *Zemsty Sobory* project which caused Ignatieff's downfall. He was disgraced because unanswerable proof was brought to the Czar that he was using the persecution of the Jews to extort blackmail, and that he had taken advantage of his position to exempt his own estates from the disastrous effects of the May Laws, while those of the Imperial family suffered.

The Jews themselves were never under any illusions as to the motives of their tormentors. The first great anti-Semite riot at Elizabethgrad, in April 1881, only preceded by a day or two Ignatieff's accession to office, and very shortly after came the terrible fires and looting at Kieff, where 2000 Jews had the roofs burned over their heads. It was clear enough that a definite purpose underlay these outbreaks and inspired the attacks in the *Novoe Vremya*. There could be but one explanation of Ignatieff's attitude.

If there had been any doubt, his circular rescript to the Provincial Governors in September 1881, must have cleared it away. In this he disclosed his whole line of campaign. "While energetically protecting the Jews from violence," he said, "the Government recognised the need of equally vigorous measures for removing the existing abnormal relations between the Jews and the native population and for protecting the people from that injurious activity of the Jews which was

the real cause of the agitation." In these, and in other not less menacing phrases with which Ignatieff prefaced his directions for the formation of local commissions to inquire into the subject, the Hebrews discerned the foundations for a colossal superstructure of blackmail.

While the "inquiry" went on, the riots increased in frequency and violence. The minor officials had caught their cue, and circulated the most shameless lies about the Nihilists being entirely composed of Jews, and about fresh Israelitish plots for the murder of the new Czar. They even winked at the distribution and placarding of a bogus ukase which purported to give imperial sanction to the spoliation of the Jews. Synagogues were burned and Jewish quarters sacked in dozens of southern towns; Sarah Bernhardt was publicly mobbed as a Jewess in Odessa; the Christmas-tide horror in Warsaw, where 900 houses and shops were broken into and pillaged and 10,000 people driven into the wintry streets, ran its cruel course without interference from the garrison of 20,000 troops, whose commandant, like Drenteln at Kieff, "would not trouble his soldiers for a pack of dogs of Jews."

All this had been done, bear in mind, without the issuance of any new adverse law or regulation. The legal status of the Jew remained precisely what it had been under Alexander II. The difference lay in the spirit which now, from Ignatieff down to the humblest *tchinovik*, ani-

mated the bureaucracy. Tens of thousands of Jews had fled across the frontier before the culminating tragedies of Warsaw and Balta. The flight then became an exodus.

Meanwhile rumour was busy with an expulsion edict which Ignatieff had ready for promulgation. An abstract of this edict was surreptitiously confided to the leading Jews of St. Petersburg, accompanied by the intimation that Ignatieff was still open to reasonable arguments upon the subject. Details of what followed have been given to me by men of weight and position, who took part in the conferences held. The Minister's "openness" of mind took tangible form in this proposition: For the sum of 1,000,000 roubles he would guarantee to except St. Petersburg from the provisions of the coming ukase. The principal Jews of St. Petersburg gave anxious consideration to this offer. They finally decided to decline it, upon grounds which were given to me in this order: First, the immense difficulty of raising such a sum of money: second, the danger of being found out: third, the impossibility of believing that Ignatieff would keep his word.

It is said that some few made private terms on their individual account with Ignatieff. The community as a whole refused to pay the bribe he demanded.

His answer was the "May laws." These temporary orders, as they were officially called, were confined in their operation to the Pale.

They comprised only three clauses, one compelling all Jews within the fifteen provinces henceforth to live in towns; one suspending all their mortgages and leases on landed estates, and also their powers of attorney for managing estates; and one forbidding them to carry on business on Sundays and the principal Christian holidays. These famous edicts bear the date of May 15, 1882.

The first emotion is one of surprise that these laws, which so profoundly stirred all Christendom, should contain only such limited and relatively inoffensive provisions. They involved hardships, no doubt, and measurably complicated the problem of existence which, as we have seen, had always pressed so cruelly for settlement within the crowded and poverty-stricken Pale. But, compared with the evil reputation they bear in the world's memory, they do not seem so dreadful after all.

The point is that these laws, which were all that Ignatieff dared venture ask the Czar's signature for, and which he issued as "temporary orders," because he feared their rejection if submitted to the Council of the Empire, bore only the smallest relation to the ferocious outburst of persecution associated with their name. They merely cast the shadow of imperial authority over the Ministerial *Judenhetze*.

The savage orgy of official violence which ensued was independent of all laws. No pretence

was made of confining it to the Pale. The creation of Melikoff's dictatorship, and, later, the reign of martial force following the assassination, had disorganised completely such traces of system and responsibility as had previously restrained the local officials. Every man in uniform had become a law to himself. The mere rumour of the "May laws" served to precipitate a headlong rush upon the unhappy Jews. We need not dwell upon the results; sufficient are the horrors of our own immediate day. It is enough to note that the excesses sent a wave of indignation surging all over the civilised world, which found vent in ringing protests and the prompt organisation of committees of succour and relief. The amazing statement is made now that between April of 1881 and June of 1882 not less than 225,000 Jewish families—comprising over a million souls and representing a loss to the Empire of £22,000,000—fled from Russia!*

The May laws had been issued but a month when there came a sudden and strangely unexpected deliverance. Ignatieff retired from office on June 12.

As I have said, he has industriously built up the fiction that his downfall was due to his desire to re-establish a mediæval variety of Parliamentary institutions in Russia. The lie is characteristic. He was turned out because convincing

* "The History of the Year"—October 1881 to October 1882. London: Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.

proof of his attempt to extort a million roubles from the Hebrew community of St. Petersburg was laid before the Czar. With this exposure of the shocking venality and beast-like battening on human misery which underlay the persecution, it came to an abrupt end.

An additional reason for Ignatieff's tumble was given me by a Russian official, whom I met in Bucharest, and who had been in 1882 in a position to know very well what was going on. According to this narrative, Ignatieff took the precaution, after the May laws had been drafted, but before the Czar had seen them, to send his venerable and infirm mother down to Kieff, near which all his great Southern estates lie, and have her on his behalf privily renew all the contracts with his Jewish farm-managers and tenants for another twelve years. It was only after his mother had telegraphed to him the fact of the contracts having been renewed, that he secured the Imperial signature to the May Laws and promulgated them. This was very clever—almost as clever perhaps, as that earlier performance of his at Constantinople, when as Russian Ambassador he combined with the Grand Vizier to officially deny the current and correct report that the interest on a certain Turkish loan was to be defaulted, to sell this and other Turkish securities "short" on a market thus fraudulently inflated, and, when the crash came, to each pocket profits said to have mounted into the millions—

but one important circumstance had been overlooked. The Czar's uncle, the late Grand Duke Nicholas, also owned large estates near Kieff. When the May laws were promulgated, Nicholas, who had been taken by surprise, hurried to forestall their action by seeking to renew the contracts with *his* Jewish managers and tenants. They told him that he was too late, and expressed their regret that he had not acted sooner, say when Count Ignatieff renewed all his contracts on his neighbouring properties. The Grand Duke, astounded at this, made inquiries, and carried the proofs of Ignatieff's perfidy straight to his nephew, the Czar.

It is stories like these which explain why the Jew's only name for the Russian is "*Afoinka ganev*," that is to say, "the thief." I give it as it was narrated with circumstantial detail to me, by a Russian who did not dislike Ignatieff, and who related the anecdote with evident pride in the ex-Minister's shrewdness. How much, if true, it had to do with Ignatieff's downfall I cannot pretend to say. But it is interesting, if only from the proof it affords that Jewish managers and tenants were valued by owners of big agricultural estates above their Slavonic neighbours. To this day, it is the fact that the subordinates who superintend and carry on the bulk of Ignatieff's widely extended property interests and affairs are Hebrews.

Ignatieff's successor, Count Dmitri Tolstoi, had

belonged to the reactionary party as Minister of Education, and could in no sense be regarded as a reformer. But, following Ignatieff, he was veritably Hyperion to a satyr. He recalled his predecessor's September circular, and. although the May laws were not revoked, all official demonstrations against the Jews were summarily stopped.

People said that at last the new Czar had asserted himself, and congratulated one another upon the beneficent promise which this involved to Russia and to civilisation. We pass now to a study of the manner of man this new Czar is, and of the unhappy means by which that promise of his early reign has been turned into Dead Sea fruit of curses and of crimes against humanity.

CHAPTER VIII

THE CZAR AND HIS COUNSELLORS

When the witty Abbé Galiani declared that Virtue was more dangerous than Vice, because its excesses were not open to the restraints of conscience, he might well have beheld, in prophetic vision, the present Czar of Russia.

Alexander III has now been more than eleven years on the throne; he held an independent command in a great war fifteen years ago; he has been a brother-in-law to the Prince of Wales for over a quarter of a century; yet to this day he is the least-known personage in Europe. It is not alone that foreigners have little information about him. His own subjects know even less. When they have told you that he is an extremely good and honourable man, personally; that he loves his wife very much, and finds his greatest enjoyment in being with her and the children, and that he is very strong and works hard, you discover that their impressions are exhausted.

There is something at once grotesque and pathetic in this Russian ignorance about the Czar. No anecdotes are told of him. No allusions are made to him in ordinary conversa-

tion. A hush falls upon any gathering, all over Russia, at the mere casual mention of his name. I have more than once seen this strange and sudden constraint manifest itself in a Russian family circle, where English was being spoken, and it was entirely certain that the servants could not understand a word of our talk, when I asked about the Czar. Their silence said plainly that this was a subject to be left alone. I know of no other country in the world where this weird awe at the very sound of a human being's name can be duplicated. On a miniature scale, emotions of this sort may have been created in bygone times in some lonely part of England, where a merciless and mysterious highwayman held every road under a nightmare of terror, and no one knew or dared guess who his confederates might be.

The Czar's plans are never published. The flag is kept flying on each of his palaces whether he is living there or not. The people of St. Petersburg rarely know whether he is in residence there or somewhere else. That is a question which no Russian asks of another. I was in the capital during the visit of the French fleet. The English newspaper correspondents had absolutely no means of learning from day to day what was going to happen. The officials gave them plenty of information, of course, but it was all false. The Czar never appeared at the times and places they indicated, but invariably did appear when the correspondents were chasing

wild geese in other directions. It is said that the officials were themselves as much in the dark as the rest. Once, while I was walking with one of these journalists across the open square in front of the Winter Palace, and we were in doubt whether to visit the Hermitage Gallery or take the boat for Cronstadt, I suggested that we ask a uniformed officer who had strolled out of the Palace if the Czar was to inspect the fleet that day or some other. My companion laughed aloud at the idea. "We should probably both be arrested—you certainly would be shadowed all over Russia," he said, in explanation.

The veil of mystery which envelops the Czar's intentions almost wholly masks his individuality. In addition to his great personal goodness, it is understood that he is a taciturn man, and it is apparent that he is growing very fat. Every Russian, moreover, is familiar with the fact that he wears a large full beard, a fact which is not without significance, by the way, for since Peter the Great established the cult of shaving this is the first male ruler of Russia who has shaved no part of his face. But there popular knowledge of Alexander III abruptly ends.

It was my fortune to get to know several people—nether Russians nor Jews—who see a good deal of the intimate side of imperial life, and who talked with a certain degree of freedom about its more important features. It was not much that they could tell, after all was said and

done, but it at least threw some light upon the baffling enigma with which the outside world has laboured since 1881. I offer it for nothing more than the candid talk of men who know the Czar, and are personally well affected towards him.

Alexander III is a man of rather limited mental endowments and acquirements, who does not easily see more than one thing at a time, and who gets to see that slowly. In other words, he is a born "potterer." He has no idea of system and no executive talent. He would not be selected to manage the affairs of a village if he were an ordinary citizen. It is the very irony of fate that he has been made responsible for the management of half a million villages.

He has an abiding sense of the sacredness of this responsibility, and he toils assiduously over the task as it is given him to comprehend it. Save for brief periods of holiday-making with his family, he works till two or three o'clock in the morning examining papers, reading suggestions, and signing papers. No man in the empire is busier than he.

The misery of it is that all this irksome labour is of no use whatever. So far as the real Government of Russia is concerned, he might as well be employed in wheeling bricks from one end of a yard to the other and then back again. Even when one tries to realise what "Russian Government" is like—with its vast bureaucracy essaying the stupendous task of maintaining an absolute personal supervision over every individual human

unit in a mass of a hundred millions, and that through the least capable and most uniformly corrupt agents to be found in the world—the mind cannot grasp the utter hopelessness of it all. The ablest man ever born of woman could do next to nothing with it—at least, until he had cleared the ground by slaying some scores of thousands of officials.

Alexander III simply struggles on at one little corner of the towering pyramid of routine business which his Ministers pile up before him. Compared with him Sisyphus was a gentleman of leisure.

This slow-minded, mercilessly-burdened man knows very little either of the events close about him or of the broader currents of contemporaneous history outside. He had the customary elaborate education from which most Princes mysteriously manage to extract so little benefit, and he seems to have got less of it than usual. He was a man grown before his elder brother's death pushed him forward as heir to the throne. A belated effort was then made to engraft upon his weak and spindling tree of knowledge some of the special fruits of learning which a future Emperor should possess. He was docile and good. Some of his teachers established a powerful personal influence over him, the effects of which were afterwards to be of such terrible moment, but they accomplished little else.

The old Czar, Alexander II, viewed his heir

with melancholy aversion and distrust. He was kept down as much as possible, and made to feel his father's unsympathetic attitude in many ways. Once or twice he was subjected to disciplinary measures, which have been described to me as not readily distinguishable from imprisonment. This is only another way of saying that, like most other heirs apparent, he became the focus of attraction for all the elements of disaffection in civil service and army alike. It does not appear that he ever assumed the leadership of these elements or had anything to do with their intrigues. The only instance of interference attributed to him is that already mentioned, when he appealed to the Czar to investigate the gross financial scandals thrust upon his notice at the seat of war. But the old Czar none the less regarded him as fully identified with the reactionary forces of the Empire, and was troubled with gloomy forebodings as to the character of his reign.

This natural dulness of mind and the enormous burden of routine work ceaselessly pressing upon it, go some way toward accounting for the one feature about the Czar which most puzzles outsiders —namely, that he doesn't seem to have any notion whatever of what is going on in his own country.

He reads two papers—the *Novoe Vremya*, which Suvorin learned how to make pleasing to his tastes and feelings, even before he became Emperor, and the *Grashdanin*, which is edited by a bright man of position for whom the Czar

has a great liking, Prince Mastchersky. To these personal relations is ascribed the peculiar licence allowed to the *Grashdanin;* one continually finds in it a freedom of expression which no other editor, not even Suvorin, would dare venture upon. While I was in St. Petersburg, for example, the *Grashdanin* quite frankly deprecated the craziness with which Russia was dancing about in its welcome to the French fleet. Similar utterances in another paper would have involved prompt conflict with the censor.

But the *Grashdanin* is no whit freer than the *Novoe Vremya* in the handling of what is called news. The newspapers of Paris, curious as they seem when judged by English or American news standards, are mines of information compared with the journals of St. Petersburg. They contain only the baldest and barest skeleton summary of the world's events, laying great stress upon births and deaths within the blue-blooded pale of royalty, and for the rest chiefly chronicling accidents, fires, and like non-contentious happenings. Such political writing as is permitted them is almost wholly confined to foreign politics, and is usually in controversial comment upon utterances quoted from the Berlin, Vienna, or London press. But these utterances must have been originally harmless, or they would have been blacked out by the foreign press censor before the Russian editors got them.

It is understood that the Empress receives and

reads the *Times*. The question is often raised whether she does not bring to her husband's attention the facts about Russian misgovernment which its St. Petersburg correspondent has for years so bravely published. It is said that on occasion she had done this, and that, moreover, upon the suggestion of her brother, the Crown Prince of Denmark, and the Prince and Princess of Wales, she has tried to put before him something of the amazed disgust with which Russian doings seem to have inspired Christendom. Many varying stories are told of these efforts to improve the annual Imperial holiday at Fredensborg, in Copenhagen Court circles. It is said, for example, that some one of the English royal party which was there last autumn to meet him nailed a copy of *Darkest Russia* on an inner door of his apartments, half-jokingly, half in earnest. In another quarter it is averred that the Czarina ventured last September to show him a letter she had received from her sister, the Princess of Wales, on the subject of the Jewish persecutions, and that the Czar, losing his temper, brought his hand down vigorously upon the table and commanded that the topic be not mentioned again in his presence.

But the poor little frightened and saddened lady, over whom hangs day and night the haunting horror of a violent death for those she loves, can have but small heart for this mission. The one consolation of her unhappy life is the tender affection in which the weary and puzzled big man,

her husband, holds her. Why should she vex and grieve this affection by repeating to him the malicious things which outsiders are saying about his work?

That they are malicious, I am assured that the Czar firmly believes. How should he learn otherwise? When these German or English accusations of cruelty, of injustice, of crime are brought under his notice, let us assume that he makes inquiries. To whom does he address these inquiries? Obviously to the officials. And quite as obviously these officials swear with solemnity and fine unanimity that the allegations are all monstrous falsehoods. A sharper, bolder, more energetic ruler might contrive to force his way behind this barricade of official assurances which surrounds the throne, and get once in a while at something like the truth. Alexander III does not even try to do this—and doubtless would fail if he did try.

Indeed, under the skilful manipulation of one of these officials, these attacks upon Russian honour and civilisation have had quite a different effect upon him from that contemplated. So far from awakening him to the truth, they have rendered him sullenly and obstinately enraged at their authors, and at the foreign communities which credit them.

The trait of family affection, which is developed in the Czar to almost a morbid state, colours his attitude toward Russia. He thinks of the

whole Russian people as his children; to his mind they are all under one roof—his roof. Above everything else, he will strive to protect the family reputation. If scandals arise, his chief desire is to hush them up, to prevent their being noised abroad. He will make an effort to see justice done, and to punish the offenders, but his foremost solicitude is that it may all be done quietly. Hence one from time to time witnesses in Russia the phenomenon of an apparently influential official being suddenly, without warning or trial, pulled down out of sight and secretly sequestered. He may never reappear again, and all that people will guess about the affair will be that in some way his misdeeds became known to "the little father."

This quality, upon which those who are informed about the Czar lay great stress, quite naturally prevents his taking kindly to foreign criticism. In truth, it makes him furious, and for that reason, again, he avoids reading or learning about it.

This picture of the Czar, based upon the talk of people who know him and like him, might easily be expanded in the direction of personal gossip, but that is not desirable here. In some respects these private hints run counter to generally accepted notions. For example, public belief holds firmly to the idea that the Czar is a very devout man, and that since the Borki accident he has been a religious monomaniac. I am assured that he takes his personal religion very easily indeed,

and has never expressed any concern in the ministrations of the palace chaplains save that they should make their sermons shorter. In the same way, he is popularly thought of as an ardent pan-Slavist, whereas my information is that he and the dominant Court circles, as distinguished from official circles, are against pan-Slavism.

These are notes of contradiction which tend, I frankly confess, to disturb the balance of the theory I brought away from Russia with me. They render certain current phenomena less easy of comprehension than they would have otherwise seemed. But they could not be suppressed with candour, and, after all, giving them their greatest weight, they but serve to show afresh what an inexplicable chaos of confusion and clashing cross-purposes the whole Russian question presents.

One further personal point, and we may leave the individuality of the Czar and take up once more the thread of events. Alexander III is called by sundry enthusiasts the Peacemaker of Europe. The informants to whom I have referred agree that, though he is by nature a kindly man, he is not at all swayed by humanitarian views, and has no more abstract hatred of war than has any other trained soldier. His objection to war is, however, very strong, and it is based entirely upon his dread of the physical discomfort to which a man of his increasing bulk would be subjected in the saddle. This sounds almost comical, but it is given to me for sober fact.

We have seen how this slow, commonplace, conscientious man wavered and trembled in hesitation when, in March of 1881, the murder of his father suddenly threw upon him the overwhelming weight of Czarship. Much has been told me of the brief period in which the new Czar, startled and shaken by the frightful tragedy, yet even more moved by dazed contemplation of the herculean task devolved upon him, dreamed of attempting to follow in his parent's footsteps, and keep the poor little plant of Liberalism alive. There is neither time nor space here in which to dwell upon this phase of the story.

It is enough to note once more that nothing came of this momentary first impulse. The reactionaries, Ignatieff at their head, swarmed back into place and power. It is true that after thirteen months, as has been related, Ignatieff's effort to blackmail the Jews of St. Petersburg was revealed to the Czar, and he was summarily thrown from office. His successor, Count Tolstoï, reversed the policy of the Government against the Jews. But in other respects there was little or no change. Officialism grew stronger year by year; cliques of Ministers and Governors gathered more and more fully into their hands the vast powers of the autocracy. Even when the Czar most actively bestirred himself he could not control the ten-thousandth part of the things they did in his name.

So far as the Imperial family exerts any influence

upon the head of their house, it is probably on the wrong side. Of the Czar's uncles, brothers to the late Alexander II, two have recently died—Constantine, who was a learned and liberal-minded man, and suspect on that account, and Nicholas, who was neither learned nor liberal, but had too evil an official and financial record to enjoy his nephew's respect or confidence. The remaining uncle, the Grand Duke Michael, is a scholarly and sensible Prince, who used to be able to do a certain amount of good in his post as President of the Council of the Empire, but who is now sixty years old and has grown tired of the thankless task of resisting that awful dead weight of the bureaucracy. The first-named of these three, Constantine, left a son bearing his own name, now an alert-faced, bright-eyed officer of thirty-four, who is considered to be intellectually the best of the Romanoffs. This Constantine Constantinovitch has written one or two books, and a poem at which the Czar is said to have lifted his eyebrows. He bears one of those vague and intangible reputations for Liberalism which grow so easily from a despotic soil, and is worth remembering, not for what he has done, but for what numerous Russians imagine he may do, if the affairs of their country drift still further downward to absolute chaos.

One of the Czar's four brothers stands out with prominence as a strong and powerful figure in imperial counsels. Of the other three Alexis is too easy-going and pleasure-loving to worry his hand-

some head about politics, Serge is a foolish man with nothing to say for himself, and Paul is too young to carry weight, even if he gave promise of capacity. But the Grand Duke Vladimir is a potential and genuine personality.

In many respects, Vladimir, who is only two years younger than the Czar, is the truest descendant of Nicholas that Russia has seen. He has more of the stalwart and somewhat sinister comeliness of his grandfather than any of the others. He inherits, too, a large share of that remarkable despot's great energy and personal force. Whatever he sets about doing gets done. He has a bitter kind of wit, which sometimes achieves the painfully rare feat of making the Czar laugh. His robust vigour and clear way of seeing and going straight to the point also commend him to his brother's confidence. How strong he is may be seen from the fact that his wife, a Mecklenburg Princess, and in resolution and marked individuality a fit mate for Vladimir, has been able to defy for eighteen years the tremendous pressure brought by Court and Church to bear upon all non-Orthodox wives of Grand Dukes to accept the Greek faith. If Vladimir chose to play a part for himself in Russia, he might work untold results. Although there are two lives between him and the succession, people have an uneasy feeling that somehow, some time, he will be Czar. But thus far his chosen *rôle* has been that of his brother's right-hand man. He is openly a reactionary—a frank

H.I.H. THE GRAND DUKE VLADIMIR

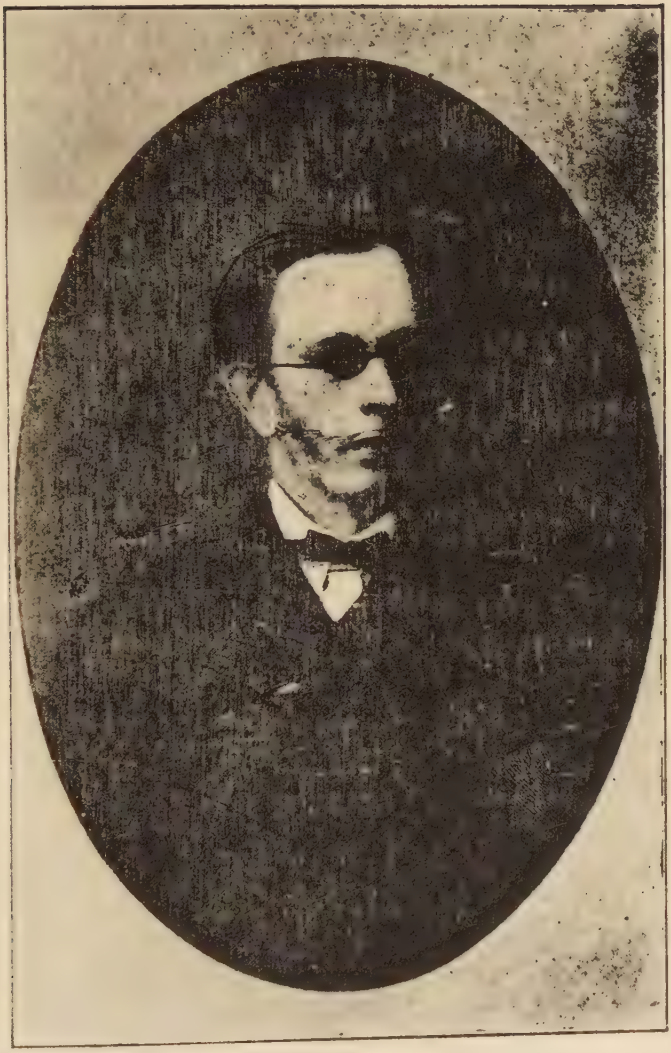
believer in autocracy, sustained if needful by gibbet and grape-shot. When, a little while ago, it was rumoured that he was to succeed General Gourko at Warsaw, the fact that Gourko is the most mercilessly savage governor any living Pole can remember, did not prevent a thrill of dismay running through Poland at the prospect of the change. To conclude, Vladimir is the man of whom Ministers and high officials stand in most dread.

There are very few of these bureaucrats dimly discernible in the thick shadows of Russian despotism whom we need trouble ourselves to distinguish, even by name. When Count Dmitri Tolstoï died, a less able and less scrupulous man, Dournovo, became Minister of the Interior. Some time before this, a minor official named Vishnegradsky had the fortune to write a report on Russian finance which attracted the Czar's attention—and won from him the curious declaration that it was the first document of the sort he had ever been able to understand. The lucky author was made Minister of Finance. There will be more to say of him in the sequel. The Czar from the outset has insisted upon personally directing at least the foreign policy of his Empire, and, accordingly, M. de Giers, a supple and observant courtier, remains in only nominal control at the post of Foreign Minister. The Czar's former military tutor, Vannoffsky, is Minister of War, and, with the Grand Duke Vladimir and Dournovo, is at the head of what is called the war party.

But more important than any of these, more important than the Czar himself, is the thin-faced, slender, spectacled man who since 1880 has been Procurator of the Holy Synod — M. Pobiedonostseff.

This remarkable personage fascinates the imagination. He is as unintelligible to the modern Western mind as Torquemada. Indeed, one must go back to mediæval times for every parallel which he and his work suggest. The whole situation created by him is like nothing else in history so much as that which Spain presented under Ferdinand and Isabella, where the influence of a man we cannot now at all comprehend persuaded a gentle, wise, and kindly Sovereign to stain her reign with the most hideous and stupid of crimes against humanity, and to gratuitously work the destruction of her country.

Pobiedonostseff is a learned lawyer who was one of the present Czar's tutors in his youth. His tastes led him, however, when the opportunities for preferment arose, to choose the ecclesiastical side of the autocracy in which to serve. That he is a sincerely and fanatically pious man, as the Greek Church understands piety, seems beyond doubt. During the great fast of the year he retires to the Sergieff Monastery and mortifies the flesh as vigorously as any anchorite, remaining for days on his knees, fasting and beating his forehead against the stone floor. This does not prevent his telling the most amazing and barefaced lies, as it



"THE GRAND INQUISITOR"

(M. Pobiedonostseff, Procurator of the Holy Synod)

did not prevent his coolly persuading the Czar to steal Maurice Hirsch's million roubles. His religious fervour contemplates without blinking the prospect of ten millions of Jews, Lutherans, Catholics, and dissenters generally being despoiled, evicted, harried by Cossacks and driven like criminals from their homes.

This theory of serving God with falsehood, with theft, with shameless treachery, with torture, massacre, and wholesale persecution, has in other times possessed the brains of great and good men of our own Western races. But these men have all been dead three or four hundred years. Russia and M. Pobiedonostseff have only just reached the point where Europe stood when Columbus discovered America.

Everything is nowadays ascribed to the ascendency which Pobiedonostseff exerts over the mind of the Czar. In one sense that is true. The Procurator of the Holy Synod had long-standing claims upon the affection and respect of the new Czar when the present reign began. He became a trusted adviser; then, little by little, the power behind the throne. He grew to guide the Czar in the selection of new Ministers and officials and in the distribution of honours and of rebukes until the whole official world of St. Petersburg dreaded him, and fawned upon him as Paris did in its time before the "Gray Cardinal." To-day the enormous power which he wields is exerted much more through these eager official sycophants, who

owe their places to him and scramble over one another in their haste to carry out his most faintly hinted desire, than through direct personal contact with the Czar.

It is indeed likely that he himself has been swept along much more rapidly, and to greater lengths than he had dreamed of, by the headlong zeal of these underlings. He set in motion the Governmental machinery for the repression of dissent, originally, because he was an active-minded man who took his duties seriously, and who saw that anything like spiritual revivals outside the Greek Church must be stopped if Orthodoxy was to survive. Once begun, this spirit of repression quickly ripened into a rage for persecution. From the exiling of M. Pashkoff in 1882, for the crime of holding Bible meetings among the fashionable people of St. Petersburg, to the expulsion of six millions of Jewish people, begun in 1890, is a tremendous step. But the one is the natural sequence of the other. The prosecution of the Pashkoffski was the match which set fire to the prairie.

From the hunting of this almost ridiculously small and unimportant quarry, the whole massed pack of Russian officials have excited themselves into a gigantic *wild-jagd* of heretics and unbelievers all over the Empire. Franzos tells of a Polish prince, Czartoryski, who went gunning among the Jews of his district of Podolia, "because there was so little game left in the

neighbourhood.* There is a good deal of this same barbarous lust for blood-letting sport in what we are witnessing now. A shot is being taken at everything that rises—Mennonites, Stundists, the Molokani, the Finns, the Catholic Poles, the Germans, the Jews alike. Only the Mohammedan subjects of the Czar's eastern empire are not molested, save here and there in isolated instances, and that not until recently. But for all other non-Orthodox game there is no close season.

Of this vast and terrible persecution the outside world knows but little. We can never hope to learn the thousandth part of the truth.

But it is possible to get approximately at the facts, so far as its Jewish victims are concerned. For many reasons they attract more attention and excite a greater interest throughout the world than do their companions in misery. Moreover, the previous existence of entire volumes of laws adverse to them has rendered it the easier for the police to harry, plunder, and expel them *en masse*. But in his study of the repellant details of the year of terror now drawing to a close, and in following the still more shocking events which the near future threatens, the reader must remember that the Jews are only one among many unhappy sects and classes whom Pobiedon-

* "The Jews of Barnow." Stories by Karl Emil Franzos. Edinburgh and London: 1882. One of the most striking and effective works of our generation.

ostseff is mercilessly driving to despair, ruin, and exile.

It has seemed important to dwell at length upon the peculiar conditions existing in Russia, and upon a historical examination of the dull incompetency, ignoble greed, semi-civilised vanity, and stark-mad fanaticism which, confusedly struggling together for evil, have produced this savage spectacle at which humanity now revolts. We have hereafter to consider nothing but the persecution itself.

CHAPTER IX

THE HOLY SYNOD AT WORK

THE ascending progress of the Procurator of the Holy Synod, M. Pobiedonostseff, in influence and authority, is marked at each successive stage by fresh impositions upon the Jews.

I have noted that when Count Dmitri Tolstoï succeeded Ignatieff, "the Infamous," in the midsummer of 1882, the persecution which had been begun under the May laws came to a halt. It is true that the laws themselves were not revoked, but it was everywhere understood that, like such a countless number of other ukases and edicts, they had lapsed into what President Cleveland called "innocuous desuetude." So late as November 1884, when a question arising under them was referred to the Governor General of Wilna, he declared that the May laws had been suspended.

Within two years—that is to say, by 1886—the power of Pobiedonostseff had grown so great, and the might of the ecclesiastical arm had so overshadowed the lay forces of the bureaucracy, that a blow could be struck at the Jews more cruelly shattering in its effects than any of those aimed by

the May laws. It has been pointed out that the Russian Hebrews had now, for more than twenty years, displayed a feverish, almost fierce, anxiety to educate their children. They had everywhere seized upon this as a great object of their lives, as the one thing above all others which promised better days for the Israel that was to come. And it has been explained how, under this potent stimulus, the Jewish children all over Russia attained a remarkably disproportionate percentage of proficiency in the schools, academies, and universities of the Empire.

With the true malignity of genius which makes a grand inquisitor, Pobiedonostseff struck at the heretic Jews through these children for whom they were sacrificing so much. For several years before experimental measures in this direction had been ventured upon. First, the number of Israelitish students to be admitted to the Military Academy for Medicine was limited to 5 per cent. of the entire number. (This, it may be said in passing, turned out to have been a preliminary step toward the complete exclusion by law of Jewish physicians from the army, which is now an accomplished fact.) Next, similar restrictions were placed upon the proportion of Jewish students in the Mining Institute and the Engineering Institute for Public Roads. Shortly after, the number of Jewish boys allowed to study in the Institute of Civil Engineers was cut down to 3 per cent., and the doors of the Veterinary Institute

at Kharkoff, the only school of its kind in Russia, were shut in their faces altogether.

It may be imagined with what dismay Jewish parents saw one professional avenue of escape from the ghetto after another being thus closed to their children. But this was mere play—the cold-blooded toying of a cat with a mouse—by comparison with what was to follow.

On December 5, 1886, and on June 26, 1887, the Czar signed two edicts which together gave the Minister of Public Education the power to restrict the number of Jewish pupils in every school, primary, advanced, technical, and the rest, throughout the Empire. This Minister, Delianoff, who had only recently been elevated to the post by the influence of Pobiedonostseff, and was then, as he has been ever since, acting wholly under the guidance of the Procurator of the Holy Synod, took prompt advantage of this Imperial warrant. He issued an order defining the maximum number of Jewish youths hereafter to be admitted to any and all the schools of Russia, from the most elementary grade up to the universities. Inside the Pale they were never to constitute more than 10 per cent. of the whole number of pupils; everywhere outside the Pale, with two exceptions, they were to be restricted to 5 per cent. The exceptions were St. Petersburg and Moscow, where 3 per cent. was to be the rule. This order remains to this day the law, and M. Delianoff, who issued it, figures now in the "Almanach de Gotha" as a Count.

The full significance of this barbaric measure can only be realised when it is remembered that in eighty-two towns of the Pale the Jews were more than half the inhabitants, and in four towns constituted over 80 per cent. of the population—and that, too, in 1884, before the latest crusade had chased literally hundreds of thousands of other Jews into these towns. It means, for example, that in towns like Mohilef, where, roughly speaking, there are 3000 Christians and 47,000 Jews, only one Jewish boy can attend school for every nine Christian boys who have been entered as pupils. There would be in this town of a school age, say, 600 Christians and 8000 Jewish youths. Even if we assume that every one of the former class went to school, (which, of course, is in Russia a wholly fantastic hypothesis,) we would have only sixty-six Hebrew lads entitled to even the rudiments of a public education—and the terrible corollary of 7934 others forbidden to go to school at all.

I have chosen for illustration the extreme case, so far as the proportion of Jews in a town is concerned. But when we consider that only a very tiny section of the "Christian" population of Russia ever dream of sending their children to school, whereas the poorest Jews make that the chief purpose of their lives, the illustration ceases to be exaggerated. To render the Jews dependent for educational facilities upon the schoolgoing propensities of the least ambitious and most sloth-

fully ignorant population in Europe was practically to debar them from education altogether.

This whole matter of education in Russia presents an aspect of the Russo-Jewish question which the Americans, English, and Germans, above all other peoples, will find instructive and impressive. Indifferent to learning as the great bulk of the Russian peasantry and lower classes are, they show more fondness for the schools than do their rulers. We have in Russia the absolutely unique spectacle of a Government exerting its powers to prevent its own Orthodox people obtaining an education. Since 1887 almost every year has brought its administrative order directing further restrictions upon the admission of pupils. Only a few months ago I was told in St. Petersburg of a new regulation, under way, which would make it practically impossible for the child of any poor man in Russia to get into school at all.

Doubtless these reactionary measures had their origin in the conviction that education was responsible for Nihilism. But, once started, this backward march in school matters became quickly merged in the general barbaric retrograde movement. The gloomy and wooden-headed despotism which is tearing down theatres in St. Petersburg, which suppresses news, songs, and literature alike, which treats as criminals and outcasts all who decline to worship relics and sacred pictures, which has restored the knout, and which to-day refuses to allow private charity to intervene between its stupid

helplessness and the terrors of a great famine—it is not strange that this despotism dislikes schools.

It only adds to the grotesque and savage imbecility of the thing to learn that this order limiting the percentage of Jewish pupils in schools was accompanied by another sharply reducing the number of Christian children who might thereafter be received, the effect being, of course, to still further cut down the Jewish percentage.

Credulity fairly staggers under the additional fact that when the Jews, after their first shock of amazement, meekly begged permission to establish more schools for their young at their own expense, they were met with a refusal.

There were at this time (1887) some 1200 Jewish schools, with a total attendance of 28,226 pupils. Of these schools 77 were more or less supported by the State; the rest were small private classes, quite often for technical instruction, with an average attendance of about 20 children. These schools have now almost wholly disappeared, in the convulsions and disorder of the past two years. From their environment, and the hopeless conditions surrounding the race which supported and filled them, it may be imagined that they never reached a high plane of excellence; indeed, they were in many cases merely a Russo-Jewish adaptation of the old Irish hedge school.

Such as they were, however, the Jews were prepared to multiply their number and assume

the entire expense of the education of their young. No poverty-stricken and oppressed people could have proposed a heavier self-sacrifice. Rich Hebrews in other lands backed up this offer by tenders of assistance — Baron Hirsch, for example, proffering a donation of $10,000,000 to found technical schools and institutes for the Russo-Jewish youth. In some few instances these offers were accepted. Philanthropic Jews were allowed to build a technical school at Vinitza and a mining institute at Gorlovka, both avowedly for the education of Jewish boys. But when they were opened, the Government coolly stepped in and compelled them to admit nine Christian youths in one case, nineteen in the other, for every Jewish pupil. Much more numerous were the instances in which the officials took the money offered by the Jews for the establishment of Jewish schools, and frankly put it in their own pockets.

These were mere local variations. The Minister of Public Instruction, so far as the central authority went, refused the petition of the Jews to be allowed to build schools of their own. With fine Oriental irony he invited their attention to the fact that the new order limiting Jewish scholars to a small percentage of the whole number was really in the interest and for the protection of the Jews, inasmuch as it now for the first time officially guaranteed their right to any share whatever in public school education.

Even Torquemada enjoyed his little joke, they say.

To preserve a historical balance, it is important to note that this first great anti-Jewish blow struck by Pobiedonostseff was coincident with the opening of the Lutheran persecution in the Baltic provinces. In the autumn of 1886, just about the time that the Council of Ministers was drafting the edicts mentioned above, the Czar's brother, the Grand Duke Vladimir, visited Riga, and with his characteristic brutality of frankness publicly warned the German populations of Courland and Livonia that it had been decided completely to Russianise them, peaceably if possible, but with any extremity of roughness if force became necessary. And in the spring of the following year the Ministerial order on Jewish education, or rather non-education, synchronised with the arbitrary edicts which forbade the German Lutheran pastors in the Baltic provinces longer to teach or control the schools they had built, and which changed the language in those schools from German to Russian, prohibited the use of German on the railways, and decreed the remodelling of the University of Dorpat over into a Russian institution.

As we go further we shall see the savage crusade against the Jews linked at every step with cruelties or treacherous wrongs perpetrated upon other non-Orthodox people living under the shadow of Czardom—now the proscription of the

Stundists, now the priest-hunts in Catholic Poland, now the exiling of the Molokani, now the shameless and excuseless betrayal of Finland—all parts of one great barbaric scheme.

The Ministerial order of early 1887, closing the schools to all but an infinitesimal fraction of Jewish youths, was a sufficient hint to all the officials, big and little, throughout Russia, who desired either to win favour in the highest circles or make a little money for themselves by harrying the Jews. That the persecution did not at once become general seems to have been due to the restraining influence of Count Dmitri Tolstoï, who, as Minister of the Interior, to the last managed to keep his head above the advancing tide of Pobiedonostseff's authority. In May of 1889 Tolstoï died, and thereafter nobody has so much as tried to stand up against the Procurator of the Holy Synod.

But even before Tolstoï's death, in fact from the date of the education order, the lynx-eyed underlings scattered over the Empire had seen well enough how things were drifting. While they to some extent pretended to please their immediate master, the Minister of the Interior, the spirit of all their actions was dedicated to the rising power, Pobiedonostseff. Evidently the best way to please him was to squeeze the heretic. Thus it happens that, while the years from 1883 to 1890 are ordinarily thought of as an interval interposed between two outbursts of militant anti-

Semitism, the truth is that the lull really covered only two or three years, and that the persecution whose horrors have finally aroused civilisation began in 1887.

The change which came over the attitude of the provincial authorities when they grasped the fact that Pobiedonostseff was the rising man, and that he was hostile to the Jews, showed itself at first by a revived activity in enforcing the long dormant and disused May laws. As I have said, these laws were limited in their jurisdiction to the Pale. Accordingly, everybody in uniform began busily hustling such Jews as still remained in the country parts of the fifteen prescribed governments off their land and into the towns, and either arresting or blackmailing any Israelites who dared to appear in the market-places of the Pale on Sunday.

This Sunday prohibition, which last autumn brought about the terrible riot at Starodoub, with the usual accompaniment of Jewish lives lost and Jewish shops and houses plundered and burned, is one of the most characteristic features of the anti-Jewish laws. The Hebrews, of course, religiously abstain from labour on Saturday. It was considered by Ignatieff an extremely smart trick to forbid them to do business on Sunday as well.

In its essence, this meant that the Jews could only have five earning days against other people's seven. Although there are laws on the books

prohibiting Christian labour or business on Sunday, they are a complete dead letter. Every traveller in Russia knows that Sunday in the markets and business streets differs in no respect from any other day, save that there are no Jews about. Having remained idle on Saturday for their own Sabbath, they are compelled to observe Sunday for the Christian Sabbath—the while the Christian himself works or barters from morning till night, and the market places are filled as well with Tartars, Gipsies, and Persians, whom no one molests.

This renewed driving of the rural Jews into the towns, already overcrowded, and this arbitrary curtailment of their chances of earning a livelihood soon produced most melancholy results. In every civilised country the Hebrew has a lower death rate and makes a better showing in vital statistics generally than the rest of the community. This fact, whether it be due to unique dietary laws, to exceptional supervision over marriages, or whatever other cause, remains a fact. In Russia alone this has not been the case. Insufficient food, wretched shelter, overwork, and the ceaseless strain and terror of a hunted animal have made him from the beginning a degenerate creature physically.

Yet even in Russia, up to the enforcement of the May Laws, it was supposed that Jews never suffered from phthisis. Throughout the reigns of Nicholas and Alexander II the army examiners

found no traces of this disease among the Jewish recruits. Very soon, however, after the Holy Synod began the completion of Ignatieff's work, and the swarming ghetto in each dirty, ill-built, undrained, half-starving town of the Pale saw with horror new crowds of homeless and destitute Jews being hounded in, to deepen the prevailing misery and share the fight for bread from day to day, there was a different story to tell. The rejections for phthisis, from nothing at all, rose to 6.5 per cent. among Jewish recruits, against 0.5 per cent. among all other Russians. Other maladies kept almost equal pace in ravaging these crowded quarters of hunger and helpless squalor. On the score of general physical unfitness, the rejections among Jewish youths of the conscription age mounted to 61.7 per cent. against 27.2 among the other recruits examined.

In the very latest drawing of recruits, that of January 1892, only 6 per cent. of the Jewish youths who presented themselves for the *tirage* passed the medical examiners, while of the Russians 65 per cent. were accepted.

These figures furnish a ghastly comment upon the Russian plea that their Jews are all rich usurers.

It may be imagined that in this outburst of official hostility not very strict attention was paid to keeping within the laws which it was pretended to enforce. As has been explained, every *tchinovnik* is his own law. Villages consisting almost wholly

of Jews were ransacked to find those of the race whose residence did not date back prior to May 1882, and these were all incontinently packed off to the towns. In this search many were found who had been born on the spot in the sixties or earlier, but who had no papers to prove it; off they went with the others. Again, there were cases of artisans, resident in one of these villages all their lives, who went for a week or a month to some other place for work; on their return they were treated as new-comers, their former residence being ignored. This happened to soldiers returning from service to their native village. An instance is recorded of a man living all his life in the village of Palitzki who was absent five days to get married, and on coming back to his home was driven out as a stranger having no domicile.

I could fill a chapter with incidents of this kind, many of them related to me by the victims themselves in Hamburg, Berlin, Königsberg, or here in London. But there is too much else of even a more painful sort to tell.

These were not the only tricks to which resort was had. The whole gamut of barefaced knavery was swept. To take one among a throng of examples, the immediate suburbs of large towns had heretofore, for municipal and other purposes, been treated as parts of the towns themselves. Now these were decreed to be villages, and all the Jews accordingly driven out of them into the densely

packed pest-holes of the towns. Impudence even went so far as to deny that Reshilovko, a place which had long been styled in all official documents as a town, was a town at all, and in its new and arbitrarily-acquired character as a village all the Jews had to leave it within forty-eight hours.

What has thus far been related happened, be it remembered, in the Pale, and between the years 1886 and 1890. Up to this latter date no attempt was made openly to revoke the permission of Alexander II, in 1865, under which hundreds of thousands of Jewish artisans, clerks, and others had moved eastward out of the Pale, and made homes for themselves all over Russia proper.

The difficulties under which these people laboured, even in the palmy days of the golden age, have been described in a preceding chapter. Naturally enough, such a fierce persecution could not break forth in the Pale without some of its effects being felt by the luckier Jews outside. These effects took many whimsical forms, according to the fancy of the Governor, the needs of the police, or the feelings of the population in each separate Government. In some *gubernia* the Jews experienced nothing more than a perceptible accession of rigour in examining their passports and guild warrants; in others, they began to be treated almost as if the protecting laws of 1865 had been annulled.

These laws, it will be remembered, permitted Jewish artisans to settle wherever they liked in Russia upon the condition of proving to the satisfaction of the local trade guild their proficiency in their handicraft. But, as I have said before, law in Russia is strictly a matter of construction. The same official will interpret the same law in three different and contradictory ways in as many hours if it seems important to do so. Accordingly the more active and unscrupulous Governors, Judges, and Chiefs of Police, sniffing the eager air of persecution blowing straight over the steppes from St. Petersburg, now all at once discovered that this word "artisan" ought to be looked into. The law said "artisans"—ah yes, but who were artisans?

The mere hint was enough. The Governor of Smolensk led off by deciding that butchers, bakers, vinegar manufacturers, and even glaziers, were not properly artisans. Many of these crafts had been living for years in Smolensk without the slightest hint of doubt as to their legal status; now they were all incontinently sent packing. The Senate was appealed to in the matter of the vinegar-makers and decided that they undoubtedly were artisans. This made no difference; the declaration of the local artificers' guilds to the contrary continued to be a better authority.

Very strange results were obtained by this outbreak of provincial definitions of the word artisan.

In one Government for example, musicians and cooks would be decided to be good artisans, while pavers and coachmen would be excluded. Perhaps in the adjoining Government the rule would be exactly reversed. Moreover, a handworker might be assured of his regularity one week and be visited by the police the next, because in the meantime the status of his trade had altered in the minds of the local authorities.

On a large number of the private railways of Russia the bulk of the engine-drivers were Jews. They had in fact almost as closely a monopoly in this employment as Scotchmen are said to enjoy as steamship engineers. They had obtained this because they were found to be soberer, more active and intelligent, and more to be depended upon, than the moujik. A secret circular was now sent out, informing the railway companies that engine-drivers were not artisans and that their Jewish employées must go. And of course go they did.

In Moscow twenty-four Jewish compositors were expelled upon the decision that printing was not a trade, but an art!

So matters went on into the year 1890, the position of the Jews becoming more and more intolerable as the spirit of the Holy Synod more fully permeated the ramified branches of the bureaucracy. It was reported about that the Czar regarded the escape alive of himself and

family from the terrible railway accident at Borki as the direct and miraculous intervention of Providence. The facts were that the imperial train was being driven at the rate of ninety versts an hour over a road calculated to withstand at the utmost a speed of thirty-five versts; that the engineer humbly warned the Czar of the danger, and was gruffly ordered to go still faster if possible; and that the miracle would have been the avoidance of calamity. But facts don't get about in Russia, or pass unrecognised if they do. What was apparent was that a great devotional mood had seized upon the Czar and the Court circles. The contagion spread like wildfire: in a twinkling officials, soldiers, policemen, traders, moujiks, flocked to the churches, cabmen blocked the streets in front of shrines to make their obeisances from the driver's box, and the country roads were populated once more with concourses of tramping pilgrims.

It was in the height of this sentimental religious fervour that reports leaked out about the Government's intention to revoke the guarantees of 1865, and put the May laws in force all over the Empire. Copies of the proposed edicts were obtained, smuggled out over the frontier, and published to the world. The Holy Synod stopped counting its beads long enough to issue a categorical denial that any such measure had ever been discussed, and Russian Ambassadors at foreign Courts were

instructed to give solemn assurances that the report was pure invention.

When they had lied long enough, the edicts which they swore had never existed even in thought were promulgated. It was a triumph of mediæval barbarism. Everywhere throughout Russia it was understood that, to celebrate God's protection of the Czar at Borki, there was to be a burnt-offering of Jews.

CHAPTER X

THE APPOINTMENT OF SERGE

THE whole year of 1890 was clouded, as has been said, by reports of new and savage laws about to be decreed against the Jews. In July the *Times* published in London, from its accomplished St. Petersburg correspondent, Mr. George Dobson, what turned out to be a tolerably accurate forecast of these projected laws. The statement was solemnly denied by Russian officials, as were all other rumours of prospective persecution, but through the indiscretion or venality of local administrators it became known that these denials were lies made out of whole cloth. It was discovered that a series of questions had been addressed to the provincial Governors by the Minister of the Interior, each asking an expression of opinion upon some proposed new penalty or increased restriction, and that an overwhelming majority of these Governors had hastened to express admiring approval of these barbarous propositions. No other answers, of course, could have been expected. To prevent ambiguity in the replies, the intended acts of oppression had been carefully specified. All the Governors had

to do was to copy these and say "Yes" to them. Then they were laid before the Czar as the recommendations of his official deputies throughout the Empire.

I have said that their assent was a matter of course. In the first place, every new oppressive law increases the chances for gain to the Governor and all his creatures; inquiry as to his approval in such a case is like asking an official in another country whether he would like an increase of salary. More important still, an interrogatory of this kind is a plain indication of what the central authority wants—and to discover this and satisfy it is the controlling passion of every Russian official's abreast.

One of the Governors did, however, salve his conscience—perhaps also his pocket—by revealing the text of these Ministerial inquiries to the Jews. It may be said in passing that there are to this day scores of officials in Russia who are openly fervent Jew-baiters, yet who secretly provide information of this kind to the Hebrew community for pay.

Other Governors, being informed by these inquiries of the intentions of the Ministry, began at once to act as if the suggestions which they had approved were already laws. In October the second anniversary of the Czar's escape from death at Borki was celebrated, and stories were circulated to the effect that the Czar had received personal revelations as to the intervention of God

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to save his life. The ignorant, drunken, and greedy village priests, who had now obtained a welcome addition to their incomes by having been given control over the primary schools, eagerly circulated these tales, and built up the wildest and most fantastic concoctions of miraculous visions with which to further darken the poor wits of the superstitious peasantry.

The Czar himself seems to have been affected by the outburst of fanatical orthodox excitement which this Borki anniversary precipitated. I have been told by a trustworthy man, who himself saw the document referred to, this story in illustration. An influential Russian dignitary, with brains enough to see what stupid mischief Russia was doing herself, contrived to have put into the Czar's own hands a memorial tersely setting forth the actual facts of the Jewish question, recounting the miseries inflicted upon helpless and unoffending people, and showing how inevitably this criminal folly must react upon the Empire. Alexander III read the paper carefully and wrote on the margin that he had been much impressed and touched by it. "But," the imperial hand added, "we must never forget that it was the Jews who crucified our Lord and spilled his priceless blood!"

In this same October, a score of Governors in different provinces, apparently by some malignant concert, began driving out all the Jews who had charge of, or were employed in, flour mills. In more intelligent times they had been drafted into

this business—in fact given a practical monopoly of it—for the sole reason that they were the only people who knew enough to conduct it. Now, in spite of the fact that without them the flour mills would have to be closed, they were all expelled on the plea that they were not artisans. It is to incredible idiocies of this sort that the famines in Russia are largely due. In 1887, Mr. Dering, Secretary of the British Embassy at St. Petersburg, reported that there had been "permanent famine" since 1866 in 148 out of the 625 administrative districts of Russia, and that in 71 of these alone there were 300,000 chronic paupers. It was in these districts that many of the flour mills were now closed, on account of the Crucifixion!

The public notoriety of the St. Petersburg expulsions dates from this same fateful October of 1890. They had really been going on for a year or two, but so quietly as to have escaped general notice. To this day it is practically impossible to get information about the clearance of the Jews from the capital on the Neva. I have obtained some figures to be printed in their proper place in the narrative; but they had to be compiled from the most recondite sources, and have not only never been published, but will convey novel information to the St. Petersburg Jews themselves. The truth is that the Jews of St. Petersburg have never had any organisation or cohesive bond of union. They scarcely know one another; they have never acted together. The extent to which

this is true of Moscow and other large Russian cities would amaze those who talk so glibly about the close solidarity and trades-union combinations of the Jewish communities. But it is peculiarly the case in St. Petersburg.

The then Chief of Police, General Groesser, a curious, not to say comical, despot, about whose whimsical and purely savage vagaries a volume might be written, had been quietly chasing the Jews out for a long time. Now, under the impulse of this new craze for persecution, he began to issue public orders concerning the marked men of the race. For example, on October 30 he promulgated directions that, in each case where a Hebrew was sent away for lack of residential rights, his whole family must be packed off with him.

The Minister of War, Vannoffsky, was not going to lag behind Dournovo, Groesser, and the rest in putting into action the Czar's pious feelings. Military orders were issued directing that all Jews should be driven from the Caucasus, to prevent their perverting the religious faith of the army!

At about the same time a decree from the Minister of Instruction extended to converted or baptised Jews the provisions of the previous law limiting the proportion of Jewish students to be allowed in universities. This affected a large class of the brightest young scholars in the university towns, who, for the sake of pursuing their studies, had made the sacrifice of formally accepting Christianity as it is understood in Russia. Now

most of them found their sacrifice to have been in vain—and were sharply chased back into the ghettos.

In the succeeding month, a ukase was issued ordering that in the future no Jew should be baptised unless his entire family became converts at the same time. This, it was explained, was to circumvent the device adopted in their despair by numerous Hebrew families threatened with ruin and enforced exile—viz., of sacrificing one male member of the household to the Christian font as a kind of scapegoat, and then enrolling his relatives as his servants, so that all might remain.

Concurrently it was decreed that Jews should no longer be received into the Catholic, Lutheran, or other dissenting folds, but must be baptised, if at all, into the Orthodox Church. This monopoly having been given to the Orthodox priesthood, they promptly established a probationary term of six months for would-be converts from Judaism. Up to that time anybody could be baptised immediately upon application, and many stories were afloat like that of the great banker, Horwitz, who is said to have once been warned away from the Hotel Dussaux in Moscow, and to have gone out and returned within the hour with a certificate of baptism. This swiftness of procedure was made possible by the rivalry between the Lutheran and the Orthodox pastors for baptismal fees. The moment the latter were given a monopoly they sat down and blackmailed the Jew at their leisure.

This question of the "conversion" of Jews is a most difficult one about which to secure facts in Russia. I have shown in previous chapters how strenuously Nicholas strove, alike by forcible abduction and torture and by bribes, to break down Judaism as a religion. Everybody will give you a different estimate as to results. Russians of education and position have gravely assured me that the baptised Jews greatly outnumbered those who remained in their creed, which of course is absurd nonsense. But the Russians discover and suspect Jews now everywhere, as Richard III saw ghosts in his tent on Bosworth Field. Their mania for this is like that which prompted good people in the time of Eugene Sue's "Wandering Jew" to believe that every third man was a Jesuit in disguise.

Jewish authorities, on the other hand, say that the "conversions" have been on an average only 1300 per year—or something like .002 per cent. of adults.

However this may be, the formal desertions from Judaism have been almost wholly confined to the educated classes and to residents in cities like St. Petersburg and Moscow. In this latter place, of which I saw much more than of any other Russian city, the proportion of "converts" has always been exceptionally large. The story is told there of the Lutheran Church, of which all the officials, beadles, ushers, and the like were named Blumenthal, Rosenberg, Morgenstern, and

so on, and into which, one Sunday when special services had drawn a large attendance, a Russian wag strolled with his hat on. The "baptised" dignitaries, scandalised, hurried toward him with indignant gestures. "Oh, I beg pardon," he said, looking blandly from one Semitic face to another; "I thought I was in a synagogue."

Very often, in the two great cities mentioned, one will find Hebrew families in which the parents hold by the old faith, but have had their children baptised as communicants in the English church. Where the sons are destined for commerce, this Anglican connection is especially valued. In such cases, it is hardly necessary to add that the claims of religion rest lightly on both parents and children. I encountered in the south of Russia an elderly Jewish merchant, who had lived in Alabama in slavery days, and had subsequently served in the Confederate army. In the quaintest imaginable jargon of Jiddish, German, and half-forgotten English "as she is spoke" in the cotton belt, he told me that he was himself too old to change his creed now, but that his sons were being brought up as Christians. This kindly old man was almost frantic with delight when he learned that I was a Freemason. It was many years since he had met one before, because the order is most sternly forbidden and outlawed in Russia. He wore on his watch-chain, however, the jewel of the State Lodge of Alabama, and confided to me that the Russians were far too ignorant and stupid

to ever guess that it was a masonic emblem. After this subject had come to be mentioned between us, it was absolutely impossible to get him to talk of anything else. I was eager to obtain from him information upon events in his own neighbourhood, of the present day. To my every question he would reply, "Oh, mister, the suffers is most pitiful,"—and straightway hark back to Masonry on the Mississippi "befo' the wah." He told me that, however lackadaisical some of the other brethren might be, he used to be always on hand before his lodge was opened. I recall, with a certain effect of pathos, how he assured me, with tears in his eyes, that the dream of his life was to sell out and end his days in some country where he could attend lodge meetings every afternoon. In his long solitude he had so brooded upon masonic recollections that they had come to colour all his views of nationality, religion, business, even existence itself. I shall never forget how his countenance fell when I confessed to him that in England one's lodge only met once a month, and that even then I generally forgot to attend.

The outbreak of administrative persecution, to which allusion has been made, with its gloomy background of constantly increasing rumours of fresh oppressive laws to come, stirred what remained of liberalism in Russia to protest.

The *Novosti*, now the only paper of importance which had not joined in the anti-Semitic hue and

cry, on November 6, 1890, reprinted from Katkoff's *Russian Messenger* of 1858 a curious and forgotten document, the resurrection of which came like a slap in the face to Alexander III. In that third year of the reign of his father, "the Liberator Czar," a paper called *Illustration* made some casual remark which was considered insulting to the Jews. Thereupon 147 of the best-known Russian authors, poets, journalists, professors, scientists, &c., signed a protest against offensive allusions of this kind. In this list, which the *Novosti* now reprinted, were the names of Turgenieff, Bestujeff, Kostomaroff, Kriloff, Pogodin, Katkoff, Aksakoff, and dozens of others of the first rank in the world of letters and of thought. There was grim satire in this republication of these names, which the censors saw and appreciated enough promptly to serve the *Novosti* with a first warning.

But there was something more than irony in the act. It became known that the reprinting of the 1858 protest was in the nature of an experiment preliminary to the publication of a protest of 1890, with Count Lyof Tolstoï leading the list of signatures. This new memorial was understood to be much milder in tone than the other, and to have been signed by practically all the literary and scientific lights of the empire. I say "understood," because it was never printed. The chief of the censor's office, M. Feoktistoff, sent a circular around among the Russian editors forbidding

them, under the severest penalties, to publish what he termed this "impudent and senseless" petition.

It was characteristic of Russia that this same Feoktistoff had himself signed the infinitely more vigorous protest of 1858.

This still-born petition was the last discernible sign of Russian Liberalism, so called. In the carnival of brute force which ensued—this terrible contest between autocracy and assassination which the world still watches in round-eyed amazement—the man with a petition had no place.

What is now going on in Russia is so awful that we forget how shocking the events of the winter of 1890 seemed at the time. Nihilists were being tried by scores, and sentences of life-long imprisonment or exile meted out right and left. One murder plot after another was revealed, or invented—each followed by a cloud of arrests or sequestrations. Officers high in the army and in aristocratic circles shot themselves to escape a worse fate. Universities were closed, and hundreds of students dragged off to jail.

In Poland the brute Gourko instituted a reign of terror novel even in that unhappy land. In mid-winter 14,000 Polish engineers, conductors, firemen, and mail clerks on the railways were summarily thrown out of employment, and the decree was posted up that henceforth none but Russians should be allowed to work on Polish railways. Simultaneously, 11,000 German and Austrian

subjects, clerks, salesmen, agents, and the like employed by private firms throughout Poland were expelled from the kingdom without warning and without excuse. Poles who dared to comment upon these outrageous measures were knouted to death, or marched publicly in chains off to Siberia. The huge and ever-increasing Army of Occupation—already furnishing in Poland one soldier for every twelve men, women, and children of the civic population—assumed fresh licence to plunder, maltreat, and outrage the people in imitation of their General. Poles cannot trust themselves to talk of the horrors which since Christmas of 1890 have been their portion. There are no words for these monstrous deeds. I have myself been told by eye-witnesses, by relatives of the victims, stories of the treatment of gently-nurtured Polish girls, and of dutiful and irreproachable Polish wives and mothers, which I could no more listen to with dry eyes than they could relate to me unmoved.

So the New Year came—ushering in the year of our Lord 1891—destined to be the most tragic in modern Russian history.

While rumour was still busy with those mysterious anti-Semitic laws which were to come, a scattering fire of minor decrees of persecution was maintained. During the opening months, another Minister, Manassein, Minister of Justice, joined the group who had already prostituted their departments to the savage resolution of Pobiedonostseff,

and issued an order that no more Jewish barristers should be admitted, and that those already practising should be expelled. The Jewish paper, the *Voskhod*, was suppressed. General Gourko commanded, apparently out of pure wantonness of brutality, that hereafter all Jewish recruits in Poland when sent to be examined by the inspection committees should be marched in *étape*, that is, chained together like criminals and in the company of jail-birds. There is rarely lacking a comic side to these things in Russia; in early February there was a public agitation inside the St. Petersburg Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in favour of having the Society interfere with "the cruel manner in which the Jews slaughter cattle."

It was vaguely understood at this time that one Minister, Vishnegradsky, was standing out against the final declaration of a Jewish crusade. This bright manipulator of finance, as we have seen, did not owe his advancement to Pobiedonostseff. He was the Czar's own selection. The rise of M. Vishnegradsky is curiously characteristic of his country and his race. He was the son of a poor village priest, and came up to St. Petersburg to seek his fortune with scarcely the traditional green three-rouble note in his pocket. He was fortunate enough to attract the attention of the Hebrew banker, Baron Gunzburg, and in this way engrafted himself upon the great railway and contracting projects of that sanguine period.

He had not only a smart eye for figures, but a ready tongue and a forehead of brass. Even after he had become an official, and was a wealthy man to boot, he used to be retained by Messrs. Warschoffsky, Horwitz, and other great promoters to attend meetings of railway companies and commercial organisations generally, and make speeches in favour of their interests. An occasion was mentioned to me upon which his fee for his services was 15,000 roubles.

A friend of mine in St. Petersburg, an elderly man who has known M. Vishnegradsky closely for many years, assured me that, with the possible exception of Dr. Miquel, he regarded the Russian Minister of Finance as the cleverest administrator in Europe. But in his position he does not rely upon official ability alone. "Vishnegradsky," said my friend, "is very sly. He saw that Pobiedonostseff created a great impression upon the Czar by every now and again quoting a Bible text in his conversation. Now when Vishnegradsky talks with the Czar he quotes two texts where the Procurator would only introduce one. Thus he is very strong with the Czar."

The Finance Minister need not have been so tremendously clever to discern the monetary and commercial ruin which an extreme anti-Semitic policy would involve. It can well be understood how, for the credit of his own department, he should have resisted to the last the increasing pressure of the forces of fanaticism, intolerance,

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and savage lust for plunder which the Grand Inquisitor was marshalling. For one thing, he was just bringing to a successful close a great State loan, to be negotiated by the chief Hebrew houses of Europe, a loan which should crown his administration with honour. How necessary was it, therefore, to keep quiet about the Jews!

On April 7, 1891, M. Vishnegradsky was able to announce to his Imperial master, and two days later to the public, that he had concluded arrangements with the Rothschilds, Bleichröder, and another Jewish banking-house for a loan of 600,000,000f.

One might well believe that the Czar and his Jew-baiting Ministers had been holding their hands till this announcement could be made. Almost on the morrow the blow fell.

Some weeks before, it had been announced that the Prince Dolgoroukoff, who had been Governor-General of the Province of Moscow for many years, and who was spending the winter in Paris, had retired from his office, and that his successor would be the Czar's third brother, the Grand Duke Serge.

At the time the excitement over Nihilist plots and the open turbulence of the students was so great that it was said and believed that the Czar intended to leave St. Petersburg altogether, and restore Moscow to its ancient dignity as the imperial capital. The appointment of Serge was explained on the theory that he was going to

prepare the historic seat of the Muscovy Czars against the coming of his august brother.

The true story of the appointment is quite a different affair. It has never been told in print, and it is so vitally connected at every step with the most painful aspects of the Jewish persecution that I feel no apology need be offered for briefly recounting it here.

The old Governor-General, Prince Dolgoroukoff, was a very characteristic and likeable type of the best that the ancient Russian aristocracy affords. A descendant of Rurik, the head of a family with a thousand times more noble Russian blood than flows in the Imperial veins, and which more than once has been in rivalry with the Romanoffs for the throne itself, the Prince perpetuated in his person the distinctive qualities and traits of a good boyar. Full of the sense of dignity in his descent and his office, he yet gave courteous audience daily to all, rich and poor alike, who had the slightest claim upon his time. Although by nature luxurious, perhaps indolent, he resolutely forced himself to supervision of every detail of his official duties. He was specially watchful in keeping his subordinates in place, and in sharply preventing their usurpation of the smallest iota of his powers and responsibilities. In short, he was such a Governor-General as very few Russian provinces ever had.

He was queer in other ways For one thing he was honest. Moreover, he liked to see justice

done. He was quite capable of publicly punishing and humiliating an under-official whom he caught injuring or robbing a poor man.

He had been just to the Jews, nothing more. The oppression which the law clearly dictated had been meted out to them in Moscow as elsewhere. Only Dolgoroukoff would not allow his underlings to blackmail and persecute them outside the law.

Such a great noble, not very pious, not at all servile, who was actually on amiable terms with educated and able Jews, was naturally an eyesore to Pobiedonostseff and the Jew-baiting clique. So long as he held supreme office in Moscow—the most important dignity below royalty itself—no crusade upon Israel could be successfully embarked upon. The Holy Synod marked the old Governor-General down in its black books.

The civil Governor of Moscow, Prince Golitzyn, was a man much more after the Inquisitor's heart—a dull and malignant man, who could not possibly have been given office in any other country under the sun, and in Russia only obtained it through powerful aristocratic connections. This Golitzyn had long striven, in a muddle-headed way, to distinguish himself by effusive brutality of zeal in carrying out what he imagined to be the Czar's desires. To his chagrin, no recognition had come, and Dolgoroukoff kept so vigilant a watch and curb upon him that he despaired ever being allowed to win it.

Prince Golitzyn's estate at Illinskoie marches

with that of the Grand Duke Serge, and the two men are intimate associates. It is supposed that through this arose the suggestion of Serge's taking Dolgoroukoff's place. However suggested, there was soon a powerful cabal formed to bring this result about. Various sinister figures in shady politics were brought into the intrigue—Ignatief and Suvorin among them—and it was not difficult to enlist Pobiedonostseff in it. Perhaps he invented the Hebraic pretext, which was finally agreed upon as a basis for action. At all events, M. Alexeieff, the Mayor of Moscow, wrote a letter to Pobiedonostseff declaring that there were 120,000 Jews in Moscow (there never were over 30,000), that they were ruining religion, sapping loyalty, and destroying trade, and that they had evidently bribed Dolgoroukoff to acquiesce in all their scoundrelly schemes.

Pobiedonostseff showed this letter to the Czar, and so played upon his suspicion of dishonest officials, his aversion to the Jews, and his desire to give his brother some show of usefulness in the State, that the appointment of Serge was secured. This desire is intelligible enough, since the problem of what to do with the ever-multiplying swarm of Grand Dukes lies very heavily upon the Czar's mind. There are at the present writing not less than twenty-four of these princes of the blood. Each upon his birth has set aside a certain sum, partly family property, partly from the public funds, which will have grown by compound in-

terest to the capital amount of 2,000,000 roubles by the time he attains his majority. Alexander III has a provident mind, and early in his reign occupied himself with devising means of combating this Grand-ducal scourge. By a family statute of July 1886, he ordained that hereafter the title of Grand Duke should not descend beyond the grandson of a reigning Czar, and at the same time he greatly increased the difficulties in the way of Grand Dukes marrying. Morganatic marriages are sternly forbidden, and the Imperial consent to other alliances is given in a grudging fashion. But it still is not likely that Serge would have been given such an important post, had not the intrigue against his predecessor been so astutely mixed up with the Jewish question.

This base device of blackening Prince Dolgoroukoff's character is still employed, despite the fact that the octogenarian Governor-General died in Paris very shortly after his enforced resignation. To this day every Russian official has at his tongue's end the malicious lie that Dolgoroukoff was in the pay of the Jews, and continually borrowed large sums from Lazarus Poliakoff, which he was never asked to repay, to discharge the interest on his enormous debts.

The falsehood is as foolish as it is mean. Prince Dolgoroukoff lived and died a very wealthy man. One estate alone of the several he possessed yielded an annual income of 46,000 roubles. At the time of his death he had a current deposit

of 70,000 roubles in a single Moscow bank. These are facts within my own knowledge.

The Grand Duke Serge—a scrawny, hollow-eyed, narrow-browed man of thirty-five, everywhere throughout European Courts known to be the least intelligent and respectable Romanoff since the time of Paul, and in Russia familiarly called by a name which involves offences hardly to be hinted at in type—was in March gazetted as the new Governor-General of Moscow.

There is the greatest difficulty in speaking fittingly of this person. A writer in the Pompeian decadence might have shrunk from saying all there is to be said about Serge. There are men in the mines in Siberia, or were a few years ago, who were exiled by the old Czar for having been associated with this son of his in conduct of the most debased and abominable sort. There is no mystery about this in Russia. Everybody knows who is meant when "the classic" is mentioned. No one ever professes doubt as to the man's character and habits. English-speaking peoples have become more familiar with his name than with that of any other Romanoff prince, for the reason that, in 1884, he married a Hessian princess, the daughter of the late Princess Alice. This childless lady remains a wife only in name. Nothing could be more tragically pitiful than the way in which, a couple of years ago, she was prevailed upon to join the Greek church, on the assurance of Serge's chaplain and of Count

Stenbock-Fermer, his Intendant, that her nominal husband would alter his demeanour toward her once she was in the Orthodox fold. It is known that Abbot John of Cronstadt, the most important religious figure in Russia, had the courage to ask her if her "conversion" was not obtained under these abhorrent circumstances, and was fiercely warned by the Czar to mind his own business. It is needless to say that the pledges thus given were not kept. Serge continues the unspeakable thing he was, and is hissed by the populace on the rare occasions when he appears in public in Moscow.

It was to "purify" the city for the entry of this obscene simpleton that the Cossacks and police made that famous midnight descent upon the poor Jewish quarter in Moscow which ushered in the new persecution. How this first raid, recalling nothing else so much as an attack by savages upon a frontier settlement in American colonial days, was followed by the inhuman sacking and clearing of an entire suburban district; how there came the edicts, sentencing practically the whole Jewish population of Moscow to exile and beggary; how thick and fast thereafter succeeded the ukases which have turned every part of Russia into a hell of torment to an entire race—this is what remains to be told.

CHAPTER XI

HOLY MOSCOW'S TRAGIC PASSOVER

To even begin to comprehend Russia, one must have seen Moscow. Viewed solely as a spectacle, I should think there is nothing else in the world more remarkable. Considered as the key to the strange, baffling enigma of the retrogressive Tartar Empire in Europe, it furnishes the most fascinating and enthralling of studies. Frankly, Moscow ought to have a book by itself. To compress mention of it into a few paragraphs confronts me as a necessity, which is also a grief.

This weird, Arabian Night's dream of a metropolis conveys to eye and mind alike the impression of being lost on the map—of having strayed a thousand miles or so westward out of its reckoning. The spectator from the cupola of Ivan's tower beholds a vast barbaric encampment sprawling over a space which a London might occupy—a veritable Asiatic city of white and pale red walls, low, green roofs, Oriental gardens, and still more Oriental domes and minarets. These domes rise on every side—to the number, they say, of nearly 2000—some green or blue, some glowing with burnished gold, like poppy-heads and ox-eyed

daisies above a field of mixed clover. At intervals tall slender towers lift themselves up like palms, to flower at the top in a lacework of engirdling balcony. Around this a man is for ever walking, day and night, to watch for fires—just as they were doing in Bokhara a thousand years ago.

In the centre of all, high-banked upon the riverside, looms the historic Kremlin, with its Tartar name, its white-and-gold mosques dating from remote pre-Tartar times, and its huge red palace, built by that modern Tartar, Nicholas, less than fifty years back, yet looking more savage than all the rest.

Gazing upon this spectacle, one forgets that he is only a thirty hours' ride from German soil. He seems immeasurably nearer to Samarcand than to any civilised portion of the globe.

And this is what Moscow feels. Its interests and its affections turn ever eastward.

St. Petersburg by comparison is a pitiful thing —a dreary, commonplace, pretentious imitation of alien standards, with wide, empty streets, huge, desolate-looking palaces, and a sparse population which seems no more at home than does an Ogallalla chief in a silk hat. St. Petersburg represents what the Czars have desired that Russia should pretend to be. Moscow represents what Russia really is.

Moscow has little that is characteristic to show of the times since Ivan the Terrible. It is true that the Romanoffs came from the neighbourhood

—their mediæval boyar residence in the Varvarka is still a sight for tourists—but two of their three generations, what with establishing a dynasty, waging foreign wars, and fighting the Nikon schism, had no time for building, and Peter the Great built a capital for himself on the Neva instead. Moscow, too, bore scarcely any part in the European masquerade begun by Peter, which was sunk into an orgy by his widow, niece, daughter, and idiot grandson, and lifted into a tragedy by the Ascanien wife of this fool. Moscow through all this century of neglect and desertion held its peace with true Eastern patience. When the time of sacrifice came, it burned itself on the altar without reluctance, without hesitation. All that is truly fine in barbarism shines in the history of Moscow.

As one would expect, it is in Moscow that the lamp of Pan-Slavism has been kept alight. It has been the home of successive generations of national spokesmen and leaders who ceased not to protest against the Court effort to Germanise Russia. It was here that Aksakoff uttered the famous watch-words of the reactionary party, "It is time to go home!" Here, too, only a few years ago, the Mayor, M. Alexeieff, made the celebrated speech about planting the double-cross of the Greek orthodoxy upon the Mosque of St. Sophia in Constantinople.

The people of Moscow live almost without newspapers, or, better, without European news.

Scarcely a breath of the outside Western world touches them. The untravelled among them have only the vaguest and most childlike notions about Berlin, Vienna, or London; and these notions, when they are not indifferent, are profoundly contemptuous. Their devotion to their barbaric Church, its ritual, its fast-days, and its miracle-working ikons, puts to shame the perfunctory observances of St. Petersburg. They think of the Protestants and Catholics of Europe as mere unimportant sects. They feel themselves to be, as they are, the citizens of Russia's true autocratic and ecclesiastical capital. They never doubt that in good time the Czar and the Holy Synod, sick of the vanities and poor Western imitations of St. Petersburg, will return to their real home, Holy Moscow.

Moscow has much the same feeling toward the Jews that the Emirs of Bokhara might have—that is, one of contemptuous tolerance in good-humoured times, of grim ferocity when the ugly mood is on. The mere suggestion that the Czar and the Holy Synod actively disliked them would be enough to provoke a persecution. These Moscovians, however, would have no thought of a fear of consequences such as might deter the Bokharan despot. They are proudly incredulous of Europe's power to make them afraid. Once, indeed, the French, under the mighty Napoleon, did reach the Holy City and stable their horses in St. Basil's; but the result of this invasion is such an

awful landmark in history that the Moscow imagination never conceives the possibility of its repetition.

Hence, when it becomes known in Moscow that Western Europe, and particularly that meddlesome part of it presided over by the Lord Mayor of London, is protesting against something which Moscow is doing, the news impels Moscow promptly to do that something with increased fervour and energy.

As Moscow is the heart, the core, of the real Russia, so her treatment of the Jews during this terrible year 1891 most truly typifies the persecution throughout the empire. As was said at the outset, it would require many big volumes adequately to present the history of this persecution. It is not within my power or the proper scope of this work to tell the tithe of what happened in Moscow alone. But I have chosen to dwell at greatest lengths upon the events in Moscow, because it is here that one gets the clearest view of the foul hypocrisy, the meanness, the stupidity, and the savagery which have all over Russia marked this latest crusade.

In other places, too, it has been possible for an apologist to plead in extenuation that the brutality and violence were the work of the small local authorities, and that it was unjust to hold the Imperial Government responsible for the acts of obscure and remote agents. But in Moscow, as I have shown, the conspiracy began upon the very steps of the throne. A brother of the Czar

was made the stalking-horse of the plot to defame and dispossess an honest and tolerant Governor-General and to establish the Jew baiters in power. The Holy Synod openly proclaimed the necessity of "purifying" Moscow from the presence of Jews before the Imperial Grand Duke Serge entered upon his office.

Whatever may be said of the persecution elsewhere, there is no difficulty in fixing direct responsibility for the unspeakable events of Moscow upon Pobiedonostseff, Dournovo, and Alexander III.

The general theory among the Moscow Jews is that in March 1891 they numbered about 30,000. It is very difficult to get at the facts. As has been said, the Mayor of Moscow, in a letter to Pobiedonostseff, unblushingly placed their number at 120,000. The man upon whose information and candour I relied most of all in Moscow gave me the following estimate, which is somewhat lower than that popularly made, but may be accepted as approximately correct:

City of Moscow.

Legal Divisions.	Families.	Souls.
A. Artisans and poorer classes; two-thirds of whom were expelled from March–June 1891	3,500	17,500
B. "Circular" people; expulsions now going on	800	4,000
*C. Merchants of the First Guild	120	700
*D. Professional and higher education	200	800
Total	4,620	23,000

* Not touched as yet.

Province of Moscow.

Legal Divisions.	Families.	Souls.
E. Suburb of Marina Rostscha; extremely poor people	400	2,400
F. Rest of province; all classes . .	500	2,600
Grand total . . .	5,520	28,000

The distinction between the city proper and the province is important, because within the former the Cossack Chief of Police, Yourkoffsky, was supreme, whereas in the suburbs and elsewhere throughout the district Prince Golitzyn is responsible for what has been done. It is with reference to the latter in particular that documents exist which will come as a surprise, I venture to think, to the civilised world.

During the month of March, General Kostanda, a Greek born in Odessa, and then commandant of the troops in the Province of Moscow, was summoned to St. Petersburg to receive the edict appointing the Grand Duke Serge Governor-General, and get his own authorisation to act as *locum tenens* until the Prince should take up his new post. General Kostanda, a decent wooden man, returned to Moscow wearing a long face. To a police officer who met him at the station he gloomily confided the fact that he had orders to settle the Jewish question in Moscow before Easter.

Within sight of the walls of the Kremlin—hemmed in away from the river, between that sprawling palace enclosure and the famous Found-

ling Hospital—lies one of the most deplorable slums which any of the world's great cities contains. It is the Zariadie quarter, and was the home of most of Moscow's poorer Jews. Here in huge *podvories*, or houses serving at once as tenements for the swarm of resident occupiers, and as furnished apartment dwellings for Jews coming into Moscow on temporary business, lived many thousands of the Hebrew colony—at least half of the city's Israelitish population. These *podvories* all have distinctive names. The largest of them, the Glebovskaya Podvoryeh, has a melancholy fame in the local history of the Moscow Jews. To this vast rickety old hive every strange Hebrew entering Holy Moscow used to be escorted from the city gate by mounted Cossacks; here he was compelled to live during the three days of his allotted stay. It seems incredible, but there can be no real doubt that two years ago between 2500 and 3000 Jews of all ages were domiciled in this one building. It is the property of the Moscow Eye Hospital, and the lessee, himself a Jew, enjoyed from it an annual income of 25,000 roubles. Now he has thrown up his lease in despair, and the great edifice is entirely tenantless.

A few days after General Kostanda's return, this whole Zariadie quarter was surrounded at midnight by the police, the mounted Cossacks who serve under police control, and even the city firemen. Strong forces were posted on the Moskvaretsk and Ustinsky bridges, to prevent escape to

the right bank of the river, and all the streets and passages leading to the Ilyinka were closely guarded. Then, under Yourkoffsky's personal supervision, the whole quarter was ransacked, apartments forced open, doors smashed, every bedroom without exception searched, and every living soul, men, women and children, routed out for examination as to their passports. The indignities which the women, young and old alike, underwent at the hands of the Cossacks may not be described.

As a result, over 700 men, women and children were dragged at dead of night through the streets to the *outchastoks* or police stations. They were not even given time to dress themselves, and they were kept in this noisome and overcrowded confinement for thirty-six hours, almost all without food, and some without water as well. Of these unhappy people, thus driven from their beds, and haled off to prison in the wintry darkness, some were afterward marched away by *étape*, that is, chained together with criminals and forced along the roads by Cossacks. A few were bribed out of confinement; the rest were summarily shipped to the Pale. To-day they are scattered—who knows where?—over the whole face of the earth. They were chiefly artisans and petty traders. There was no charge of criminality or of leading an evil life against any of them. They were arrested and banished whether their passports were in order or not, and with them, alike to the *outchastoks* and into exile went their children and womenkind.

THE COSSACK, GEN. YOURKOFFSKY
(Late Chief of Police of Moscow)

With the exception of a partial account in the *Moskovsk Viedomosti* of April 9, 1891, nothing was ever printed about this astonishing event save a note in the St. Petersburg papers of April 12, which was transmitted to the continental press as well, stating briefly that "150 Jews had been arrested in Moscow." This is worth noting, because it is the only reference to the Moscow barbarities which has ever been permitted to appear in the Russian press from that day to this. It also has a value as a characteristic example of Russian veracity. The number of frightened wretches thus descended upon and dragged from their homes was in reality about five times as great as was stated.

Startling as the number is, it would have been much larger but for a fortuitous accident. One of the police officers, who knew in advance of this barbarous project, happened to be a baptised Jew. He risked Siberia to save the friendless people of his blood. His first recourse was to send a warning note to the Rabbi, but the latter was attending a wedding somewhere and could not be found. Then the police agent sent a man in a cab to notify Jewish shopkeepers whom he could trust not to betray him. In this way a large number were warned, and did not go home that night.

It may be imagined that the tidings of this outrage filled the Jewish community of Moscow with consternation. Perhaps that is too strong a

word. Israel is an inveterate optimist—and more so in Moscow than elsewhere in Russia. I could not learn during my visit in July and August that this first stroke at the poor defenceless wretches in the Glebovskaya Podvoryeh brought any definite consciousness of approaching mischief to the better protected classes of Moscow Jews. As the progressive blows were struck, they found each grade in the Hebraic social formation quite taken by surprise—quite unprepared by the misfortunes of a poorer class for its own calamity. To this day there are numbers of Jewish merchants of the First Guild in the large Russian cities who will not believe it possible that the Russian Government—though it has broken its faith with everybody else—can ever turn against them.

Moreover, the Jewish community in Moscow was almost completely lacking in organisation. We habitually think of the Israelitish element in every town as being so closely welded together in bonds of common interest, sympathy, and ambition that it overbears and breaks down the scattering competition of outsiders. This notion is more or less at fault in every civilised country. It is not true even of Moscow.

On the Bourse there, for example, I found Jewish merchants of the First Guild who had lived in Moscow for a dozen years or more, yet who barely knew each other by sight, and in two cases, I remember, not even by name. The explanation is that, under Dolgoroukoff's lenient

rule, their race and religious barriers had fallen away, and they had formed associations with Christians instead. They came, too, from different parts of the empire or of Europe; their children in many cases were baptised, and they avoided intimate Jewish connections on their account. The Jewish community in Moscow spent 125,000 roubles annually in charity, but the sum was contributed by a very small number of individuals. During the terrible spring and summer of 1891 only 27,000 roubles could be raised among them for relief of the sufferers, railway tickets, &c. This must not be put down to niggardliness. On May 10 the *Novoe Vremya* declared there were 65,000,000 roubles' worth of bills on Moscow Jews in banks or in private hands which no one would accept or pay.

All the same, this midnight descent on the Jewish quarter sent a thrill through the whole body. It could not be believed that the thing was done with authority, and protests and appeals were filed, as if there was still a reign of reason and justice.

The merchants of the First Guild were not long suffered, however, to remain under this delusion. I have already explained how, under the law that each merchant might "take with himself" into the interior as many Jewish clerks as he needed, it became a not uncommon thing for artisans and small traders to settle in towns, nominally as clerks of some big Jewish merchants, but really

doing business for themselves. I do not think there was much of this in Moscow. Indeed, the old Governor-General, Prince Dolgoroukoff, interpreted the word "need" so literally that he never granted permission to a Jewish merchant to employ a new Jewish clerk without referring the question whether it was "needful" to M. Naidianoff, President of the Bourse Committee, who ever since 1885 had invariably answered no. This, by the way, furnishes an interesting comment upon the stories of Dolgoroukoff's subserviency to the Jews.

But now of a sudden the Moscow officials discovered a new construction of the phrase "may take with himself." They began an investigating tour of the offices and counting-rooms of the Jewish merchants of the First Guild. Every clerk who could not prove that his employer had personally conducted him from his home in the Pale to his present place of labour, was given abrupt orders to get out. Many of the men thus put under sentence of banishment or ruin—for what could clerks do in the Pale?—had lived in Moscow more than half their lives, and were well-known and popular citizens. One old clerk in the Moscow-Riazan Bank, thus expelled with his family, had held his place and his residence in Moscow for thirty-two years!

For some weeks the police kept up a system of midnight descents upon the various podvories, not only in the Zariadie quarter, but elsewhere, as

in Solianka, Staraia, and Ploschtchad streets. This running fire of irregular persecution, however, touching only the poorest classes as it did, was merely an overture to the real performance.

The first two days of the Passover, in April of 1891, will never be forgotten while the Jews remember Russia.

It is said to be to the felicitous invention of M. Alexeieff, Mayor of Moscow, that these days owe their sinister renown. I saw that burly, swart, round-headed, heavy-jowled barbarian driving in his *troika* with Admiral Gervais, and he did not look as if he had ever invented anything. He is a man of forty-five, and inherited great wealth and a large mercantile business from his father. The Jews lay stress upon the fact that his mother was a Greek—of a race which they hold in peculiar terror and aversion. He is an ambitious demagogue, who ostentatiously divides the Mayor's salary of 7000 roubles among the clerks in the office, and himself spends from 100,000 to 120,000 roubles in entertainments and municipal ceremonies annually. The year 1891 is said to have cost him 160,000, owing to his bringing all the officers of the French fleet from Cronstadt to Moscow, entertaining them at the principal hotel four days, and sending them back as they came, by special train, all at his own expense.

The fact that the old Governor-General had steadfastly resented this spread-eagleism, and done all he could to prevent the Mayor from posing as

the master of Moscow, furnished Alexeieff's chief reason for joining the conspiracy against Prince Dolgoroukoff. The same motive changed him from an effusive, not to say loud-mouthed, defender of the Jews in Alexander II.'s reign into the most vehement and relentless Jew baiter to be found anywhere in the dominions of Alexander III.

He burned to distinguish himself at the very outset of the Grand Duke Serge's régime by a more ingenious device of torture for Jews than had yet occurred to any other anti-Semite. The Levantine half of him prompted this peculiarly Oriental piece of brutal cunning.

An imperial edict had finally been secured a few days before, which swept away all the rights of residence in Moscow given by the law of 1865 to Jewish artisans and handicraftsmen. This decree was in the hands of the Moscow authorities some time before the Passover. It was Alexeieff's idea to withhold it for a little and have some sport.

On the first day of the Passover, after the Jews had assembled in their synagogue, whispered word was passed round of a ukase just promulgated which would hereafter make it difficult for more Hebrews to come and settle in Moscow. Later comers brought the text of this decree. It was but a line or so, ordaining, in substance, that "all Jewish artisans, small traders, publicans &c., are forbidden to enter Moscow and the

Province of Moscow." It was dated March 28 (O.S.).

It is true that this came as a surprise, but the Jews gathered together in celebration of the paschal sacrifice did not, perhaps, regard it as an unmixed evil. Under the circumstances, with a hostile spirit plainly gaining force at St. Petersburg, and with the memory of the previous week's midnight arrests in their minds, it was natural that they should feel that there were already quite enough Jews in Moscow.

The next day, the second of the Passover, came what seemed at first to be another edict. It also bore date of March 28 (O.S.), and it said simply: "The Minister of the Interior, in connection with His Imperial Highness the Governor-General of Moscow, will straightway consider and adopt measures to secure the removal of the 'above-named Jews' from Moscow and the Province of Moscow."

"Above-named Jews"? The puzzled community gazed at the words in bewilderment. Then a terrible light shone upon the paper. The two decrees were really parts of one edict. Yes! They bore the same date! The phrase "above-named," in the second, could only refer to the category enumerated in the first. They had been separated, and doled out on different days, in a refinement of savage cruelty. The laws of 1865 were annulled!

A shriek of dismay went up, drowning the

chant of the festival. Women swarmed screaming through the narrow streets to the synagogue. In thousands of homes parents looked at each other over the heads of their children with blanched faces—and, even as they gazed, heard the hoofs of the Cossacks' horses on the stones outside.

CHAPTER XII

MARINA ROSTSCHA AND THE "CIRCULARS"

A DOZEN years ago a birch forest came up almost to the very gates of Moscow along the city's northern line. It was called Marina Rostscha, and this name was given to the residential suburb which, shortly after the war, began to extend itself beyond the municipal border. The first to discover this northern outlet were well-to-do citizens—everywhere in Russia as in the United States on the look-out for rural spots in which to build summer cottages—and their comfortable wooden villas now line the main road for some miles beyond the city limit. The forest has dwindled here into scattered groves of small trees, through the verdure of which may be discerned still other and more secluded rustic summer houses.

In a remote part of this straggling wood some Russian speculators of the humbler sort eight years ago built a village of little houses—they might even better be called hovels—and rented them to Jews who were too poor to pay police blackmail for the privilege of living in Moscow itself. At the Passover time of 1891 it is said

that 400 Hebrew families were huddled in this squalid hamlet. They were perhaps the most hopelessly poverty-stricken creatures in the whole province, but they at least had homes of their own—that peculiarly racial ambition which everywhere, under the most adverse and trying conditions, the Jewish people toil to gratify.

Like the very poor in every community, these households hidden away in the forest were rich in children. The families here were to be computed, I was informed, at the high average of six members each.

I made a pilgrimage to this now historic place on a rainy day in August of 1891. Three Greek cemeteries lie upon this northern border of the town—the largest of them just within the city bounds, the others outside. After you have passed these burial-grounds Marina Rostscha begins, but there is a long drive through a comparatively open district before our part of the woods is reached.

No more depressing spectacle can well be conceived. The white-stemmed birches, which lend an indescribably sad aspect to all North Russian scenery, drooped their delicate boughs like weeping willows and shuddered in the rain. The pale green masses of distant foliage lost their outlines in the gloomy grey mist exhaled by the drenched earth. Little disused lanes, all deep mud and puddles, here and there branched from the chief thoroughfare to pierce the bosky thicket, and

where these cut a way through the trees the eye caught vistas of rude roadside shanties, which had once been homes, and now were but a forlorn and ugly part of the picture of desolation.

Somewhere in this rain-soaked and deserted wilderness I was told there were a dozen or more families of Jews still living in their cabins. I could not find them. We drove in and out for what seemed to be several miles without seeing a soul. In one of the lanes, finally, we came upon two Jews, an old, long-bearded man in cap and caftan, and a young fellow who looked to be in an advanced stage of consumption, dragging through the deep mire a truck laden with household goods. Some time before a big and rather foolish-looking vagrant dog had attached himself to us, and was following along after my droschky. The two Jews left their cart as we approached and withdrew to a safe distance until we had passed. My *iswostchik* laughed till the tears ran down his face as he explained to me, by pantomime and the few German words he knew, how the Jews were always in mortal terror of dogs. Volumes could not have better told the tale of a hunted race.

The story of the clearing of Marina Rostscha is perhaps the most cruel and repellent episode in the whole record of that spring's barbarities.

As I have said, the Jews living here were of the lowliest class—artisans, petty traders, and street hawkers, porters, and day labourers. They

had congregated here, it is true, to avoid the police, but this involves no suggestion of wrong-doing on their part. Their object in getting as far away as possible from the police, was not that they were criminals, but that they could not raise the money to pay them for permission to live unmolested in the town. There is no record of an arrest ever having been made among the Jews of Marina Rostscha for a criminal offence. The heads of families—all the men, in fact—went daily to Moscow to work, returning in the evening to their homes. Some of their children came in to the technical or handcraft school maintained by the Jewish community of Moscow. Most of them, however, studied their primers and elementary books at home.

Of a sudden, without warning, on an inclement wintry night, a troop of police and Cossacks surrounded this out-of-the-way country suburb, and, forming an engirdling cordon, proceeded to carry out Prince Golitzyn's written order to expel the entire community!

This order was executed with what even Russians regarded as incredible brutality. The lights had been extinguished in almost every house, and the unsuspecting people were asleep. They were awakened by the crash of their doors being broken open, and the boisterous entrance of Cossacks, with torches and drawn swords. The terrified inmates were routed out, and driven with blows and curses into the night,

without being given time even to dress. They snatched such garments as they could and ran. The tales that are told are too harrowing to dwell upon. At least 300 families were thus dragged from their beds, and chased out into the wintry darkness on this first night's raid. Barefooted, half-naked, frightened out of their senses, these outcasts wandered helplessly through the black woods, moaning in their misery, or raising shouts in the effort to keep together.

Some of them, at last, were able to build fires in the forest, and gather around these the old and infirm, and the women with nursing babes at their breasts, or little children, who had made their way thus far with bare feet over the snow and frozen ground. The soldiers pursued them hither and stamped out these fires!

Others did not stop in their flight until they had reached the cemeteries, lying just outside the town. Here they found refuge, and, crouching for shelter among the tombstones, waited for morning. Here, when the mocking daylight came, it gilded pictures of anguish and horror which one may not attempt to describe. Take only this one little sketch from the panorama of suffering: it is the figure of a woman—by name Epstein—who, fleeing from her invaded home through the night, became separated from her husband and son, and made her way alone to the Miuski Orthodox cemetery. She is found by the morning light, lying insensible on the frosted

grass among the graves. Beside her is a dead child, to which she had given birth during the dreadful night.

No allusion to this amazing event has ever appeared in any Russian paper. There was no editor who dared so much as to mention it. Although many deaths resulted, directly and indirectly, from the terrible shock and exposure of that night, there were no inquests, no investigations, no official reports.

News of the outrage did spread through Russia, by letters and by word of mouth, and some of the details found their way into the foreign press. Even the Russians were shocked, or at least annoyed, by the gratuitous savagery of the thing. In July M. Pobiedonostseff, speaking to Mr. Arnold White on the subject, said everybody deplored the violence shown by the "late" Chief of Police in the Marina Rostscha evictions. This characteristic lie implied that the Chief of Police had either died or been removed. Neither was the case. The Cossack Yourkoffsky, who came to Moscow from the Kouban, whip in hand, an illiterate, uncivilised, menial police bully, and who worked his way up to mastery by dint of sheer brute cheek, was Chief of Police then, and continued to be until the beginning of this present year 1892, when he was superseded for complicity in a scheme of plunder, by forgery and embezzlement, which was on too magnificent a scale for even Russia to pass unnoticed. That

his loss of office and disgrace had nothing to do with the Jewish question, is evident from the fact that his successor, Vlassoffsky, is an even more celebrated Jew baiter, and won his promotion by excelling all previous records of harsh brutality, in the clearance at Riga. It was he who confiscated 12,000 roubles belonging to a Jewish charitable society (although it had a ministerial permit), on the ground that its relief books contained no Christian names. This same Vlassoffsky it was who, wearied of the trouble of arresting the Jews of Riga in their houses, authorised their seizure on the streets, and gave five roubles reward to a *gorodovoi*, who, on bringing a prisoner in, said he knew he was a Jew by his nose.

The raid through the forest was continued next day, and for the following week, to find the scattered and isolated houses which had been neglected on the first descent. The refugees were given three days in which to sell all their goods and get out of the province. From this condition to absolute spoliation was but a step. At these "sales," out in the woods, chairs were sold for a penny apiece; beds went for sixpence. No one obtained money enough to buy a railway ticket to the Pale. The reign of terror lasted until all but some dozen or fifteen families of the whole 400 had been driven from their homes. Then an English lady, resident in Moscow, was able by intercession with her bosom friend, the wife

of one of the Moscow officials, to secure a respite for the miserable remnant. These are the people whom I looked for and was unable to find last year. I am told that they, too, have gone now.

I have dwelt at length upon the barbarities of Marina Rostscha, because there they were exhibited on a circumscribed stage, and can be grasped in something like their entirety. It is hopeless to give an equally complete notion of what happened in the big city of Moscow simultaneously. All that can be said is that there were many hundreds of similar domiciliary descents, alike by day and by night, and that hundreds of families were as ruthlessly turned out on the streets as any of the sufferers in the forest suburb. The stories of individual affliction could be given here by scores. One distracted Jewish girl, an eighteen-year-old seamstress, named Malka Usilevna Chasgorine, who had come to Moscow from the village of Gradiansk, in Mohilef, being chased from her lodgings and refused food or refuge because she was a Jewess, threw herself into the river. She was rescued by a moujik, and kindly Christians made up a purse to enable her to leave town. There were two perfectly authenticated cases of young Jewish girls of respectable families and unblemished character, who adopted the desperate device of registering themselves as prostitutes, in order to be allowed to remain with their aged parents in the city where they were born!

Many instances could be cited where whole families for weeks feared to sleep at night in their own homes, but walked about in the suburbs until morning, or, worse still, took refuge in the bagnios and "bath-houses" which are the resort to Moscow's vilest elements—and were, in consequence, safe from police interference.

For this new crusade spared no one. Though the head of the family possessed the qualifications necessary for residence, it was now held that this did not extend to his children who were grown up. The police were the sole judges as to whether they were grown up or not.

As to that, the police were the sole judges of everything. They sent out many people who had a perfect legal right to remain. Mr. Friedland, a civil engineer, and Miss Seldowicz, a certificated physician, were both protected, nominally, by their professional degrees. That mattered nothing at all. The former, indeed, appealed to Yourkoffsky, and was ordered to leave within ten hours on penalty of being sent by *étape*.

In dozens of other towns in Central Russia—Kaluga, Tula, Ribinsk, Podolsk, and the like—clearances marked by the same brutality and the same savage disregard for law or decency went on in this Easter week. All over the empire the Jewish communities trembled at the startling news each day brought them, and looked to a tragic morrow for themselves.

In St. Petersburg General Grœsser filled all the

railway stations with police, to detect and arrest travellers suspected of being fugitive Jews from Moscow and the interior. At the same time he issued an order under which most of the Jews living in the capital were to leave by May 3.

Suddenly it was announced that the expulsions had ceased. The first statement to this effect was officially suggested to the correspondent in St. Petersburg on May 5. The next day some of the inspired journals contained hints that the whole anti-Jewish policy would probably be abandoned.

Nobody seems to have guessed for the moment what this apparent abrupt *volte face* meant. In some quarters it was even supposed that Russia had seen the folly and inhumanity of its course, and repented.

In a couple of days, however, strong light was thrown upon this puzzling enigma by the announcement that Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, the head of the Paris house, had decided to withdraw from that Russian loan of 600,000,000f. which was supposed to have been settled the previous month.* It turns out now that he notified the Russian Ministry of Finance of this decision on May 2. The ensuing declarations, that the Jewish expulsions had ceased, and were not to begin again, had no grain of truth whatever. They represented merely the Russian officials' desire to throw dust in the keen eyes of

* See p. 185.

the Rothschilds, and lure them and the other great Jewish houses into going on with the loan. Even after the reported failure of the loan, and the consequent tumble of Russian securities on the Bourses, the St. Petersburg papers, and the Russian Embassies in various Continental capitals, kept alive the false report that the Rothschilds had not really declined, and that the loan was only delayed, not lost.

When this pretence could no longer be maintained, disguise was abandoned swiftly enough. On May 11 the *Novoe Vremya* launched a bitter and half-crazy attack against the Rothschilds, insinuating that their adoption of the Jewish pretext was a mere blind to cover their insolvency, and demanding immediate vengeance upon all the Jews in Russia. The *Grashdanin* and other anti-Semitic papers joined the hue and cry at full yelp. The Moscow *Gazette*, in this fierce delirium of passion, invented the remarkable theory that the Jews were polygamists, and urged that the police should forthwith take over custody of the Hebrew marriage rolls kept by the rabbis in the synagogues.

The persecution, despite official hints and statements, had never stopped at all. It may well be that the Finance Minister, Vishnegradsky, tried to stop it, at least until the loan was realised. There is no doubt whatever of his intense disgust at seeing the Rothschilds and Bleichroders driven away from his bait just at the critical moment by

the hair-brained fanatics and knaves in control. He was, and is, by no means alone in this disgust. I talked with many Russian merchants and men of affairs on this subject. They rarely expressed concern about the sufferings of the Jews. They were unanimous in deploring the stupidity which had precipitated their sufferings before the loan had been actually secured.

On May 17, the Grand Duke Serge made his formal entry into Moscow. At his side was his wife, the pale and sad-faced Hessian Princess, who is a granddaughter of the English Queen, and who had only recently been dragooned into pretending conversion to the Greek Orthodox Church. Nothing could be at once more pathetic and more revolting than the true story of that "conversion." The marriage, so called, took place in 1884. Very soon thereafter those circles in Germany and England which first catch gossip as it filters down from royalty itself, began to be stirred by strange rumours of a terrible nature concerning the bride's unhappiness. It was not long before the Princess left her unspeakable husband, revealing to her relatives as her justification a story of his infamy which cannot be suggested in print. These relatives, or some of them, persuaded her to reconsider her action. Pressure was exerted from the highest quarters in St. Petersburg, and in more than one other great capital, and the Princess Elizabeth finally with reluctance returned. It is universally alleged and believed in Russia

that two of Serge's favourites, his chaplain and his intendant, Count Stenbock-Fermer, worked upon the credulity of this virgin wife by assuring her that her husband's neglect was due solely to her religious heresy, and that everything would be changed if she accepted the Orthodox faith. When she at last consented, there were special references made in sermons and Church papers to the certainty that the saints would now bless her with children.

The Jews of Moscow saw this couple—the half-witted and obscene Prince and the Princess who had protested to John of Cronstadt and to her relatives against the mockery of her "conversion" —ride in state through the Holy City to the Iverskaya Chasovnia, and prostrate themselves under the Ikon of the Iberian Mother of God before entering the Kremlin. Conceive the bitterness of the reflection in the minds of these Jews—that it was avowedly to purify Moscow for this pair that they and their children were being torn from their homes and sent to wander as outcasts over the face of the earth!

A fortnight later the Czar himself came to Moscow with his wife and family, on their way to the Crimea. A Jewish veteran named Israel Deyel, a corporal in the reserves, had written a most pathetic petition* that at least the Hebrew soldiers who had served their time might be allowed to remain in the city of their birth. It is

* See Appendix A.

known that the Czar actually saw this petition. It is known also that Deyel was sent to prison, and that the expulsions now proceeded more fiercely than ever.

Up to the 23rd of July 1891, when the funds of the Moscow committee had become exhausted, nearly 27,000 roubles had been expended and 2365 railway tickets purchased. As children travel free, this latter figure by no means measures even the assisted part of the exodus. If we put the children for whose elders tickets were bought at the low number of 635, it would give us 3000 people who needed assistance to get out of the town. The committee estimated that about one in four of the Jews quitting Moscow had to apply for help. This would raise the number of refugees, from March up to the latter part of July 1891, to 12,000. Doubtless that estimate closely approximates the truth.

I have described with some minuteness the classes which made up these first 12,000 exiles. There was a sprinkling of well-to-do people among them, but the vast majority were artisans, managers of small workshops, and others to whom this sudden enforced expulsion meant ruin.

To be compelled thus without preparation all at once to sell everything and get out—and that in a hostile town where no Christian would pay the debts he owed a Jew or buy his goods for more than the merest pittance—did literally involve ruin. A case came under my personal observa-

tion—that of a Hebrew joiner, some of whose excellent work I saw in the house of a friend—a hard-working, temperate man, who had been living by his trade in Moscow for twenty years. He had a large family and practically no savings. The few roubles he had put by went through May and June to keep the police quiet. In July, when he could pay no more backsheesh, he was brusquely given ten days in which to leave. His household effects were worth perhaps $100. He was able to sell them for $4. I speak of my own knowledge, because I saw the man quit Moscow with his family and saw my friend help buy the tickets through one of his clerks. He did not dare go to the station himself.

But up to the time of my visit to Moscow the more prosperous of the artisan class were still clinging to the hope that if they could only raise money enough for the police they might manage to remain. The Passover edict, it will be remembered, had only instructed the authorities of Moscow to "consider and adopt measures for their removal." That left a broad margin for bribery.

While I was in Moscow came the regulations of July 28, 1891. They bore this date, but they were not then officially promulgated. A week later their provisions were only a matter of hearsay, and copies were vaguely known to be in the hands of certain Jews.

The first three clauses dealt with the Jewish

artisan class, whose rights had been suspended in April. This new edict put an end to their hopes of buying further delay. They were now divided into three categories—(1) those living in Moscow only three years, unmarried or childless, and employing only one workman; (2) those of six years' residence, with four children and four workmen; (3) those having "a very long residence," a "large family," and more than four workmen. For these classes expulsion was decreed on this sliding scale: Within (1) from three to six months; (2) from six to nine months; (3) from nine months to one year.

Of course, this provision of a minimum and maximum time was solely for the benefit of the police. It may be imagined how they peddled out the extra time, by months, then weeks, then days!

This was bad enough, but its rigours had been largely discounted. Two-thirds of the people at whom it was aimed had already fled. There was, however, in the tail of these "regulations" of July 28 a sharp and unexpected sting. It was in these words:

"All those who have been living in Moscow by virtue of possession of Circular No. 30 of the Minister of Interior (Markoff) of 1880 are divided into two categories:

"A. All clerks, personal attendants, and those of small occupations must go within six months.

"B. All engaged in trade, especially in large

factories owned by Russians, must go within one year."

I was on the Bourse at noon one day when the first whisper that the "circulars" had been suspended was sent the rounds of the floor. A strange, motley, picturesque crowd is that which gathers on the Moscow Exchange—with sleek, well-clad city merchants and bankers rubbing shoulders against uncouth capitalists from the Volga, the Crimea, or far-off Archangel; with Tartar traders from remote Siberia and the Chinese border; with olive-skinned, doll-faced Persians; with bright-eyed, hawk-visaged Bokhara Jews; with Armenians, Cossacks, Finns, Poles, Greeks, Turks, English, and Germans; above all, with thin, silent, observant, masterful Russian Jews—a weird, cosmopolitan medley of races, of costumes, and of jargons, in which Russian is heard, perhaps, least of all.

I shall never forget how the whispered rumour about the "circulars" ran through this throng. One could trace its progress as it went; men ceased talking quotations and crops, and their faces lost the flush of commercial eagerness; little groups formed apart to discuss it in undertones. A hush fell over the hall. We were in Russia, and no man dared speak aloud about this thing he had heard.

The "circular" class, whose doom was thus announced, was composed of a much higher social grade of Hebrews than had previously been

touched. The phrases "clerks, personal attendants," and "those engaged in trade" hardly convey an idea of the half of those who in Moscow held the circular of 1880. Only a few days before, a professional man of distinction and means had said to me that he could not be molested because he was protected by a Ministerial circular!

He was in London, a homeless wanderer, before many months. He had with him here, as a companion in exile, an intelligent and energetic young man whose firm in Moscow did an annual business of £50,000, but who had not been in trade the requisite number of years to secure the privileges of a merchant of the First Guild, and who was accordingly living under the "circular." The decree of expulsion found him newly married, with a handsome house which he had just fitted up with something like £2000 worth of furniture. He unhesitatingly resolved to leave the country at once, and not haggle with the police about the few extra months he might buy from them. He applied to the railway officials—who are, of course, also Government officials—for a car to transport his furniture to the frontier. They were very sorry, but all their cars were in use, and it might be months before they could let him have one. He learned on inquiry that this was their stereotyped reply to all such applications from Jews. Then he tried to sell his furniture, and encountered another combination against his race

of much the same stamp. No one would bid more than a few hundred roubles; my recollection is that the sum finally offered was £60. Then the young merchant came to a heroic resolve. The last night he was to spend in Moscow—he had sent his wife ahead—he locked himself up in his house with saw and chisel, and by morning he had utterly disfigured and destroyed every stick of his fine furniture. If he could neither keep it nor sell it, at least he provided that no one else should enjoy it.

The "circular" class was supposed to comprise 800 families—a total of 4000 souls. There were a few poor people among them; the bulk were in comfortable circumstances, and some—for the most part manufacturers, brokers, and agents—were what is called wealthy in Russia.

As an indication of this I had a letter from Moscow in October saying that, now the "circular" people were leaving, the scenes at the Smolenski station were of quite a different character from those I witnessed in the summer. Then one was chiefly impressed with the poverty of the poor fugitives being packed into third-class cars. Now, my correspondent said, most of those leaving went in second-class carriages.

Putting aside for a moment the cruelty and wrong done to these people, try to imagine the grave self-injury inflicted by a country which thus blindly chases out a whole great class of merchants, manufacturers, and skilled workmen, who

are everywhere a stimulating and important factor in the commercial life of that country. The "circular" class alone are said to have employed in Moscow and vicinity 25,000 Russian workmen.

There was, indeed, in this edict expelling the "circular" people an obscure phrase excepting from its operation certain "very large factories"—but this in practice covered only four establishments, whose influential Russian owners had Jewish managers whom they desired not to lose. One clause provides that, if Jews of Section B can give the police good reasons, their stay may be extended another year. A gentleman whom I met in Moscow asked a police official if it would be a "good reason" that immediate expulsion would almost entirely ruin him and his family. I made a minute at the time of the reply:

"No," said the official quite good-naturedly, "you must show that *Russians* will be directly injured by your going. Injury to yourself is no reason at all. The Government doesn't care whether you have a shirt to your back or not."

CHAPTER XIII

THE FLIGHT FROM MOSCOW

Of necessity one must study an exodus on the road. I was not fortunate enough anywhere to see the *étape*—that melancholy survival of mediæval brutality of which Mr. Kennan makes so much. But on every side I heard stories of them, and was shown proofs that men and women against whom absolutely nothing but their nationality was alleged had been marched through the streets in chains and in the company of thieves and other criminal refuse.

It was not through lack of looking for one that I failed to see the *étape*. On fully a score of occasions, in various Russian towns, I watched the whole scene at the railway station at the hour when the cheap train was to start westward with its freight of homeless exiles. In Moscow I went almost every afternoon to witness at the Smolenski station the departure of the seven o'clock train for Brest-Litovsk, by which at that time practically all the refugees were making their way to the Pale. What I saw daily at this station remains still most vivid among my recollections of Russia. As a little boy I used to associate our

Civil War entirely with the old wooden depôt of my native town, where I saw troops gathered from time to time to go away, and watched the sobbing or even more cruel dry-eyed anguish of the wives, mothers, and daughters left behind. Those childish impressions—half forgotten for many years—all came back bright and sharply defined at sight of the Jewish fugitives in the Smolenski station.

Most of them were on hand an hour or more before the time for the train to start. The long, broad platform was dotted with piles of their luggage heaped against the walls. The character of this *impedimenta* showed obviously enough that its owners were going for good—spoke eloquently of a people torn up by the roots. There were pet pieces of furniture wrapped in sheets, and crockery encased in bedding and tied with ropes. One saw carpets, picture-frames, candlesticks, big leather-bound books, even bird-cages, all made into parcels as portable as possible, with a few to be taken free as personal baggage. Everywhere there were teapots fastened outside the hand-luggage, so as to be easy of access during the wearisome journey of two nights and a day across to the Pale.

The management of this baggage lay heavily upon the minds of the fugitives. They flitted incessantly about, dragging it from one point to another, as opinions fluctuated among them concerning the probable attitude of the railway

officials toward it. At each platform along the train stood a peasant in uniform whom we would call a brakeman, and his principal task was to see that none of this unauthorised baggage got into the car, where now dozens of people were crowding themselves together on the narrow wooden benches. I watched for a long time the manœuvres of two or three groups of elderly men —thin, flat-chested, long-bearded men in caps and caftans—who stood guard over little heaps of household goods. Every now and again, when the brakeman's attention seemed to be diverted, one of them would dart across the train and try to hand something through the open window to a friend inside. Occasionally he succeeded; more often the guard ran over and forcibly intervened. In this latter case the Jew would go back and keep sharp look-out for a chance to repeat the attempt. Once I saw the brakeman, in his anger, dash a big, rope-bound chest, which they had nearly dragged into the car, to the platform with such violence that it was broken and its contents scattered for yards about. The men who had it in charge meekly got down and gathered them up and fastened the box together again. Then they dragged it to another part of the train, and eventually smuggled it through a window.

The whole pathos of the Jews' position in Russia —their long-suffering abasement, their fawning absence of dignity, their tireless patience,

their curious persistence of daring in little things —was in this picture.

It could not be said that the train hands or any other officials connected with the railway behaved with special roughness to these Jews. Indeed, with the solitary exception I have noted, wherein one could not deeply blame the man, they seemed to be rather amiably disposed than otherwise. This was of interest, as confirming what, over and over again, intelligent and candid Jewish merchants and professional men had told me—viz., that the Russian peasants do not themselves dislike the Jew, and that both the persecution, and the brutal spirit in which it is carried out, proceed entirely from above, filtering down through from the Czar and the Holy Synod, to the lowliest policeman or *tchinovnik* who yearns for promotion and the favour of his superiors.

The trainmen did, however, behave with conspicuous curtness to the three or four long-haired village priests or popes of the Orthodox Church, who were also travelling third-class, and who bothered them with questions or by not having the proper tickets for their luggage. One of these, a quizzical-faced, drunken, and dishevelled fellow, with a patched and muddy gown, and a woman's straw hat perched jauntily on his head, was at last thrown summarily out of a car and went away smiling blandly.

The daily average of Jewish fugitives, during my observations in July and August, seemed to

be about fifteen families. In only one instance did I see any going other than by the third-class or presenting an appearance of prosperity.

All the women, however, were dressed well. It was only too evident that they were wearing their best clothes. At Hamburg I encountered much proof of the existence of a class of female exiles who are in rags and tatters. They did not come from Moscow. These women at the Smolenski station—like most of the Jewesses I saw everywhere throughout Russia—were much less characteristic in type than the men. These latter—pallid, keen-eyed, nervous, bearded, Orientals in face, form, and gesture—could not be mistaken anywhere. But their wives and daughters for the most part looked like the comfortable and ugly Slavo-Saxon peasantry roundabout Leipsic. There were a few exceptions. I saw one little girl, poorly clad save for a thick black satin pelisse much too large for her, staggering along under a big bundle of bedding, who had a face that might have come from a frieze in the Palace of Saigon.

Only here and there did one see a young man among these exiles. The Jewish youth seems to be in the army or already safe beyond the frontier.

As a rule, there was little enough of tears or lamentation. During the four months then drawing to a close, over 10,000 people had come to that Smolenski station with all that

was left of their belongings, had said good-bye to the only people in the world they knew, and had gone forth to strange lands or to the horrors of the Pale. It is small wonder that most of those I saw looked as if they had forgotten how to weep.

One hideous woman of fifty I recall, by the aid of a rough sketch among my notes, who cried a great deal. She was leaving behind her an even uglier son—a repellent-faced young man who was the object of her fondest grief. He was immensely bored by this, and was continually wandering off to talk with a group of menfolk, and being summoned back for fresh maternal kisses. The parting of two young sisters, who clung, sobbing, to each other through the window till the train moved, makes another picture in my memory. The one who was left fainted on the platform as the carriages began gliding by. Most marked feature of all were the prolonged fervent caresses bestowed by those who were remaining upon the little children in the cars. The babes were held up to the windows, and kissed and kissed again by the elders outside, with a depth of emotion which seemed to belong to the chamber of death rather than to a railway station.

To and fro, meanwhile, among these scenes of misery high Russian officials in uniform and well-to-do Russians of private station sauntered unconcernedly, lighting cigarettes and chatting as they strolled, without so much as a sign that they

were aware of the presence of these Jews about them. They positively never looked at them. I was given many quiet and friendly intimations in Russia that it was considered extremely bad form even to observe incidents and occurrences which the authorities were responsible for. If "well-intentioned" Russians see the *étape* coming down the street they look the other way. Despotism must regard this as its ultimate triumph.

On the evening of Thursday, August 6, I visited the Smolenski station for the last time. The scenes that evening attending the departure of the train seemed to reach a climax of harrowing interest. There were more small children than usual, perhaps. The tragedy of it all—the ignominy, the injustice which had darkened these wretched lives before, the cruel doubt and uncertainty of their future—oppressed my spirits. I could not resist the impulse to take off my hat as the long "emigrant" train slowly moved out of the station. It was such a solemn salute as one pays, in Roman Catholic countries, to the passing of a hearse.

At that very moment the glass in the roof overhead rattled with the concussion of cannon reports. Again and again, I know not how many times, the noise of big guns firing not far away shook the air. The explanation was at hand outside. Some mile further west were the grounds of the French Exhibition in Moscow. That evening the Jew-baiting Mayor, Alexeieff, was

giving a banquet there to the visiting officers of the French fleet, who had journeyed from Cronstadt as his guests.

The hapless Jews in that train, as they took their farewell look upon the domes and minarets of the Holy City wherein most of them had been born, may have wondered what the cannon were firing for. The most acridly sarcastic mind among them could have hit upon no more bitter irony than is furnished by the fact that the salutes were being fired in honour of the partnership newly formed between this monstrous and unclean despotism and the French Republic!

From the Smolenski station it is but a short walk up the broad Dolgoroukoffskaya to the chief forwarding prison of Moscow. The high white walls, with their round, castellated towers at the corners, rise abruptly from the side-walk. The prison itself is a red brick building, well inside these walls, with few windows and those heavily barred. It is to this prison that all the Jews arrested on the night of the descent upon the Glebovskaya Podvoryeh were dragged; it is from this that they, and many who came later, have been sent away by *étape*—that is, marched down the public thoroughfare in chains, or under heavy Cossack guard, to the railway station.

Mr. Arnold White, accepting here as elsewhere the assurances that polite Russian officials have made to him over the dinner-table, has taken it upon himself to deny that any Jews were thus

sent unless they were criminals. American officials in Russia have been quoted to me as authorities for this same statement.

A devoted man, to whom the Jews of Russia and of the world owe a greater debt than they can ever repay, and whose name it will be possible to mention when, a few months hence, he has left Russia for good, last autumn collected for me in various towns a list of eighty-eight persons who were marched out of Moscow by *étape*, and against whom no charge of criminal conduct—unless it be criminal for a Jew to shrink from beggary and expatriation—was brought. They were taken publicly through the streets, most of them in chains and all in the enforced company of common jail-birds, at eleven o'clock on Monday mornings. This list was published in the New York *Times* of December 7, 1891,* and subsequently in *Darkest Russia*. No detail of it has been controverted.

The gruesome-looking manacles which figure as a badge upon the cover of this book, and which are now in my possession, were worn out of Moscow on June 1, 1892, by Jossel Revsin, a Jewish artisan who was marched publicly away in a chain gang of criminals and vagabonds, solely because of his race and religion. In the same *étape* was another handcuffed Jew, Israel Rassner, and two Jewesses, Rivka Krein and Feiga Beresinova. The women were not in irons, but they were a part of the *étape*. All four were thus

* See Appendix B.

conveyed into the Pale, whence they eventually emerged and made their way to England and America. Although he did not learn their names, these were the unhappy wretches whom Mr. Romanis, the hard-working and candid correspondent, saw being driven through the streets of Moscow on June 1, and described in the *Daily News* of June 6.

Space will permit only the most cursory glance at the terrible story of Moscow during the year which has elapsed since the Passover decrees. No other city in modern times has offered such a wantonly abhorrent chronicle of evil deeds and cruel instincts to an offended Christendom.

The Grand Duke Serge will not, it is said, complete his second year of office as Governor-General. His brutal manners, his total neglect of his duties, and the now general knowledge of his personal character, have been too much for even Moscow. He finds himself scowled at on the streets, and hissed on the race-course. In consequence, he spends almost all his time out on his estate of Illinskaya, surrounded by the group of favourites whose names are mentioned under one's breath. He pays no attention whatever to the tasks imposed by routine upon a Governor-General. Of these, by far the most important is the hearing of appeals and complaints, and the reception of petitions. Prince Dolgoroukoff used to see every one. Serge sees no one. Of all the hundreds of petitions sent to him, the first has yet to be

acknowledged or answered. To make matters worse, he does not even leave his chief intendant, Istomin, to attend to the Moscow business, but has him half the time at Illinskaya.

This Istomin is another sinister figure in the group which governs Moscow under the favour of the Holy Synod. He is a man of university degree, who, after several failures in life, went to St. Petersburg and was lucky enough to get on the blind side of Pobiedonostseff, who made him editor of his official paper at a salary of 8000 roubles. Working his way carefully, he obtained a pious reputation as a relentless anti-Semite and a capable man of affairs, and was picked out as bear leader and general manager to Serge, when that simpleton was selected for Moscow. The Jews of the "Holy City" regard Istomin as their real grand inquisitor.

Of the scores of domestic tragedies over which this man has been proud to preside, perhaps this is the most characteristic. It happened on October 23, 1891. A woman, the wife of a small merchant belonging to that division of the "circular" class ordered to leave by October 26, was so close to her time of confinement that removal threatened her life. Her husband, with a physician, haunted the approaches to the Governor-General's office for two days, before they could find any one in. At last they managed to secure an interview with Istomin. The physician explained to him that they asked for a fortnight's respite for the woman

simply because if she started now upon a railway journey it was practically inevitable that a catastrophe would occur on the road.

Istomin replied that there could be no respite and that the woman must go at once. He added: "There is no reason why you should not take a separate compartment for her on the train and let a midwife travel with her."

And that was what was done!

Another narrative, dealing with people much better known and illustrating in a broader way the whole heartless business of crushing and ruining a family, has for its central figure Mrs. Mandelstamm, a venerable lady of refinement and culture, the mother of the well-known Dr. Mandelstamm of Kazan. Upon the death of her husband, in 1874, she went to Moscow to live. Her elder children were already domiciled there, and the younger ones were now given the advantage of the best educational facilities afforded by the Holy City. In the commercial disasters following the war Mrs. Mandelstamm's property became involved, and her oldest daughter, Mrs. W——, now a middle-aged woman with four children, was compelled to work as a saleswoman in a *Magasin* to help support the family. This did not prevent their household continuing to enjoy the respect of the entire community, and the fact that Dr. Mandelstamm of Kazan is a baptised Jew, and a man of high professional and popular position, was looked upon as guaranteeing them immunity from

the persecution. Suddenly, under the "circular" decree, the aged widow received warning to leave Moscow within four weeks. Her son went to the palace, and personally saw Istomin, with whom he was acquainted. Istomin promised readily to submit the case to the Governor-General, volunteering the assurance that His Highness was not such a barbarian as to refuse this good old lady the privilege of living and dying among her children in Moscow. A few days later Dr. Mandelstamm called again upon Istomin, and that official without a word returned to him the petition he had submitted. On it was written, in Serge's own hand, the incredible order that instead of the four weeks granted her by the police, the venerable woman must leave Moscow within twenty-four hours!

During this brief space of time, the decrepit old widow made all her arrangements for leaving her home for ever, and started on her journey. But first she witnessed the hurried marriage of her third daughter, Rosetta, to a young fellow-student at the University, named Weinburg. This marriage was to have been deferred for a year or two—until both bride and groom had taken their degrees. It had now to be precipitated in this summary fashion, in order to prevent the expulsion of Rosetta as well.

This visitation of barbaric wrath upon an unoffending family was not even now exhausted. The eldest daughter, Mrs. W——, was ordered to

leave Moscow by April 26, 1892, a decree which she by a few weeks forestalled. After years of self-denying labour to support and educate her children—labour which has broken down her health and induced a pulmonary affection which can give her only a few more years of life—she is driven from her native land, a homeless and helpless outcast, with three daughters, the eldest of whom was studying the piano at the Conservatory, the youngest of whom is a child of ten. Her only son came of age this year, and has been drafted into the Russian army—to be expelled and follow the others into exile when he has served his term with the colours.

This truly mediæval catalogue of vicious barbarities is only one, and by no means the most cruel, of the bitter many which have been burned into the memories of the Moscow Jews. After July of this year 1892, there will remain scarcely a shadow of that Hebrew community which eighteen months ago numbered nearly 30,000 souls. The rabbis, the beadles, the members of the choir, the elders, have all been driven out. Even the sexton of the Jewish burying-ground has been sent away. No Jewish butchers remain. From the beginning, special care was taken to trace and expel all Jewesses who were employed in Hebrew households as cooks, a decision having been obtained that they were not artisans, and some one else having decided, or being said to have decided, that they were not domestic servants.

The expulsions of January 26, 1892, upon which date expired the time limit of the poorer class of "circular Jews," and of those artisans who had "six years' residence and four children, or employed four workmen," may be said to have reached a climax in horror which no one had dreamed possible. To the brutality of man was added now the awful savagery of the elements. The week was the coldest which even that arctic region remembered for years. On the day itself, the thermometer actually marked 34 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit. The gas could not burn in the street-lamps in such a temperature; great bonfires were kept blazing in the squares and at corners, at public expense, to prevent citizens compelled to be out of doors from freezing as they walked; the schools were closed, and garrison drills suspended. On the 22nd, orders were issued that the forwarding of criminal convicts from the central prison should be stopped for the time being, owing to the terrible cold.

It was at such a time as this that nearly 2000 Jews were forced to take a last look at what had been their homes, and start off on their pilgrimage of exile. The weather was too bad for convicts to travel in; it was all right for people whose offence was having been born in Israel. Not until two days after the date of the expulsion—that is to say, until practically all the victims had departed—was the clemency which had from the first been extended to thieves and murderers

stretched out to cover Hebrews as well. A police order was issued on January 28, deferring "the further expulsion of Jews from Moscow until February 1, in view of the extreme frosts." Mme. Novikoff might characteristically reproduce this decree as an example of the humane spirit inspiring the Russian Government. When it was pointed out to the officials that the expulsions had already taken place, they shrugged their shoulders and laughed.

One shudders at that laugh. That four little children were frozen to death in the streets, on their way to the railway station, is a mere incident of the hideous story. An educated young Jewish woman who was in Moscow that day, and has since joined her brother in London, grows faint and hysterical and blinded with tears when, even at this distance and lapse of time, she essays to tell the narrative of what she saw. I do not wonder at it. There were scores of wretched children, clad only in linen smocks or tattered summer clothing, whose hands and feet were frozen. The crowded platform, from early morning till midnight, offered at every step such scenes of heart-breaking misery of mind and wild physical anguish as belong to the battle-field alone.

With this final picture haunting the memory, let us leave inhuman Holy Moscow.

CHAPTER XIV

ST. PETERSBURG, ODESSA, AND KIEFF

St. Petersburg is less characteristically Russian than any other city within the empire. It is a kind of fakir in architecture—a cosmopolitan charlatan borrowing styles and tricks of expression from numerous civilised sources, yet revealing its innate barbarism through them all. I have not seen it in the winter, when it is said to present a brilliant and attractive individuality entirely its own. Its summer aspect is one of profound melancholy, with vast sprawling empty streets, with huge gloomy deserted edifices, with waterways confined between silent quays, and bearing on their cold surface no signs of trade activity or social animation.

The far-famed St. Isaac's Cathedral suggests in turn St. Paul's in London and the Capitol at Washington; the Kazan Cathedral is a poor imitation of St. Peter's at Rome; the great building devoted to the General Staff is copied from Versailles; the palaces are plagiarisms from Venice, Amsterdam, and Berlin; even the shop-windows follow at a respectful distance after Parisian models.

In this city, built to order over a swamp by a Czar's caprice, and ever since its creation the centre and focus of the efforts of an alien imperial line to Germanise Russia, what may be called municipal feeling scarcely exists. It is dominated by the congregated bureaucracy of the empire even more wholly than Washington is ruled by Congress. Its population comes and goes, without rooting itself or forming enduring associations —like that of the capital on the Potomac. The signs on its principal and fashionable business streets exhibit German names, French names, Dutch, Swedish, Finnish, and English names, with only here and there a Russian appellation.

The residents of St. Petersburg know and care so little about such civic facts and conditions as lie outside their own special ambitions or points of social contact, that it has been extremely difficult to collect statistics concerning the Jews of the capital. None of the people whom I met and talked with there had any definite notions on the subject. Most of them were under the impression that, with a few favoured exceptions, the whole Hebrew community had been cleared out years ago. This idea was borne out by my failure, during nearly a fortnight in St. Petersburg —on the streets, in the bazaars, at the garden theatres in the suburbs—to see more than one or two distinctively Jewish faces.

I learned afterwards that there were still a good many Israelites in St. Petersburg, but that they

went about as little as possible, and particularly avoided places of public resort. One evening at the Arcadia Gardens I called my companion's attention to a young man walking with a girl who seemed to be his sister, and asked if they did not look like Jews. "The girl may be," was the reply. "If she is a registered prostitute nobody will object to her as a Jewess. But the man would only dare come here in case he had been baptised: otherwise he would certainly be insulted and compelled to go!"

The best clue to the figures of the persecution in St. Petersburg is furnished by the mortuary statistics of the city. In 1882 there were 480 Jewish deaths recorded; in 1890 the number had fallen to 200. Assuming the death-rate to be 25 in the thousand, this would give us a Hebrew population of 19,200 in 1882 and of only 8000 in 1890. That is to say, in nine years 11,200 people had fled or been expelled from the city of the imperial residence.

The figures for the following year, or a portion of it, are more exact. I discover that the St. Petersburg Jewish Committee from June 13 to October 22, 1891, assisted 202 artisan families of 569 souls to leave the city. This does not include any of the refugees who were able to pay their own expenses. It also leaves out all the young men, no matter how indigent. The committee did not dare help them to get away for fear of incurring the charge of facilitating their escape

from the conscription. From two independent sources the estimate is made that the whole number of expulsions from May to November was close upon 2000. They have been going on at this rate ever since.

All this has been done without the warrant of any edict or decree of expulsion. The Chief of Police, General Grœsser, who frankly declared that he was above the law, acted entirely on his own initiative. If any one tried to appeal to a higher authority, he was simply put out within twenty-four hours. The most common pretext for these expulsions—where any was vouchsafed at all—was that the victims did not work at their trades on Saturdays. But, as has been explained heretofore, no explanation or authority is necessary. General Grœsser, so long as he did not incur the wrath of the Czar or offend the Czar's master, the dread Pobiedonostseff, freely did anything under the sun in St. Petersburg that he pleased.

When the savage expulsion decree fell upon Moscow and the towns in the Province of Moscow at Passover time in April 1891, Grœsser filled the eastern and southern railway stations of St. Petersburg with police and Cossacks to intercept any of the persecuted race who might try to escape in that direction from their doom of returning to the Pale. Scores of travellers were arrested on arrival upon the vaguest and most shadowy suspicion of being Jews, and in not a few instances were detained in custody for days,

though their passports showed the suspicion to be groundless. It is said that some of these people, out of sheer official perversity, were afterwards marched off by *étape*.

In Russia no man can exist without a passport. When the police take this passport away he is no longer alive in any civic sense. Every privilege appertaining to his human estate is suspended. He can appeal to no one. If it is the whim of some choleric barbarian in epaulets to send him to Siberia, off he must go, with no more chance of escape or redress than a captured fish flapping in the sportsman's basket. Even if he be a stranger, with the passport of a foreign Government, he is equally powerless. Only last November Mr. Joseph Pennell had his passport taken from him at Berdichef, and was refused permission to either telegraph or write to the British Consulate at Kieff or the American Legation at St. Petersburg. It eventually pleased the provincial authorities to transport him to the western frontier. If they had decided to send him eastward instead, he would simply have disappeared into Siberia without a sign.

The expulsions in St. Petersburg, which since 1882 had never wholly ceased, began again with renewed virulence in May 1891. The most notable victim was the young poet Frug, who came from the south to the capital in 1883. Although he had been refused admission to the university, his literary attainments won prompt

recognition, and his writings, alike in verse and prose, were sought after by the most important Russian journals, including some that were avowedly anti-Semitic. Despite this fact, he would not have been allowed to live in St. Petersburg or anywhere else in Russia outside the Pale, had not the device been adopted of enrolling him as a footman in the household of Mr. Warschoffsky, a Jewish lawyer having the right to employ one co-religionist as a servant. Only in November last even this humiliating privilege was arbitrarily withdrawn, and Frug was ordered to leave the city within twenty-four hours, on penalty of being sent by *étape*. There was no pretence that his writings were objectionable, or that he had committed any offence. It was only that he was a Jew.

Can a country be regarded as civilised, or as fit to hold friendly relations with civilised peoples, of which such a story as that can be truthfully told?

It would serve no purpose to quote the details of the St. Petersburg expulsions. Mr. I. Rabbinovitch was sent in chains to Dünaburg for no offence save that of being a Jew. Moses Mordonchai Feinberg, a gold and silver smith, whose right of residence dated from 1871, and Eidel Solomon Gissing, whose permit extended back to 1868, were both reduced almost to beggary by summary and wholly unjustifiable orders to leave. So the list might be extended indefinitely.

When, in the summer of 1891, the *Times* printed the statement that a synagogue in St. Petersburg had been closed by the Government, the Russian press at once denied its truth, and the denial was accepted. The facts are that two synagogues, not one, were shut up: they were in the province of St. Petersburg, not the city of that name. One was at Narva, a manufacturing town, where Jews work in the cloth and flax mills and the chemical works. The other was at Kolpino, where they are employed in the great naval factory, founded by Peter the Great, where engines are now made and armour-plate is rolled. These Jews are said to be without exception veterans whose service of twenty-five years under Nicholas and Alexander II entitled them to live anywhere in Russia. It was not thought expedient to abrogate this privilege. The Government instead closed their synagogues. It is a penal offence to publicly read Jewish prayers save in a licensed synagogue. Thus these old soldiers, against whom no thought of offence or disloyalty was charged, were estopped from worshipping God in the manner of their fathers.

These wanton things were not done in some remote and inaccessible corner of the empire, by officials beyond the control of the Central Government. They happened within the Province of St. Petersburg, under the direct authority of its Governor, the Czar's friend, Count Toll.

The childlike foolishness of it all is, I am aware,

well-nigh incredible. The outside world can comprehend neither its gratuitous malignity nor its spasmodic want of system. Why suppress the synagogues of Narva and Kolpino, and leave others unmolested? Why pack one man off in chains, without a word of warning, and let another remain months after his time has expired? Why expel the poet within twenty-four hours, and take no steps whatever against the brothel-keeper? Why toil to fill volume after volume with a conflicting jumble of statutes, and then act without any warrant of law at all? There is no answer. One might as well ask why the same horse which shies at a piece of paper on the road will charge a field battery without a qualm.

One of the least explicable of the late General Grœsser's acts was his issuing an order forbidding Jews to apprentice their children to artisans, in order that they may learn a trade. What on earth the reason may be for this astonishing regulation, its results have been painful in the extreme. Not even the veterans of Nicholas have been exempted from this whimsical order. One old soldier, Minin by name, some years ago apprenticed his son to an umbrella-maker. The boy served his time, obtained his certificate as a skilled workman, and began work for his master as a journeyman for the period stipulated in his indentures, living in his house meanwhile. Under this new edict the police declared this contract of his illegal (though it bore Grœsser's signature) and

ordered the young man to quit work. Minin petitioned Grœsser and was rebuffed; then he appealed to the Senate, whereupon Grœsser gave both him and his son twenty-four hours in which to leave St. Petersburg.

Another favourite device for harrying the unhappy people, now highly valued in large Russian towns, is ascribed to General Grœsser's ingenuity. By police orders, every Jewish merchant must hang out a sign, giving not the Hebrew names of himself and his father, but those names as it pleases the Russian wit to contemptuously parody them. Thus a man whose name is Samuel son of Abraham, must on his sign describe himself as Schmoulke son of Abramke—names which fill the Russian Jew with loathing. This serves numerous purposes: Jewish shops can be systematically boycotted; in case of a riot the Christian mob can see exactly where to work its violence; and the owners are compelled by their own advertisements to make themselves ridiculous in the eyes of the community.

Jewish merchants of the First Guild, residing elsewhere in Russia, cannot visit the capital now without liability to insult and expulsion. Though they have as much legal right in St. Petersburg as the Czar himself, the police pay domiciliary visits to their hotels and order them to get out of the city immediately.

It is reported that on a recent occasion, when Russia was casting about for a new loan, a great

foreign banking-house was requested to send a confidential agent to St. Petersburg to consult with the Minister of Finance. The agent who was sent was a Hebrew, a financier of high standing and social position. Although it was known that he came on Government business, the police went to his hotel and so affronted and browbeat him that he turned about and went home again, and negotiations for the loan ceased then and there.

Incidents of this sort illustrate afresh the fallacy of the popular notion that the Russians are an astute people. They are smart in a small savage way, like a Sioux Indian on a Soudanese sheik. It is a cunning which falls so wide of our own standards of cleverness that we instinctively exaggerate it. An episode in Mr. Pennell's Berdichef experiences last November affords an excellent example of what I mean. An official representative of the Governor-General, sent down from Kieff to discover what this suspicious stranger was doing, went with him to a local photographer's to have developed all the film-negatives Mr. Pennell's kodak had made. There were street scenes, market groups, itinerant pedlers, pictures of tumble-down old rookeries, and the like. The official looked gravely through them, one by one, over the lamp in the dark room, doubtless deeply puzzled that any sane man should so waste time and chemicals. When the inspection was finished, only one negative had been laid aside for confis-

cation. By merest chance this one had in it the upper part of a telegraph pole. The *aide-de-camp* detected in this a subtle attempt to obtain information about Russia's military telegraph system, and had it destroyed on the spot.

It is not surprising that the official policy of suppression and exasperation which I have outlined above should have well-nigh destroyed business in St. Petersburg. Competent men of affairs, who are concerned in the Russian trade, assure me that the existing commercial collapse is even more due to the demoralisation created by the Jewish expulsions than to the bad harvest. In the first week of October 1891 alone, ten big Orthodox Christian business houses in Moscow failed, their aggregate liabilities being nearly £1,000,000. To this inaugural crash succeeded a winter of unparalleled financial stringency, punctuated by bankruptcy, and the spring of the present year, so far from promising improvement, brought the fall of the great Günzburg banking-house, attended by a whole train of minor failures. Just as the Czar had the Jewish flour mills closed on account of the crucifixion, so he is understood to have personally interposed to prevent official aid being extended to save the Günzburgs from disaster. It would be strange indeed if commercial confidence throve in such an atmosphere.

An even worse state of affairs exists at Odessa, where the stagnation which I saw last summer was during the autumn turned into a destructive

panic by the ukases blocking all cereal exportation. Of that great congregation of prosperous merchants who have built up the Black Sea trade and developed far above all other portions of the empire the grain belts of the Dnieper and the Dniester, hardly any can hope to emerge unscathed, and the majority are confronted by absolute ruin.

On the surface of things this is ascribable, of course, to the terrible failure of the crops and to the ukases mentioned above. In reality one of the chief factors in Odessa's present tribulation is the enforced idleness or absence of the small Jewish middlemen, who formerly went through the grain country buying the crops as they stood and advancing the money for the harvesting expenses. Last year, from fear of confiscation or expulsion before they could sell again, and also from their inability to get credit at the banks, they made no purchases. As a result, in whole rich districts the crops were never cut at all, but rotted where they stood.

The Jewish exodus from Odessa has lacked the sensational features we have seen displayed at Moscow and St. Petersburg—for the reason that the Hebrew community there was much stronger and richer than in any other Russian city, and could purchase civil treatment from the police and provincial authorities—but in point of numbers it must nearly if not quite equal that from both the others put together. It could hardly

be otherwise, when in the year 1890 the city contained 106,000 of them.

A large proportion of the Israelites in Odessa at the beginning of 1891 were foreigners, who had come from Austria, Roumania, Germany, Turkey, and elsewhere. Among them were some of the leading citizens of the town—lawyers, physicians with rich, fashionable practice. dentists, merchants, ship-owners, and manufacturers. They have all had to go.

Although Odessa is within the Pale, that fact has made very little difference with the unhappy Jews of Russian birth domiciled there. Odessa is a new city. Its amazing growth and splendid commercial position during the past twenty years have been largely the work of the Hebrews from other parts of Russia who moved thither in the sixties and seventies, under Alexander II's relatively enlightened rule. There Judaism held up its head as it never dared do in Moscow or St. Petersburg. There it maintained handsome synagogues, had its open share in municipal management, and stood on an admitted footing with other sections of the community. No Jew in Odessa hesitated to avow his race or talk about it. There were next to no converts to Christianity there.

Even in August of 1891, when I visited Odessa, the situation had gravely altered. The banks were avoiding transactions with Jewish merchants as much as possible, and in a country where

everything is arranged upon a credit system that in itself was ruinous. The forced realisations of those who had had to fly, and the general refusal of debtors to pay what they owed to those who remained, were completing the spoliation of the Hebrew community.

I saw them by scores, sitting about in the parks, gardens, and public places of Odessa, or wandering aimlessly along the beautiful parade which, perched high in the air, overlooks the blue Euxine. Their inability to look as if they were accustomed to leisure was pathetic. "Compulsory idleness" was written on every lineament of their thin, eager, olive-hued faces. You could read it in the sidelong glances they bent upon strangers passing by and in the restless manner in which they sat on the benches, as if ready to spring up and run on the instant.

Six months before they had been active, capable, self-reliant citizens, busily carrying on their share in the commerce of a bustling and prosperous port, maintaining comfortable homes, educating their children, and bearing themselves with a decent pride. They had been powerful enough, when the Governor-General issued an order authorising the police to punish Jews who failed to touch their caps to all officials, to compel the revocation of the order by simply refusing to enter any place of public resort so long as it was in force. Now the blight of barbarism had passed over them and turned them into the

distraught, frightened, and wretched beings I saw.

"Holy" Kieff to-day probably exceeds Odessa in population, although it plays so insignificant a part in the thoughts of the outside world. In appearance it is as uniquely striking as "Holy" Moscow, but in character they are widely separated. Kieff and the district to which it gives its name really belonged to Old Poland. There is a large Catholic element in the city. Many ancient families of the Polish nobility hold big estates in the country roundabout—or did until within the last few years. For generations cruel Russian laws have existed for the purpose of breaking up these estates and preventing the children of the Polish owners from inheriting them, but until recently the officials were bribed to let them remain a dead letter. With the rise to power of Pobiedonostseff this parleying with the heretics came to an end. A little later Count Alexis Ignatieff, a younger brother of "The Infamous," was sent to Kieff as Governor-General.

This junior Ignatieff is a fat, rough, burly soldier of fifty. He is worth remembering, because many people in Russian official circles regard him as the coming man. Eight years ago he was Chief of Staff of the Cossack Guard. When the *circonscription militaire* of Irkutsk was formed in 1884, he was put at the head of it. His Siberian record is one of the most terrible

which even that home of horrors presents. He had men flogged to death and female prisoners tortured until even Russian journals protested. Then he was promoted to the rich and powerful berth of Kieff.

With the coming of this hard barbarian a new impulse was given to the spoliation of the Polish proprietors, the coercion of the university students (an exceptionally restive lot in Kieff), and the persecution of the Catholics, the Molokani, the Stundists, and other "schismatics" of the South.

It may be imagined that he has not spared the Jews.

No figures whatever are obtainable on the subject of his expulsions. The province of Kieff, as distinct from the city, is inside the Pale, and last year was estimated to contain some 400,000 Hebrews. On the theory of ratio heretofore adopted, this would mean that 60,000 people had been chased from their homes in the villages into the towns. There are no means of testing this estimate. But to see the present state of Berdichef, the principal town in the province, is to feel ready to credit any statement on this head, no matter how wild.

This Berdichef was in 1890 supposed to contain some 60,000 inhabitants, two-thirds Jews. It was then an overcrowded place, made up for the most part of old and insanitary rookeries, in which were huddled one of the poorest populations to be found anywhere in Europe. By

August, 1891, it was said that fully 20,000 additional Hebrews had been driven in from the surrounding country. The spectacle of their poverty and squalor was something too sickening for words. The whole place, with its filthy streets, its open sewers, its reeking half-cellars under the overhanging balconies, and its swarming throngs of unwashed, unkempt wretches packed into the narrow thoroughfares on the look-out for food, made a picture scarcely human. Mr. Pennell tells me that when he was there in November he was assured that, instead of the 60,000 Jews of August, there were then in Berdichef no less than 90,000.

It is understood that there is nothing else in the Pale quite so awful as the condition of Berdichef. Certainly the fugitives who find their way out of Russia from this point touch the lowest depth of destitution and enfeebled misery which the committees at Hamburg and elsewhere have to encounter. But there are over a hundred towns in that hell called the Pale where the same causes operate which have made Berdichef such an unspeakable charnel-house, and in each one the Russian police have done their brutal best to reproduce the conditions of Berdichef.

The "Holy" City of Kieff has always occupied a position in Russian law apart from the province of that name. The separation dates back into the mists of the Middle Ages. Kief is invested with unique importance in the Russian Orthodox

mind. Here it was that the pagan descendants of Rurik first accepted Christianity; here St. Vladimir, seventh in descent from Rurik, built the first Christian church in 989; and here he lies buried in the Dessiatinnaya church, which occupies the site of his ancient edifice. When Poland and the Czar Alexis in 1657 divided the Ukraine between them the city of Kieff was excepted from the provision which gave the right bank of the Dnieper to the Poles. Thus the "Jerusalem of Russia," as it is called, came under the dominion of the Czars 136 years before the province lying outside its walls. This was not gathered in by the Muscovite octopus till the second partition—that of 1793.

Among the distinctions in law still maintained between the city and the province is this, that the latter is in the Pale and the former is not. For generations no Jews were permitted to live in the Holy City. The statute is still on the books forbidding any but merchants of the First Guild to reside in the town, and limiting them to the Libedsky and Plossky quarters. Side by side with this are other laws referring to other classes of Jews who live in the town. Prince Demidoff San Donato, in his admirable work, deals at length with the grotesque paradox involved in these contradictory enactments. Of course, what they meant, though he did not like to say so, was that the local officials had the Jews of Kieff at their mercy, and could blackmail them at will.

This is what is still going on in the "Holy" City. Judging by a study of the laws, I had expected to find no Jews at all in Kieff. To my surprise, they were vastly more in evidence there than in Moscow. The outburst of anti-Semitic fanaticism which had smitten Moscow, St. Petersburg, and Odessa hip and thigh, which had made the fair at Nijni Novgorod a blank failure, and established a reign of terror in every manufacturing and trade centre of the empire, was being used in "Holy" Kieff with strictly commercial prudence. They were not so silly in this sacred city as to slay the goose of the golden eggs, or even chase it away prematurely. A sagacious system of squeezing, with just enough brutality to make the pressure acute, commended itself instead to their judgment.

A favourite trick there, at the time of my visit, was to serve well-to-do Hebrew merchants with notice that their cooks or their coachmen, not being artisans, must leave the city. If the merchant cared to go to the necessary expense, he could convince the police authorities that his special servants were undoubtedly artisans. If he concluded, on the other hand, to let them go, he presently received a notification that his own position in the city seemed irregular. That meant business. Knowing perfectly well that they had laws enough, in assorted varieties, to make anything under the sun irregular, he walked up to the Captain's office and settled.

To this day we get from time to time news of a fresh raid upon unauthorised Jews in Kieff. In December, for example, there was the story that 150 public-houses kept by Jews had been closed in that city. Most probably it was a lie made out of whole cloth; if it was not, then it showed the continued existence in Kieff of a great class of Jews who, by the law, should have been expelled long before, and who had at last come to the end of their power to pay blackmail.

It is an ingenious part of the scheme at Kieff to every now and again make some savage and sporadic onslaught upon a group of Jews, solely with a view to leading the St. Petersburg authorities to believe that the expulsions are being earnestly and thoroughly carried on. Quite of this character was the order of the Governor-General last summer summarily expelling all the singers, musicians, and actors of Jewish blood in the various theatres and cafés-chantants of the city. It happened that this involved the closing of every such place of entertainment in Kief. On the very night of the order "Robert le Diable" had to be abandoned at the Opera-house and the audience sent away, because the conductor of the orchestra was the only non-Hebrew connected with the performance. Naturally, an incident of this sort attracted universal attention. Tidings of it flew to St. Petersburg, and pleased Pobiedonostseff and the Czar. This served the purpose of diverting attention from those other

Jews who had not been sent out of Kieff, and who were paying through the nose for their immunity.

So this long chronicle of the persecution comes to an end. From the mass of notes still untouched concerning Nijni Novgorod, Kaluga, Simbirsk, Tula, Pavlovo, Vorsina, and numerous other places, examples of barbaric cruelty and heart-breaking misery could be cited to an almost indefinite extent. They would but repeat the story already told. Nor is it needful to refer to the savage anti-Jewish riots at Staradoub, Balta, and other points throughout the south during the past winter; they are still a part of the current news, and in truth relate more to the general famine-stricken and turbulent condition of the empire than to the special Semitic question.

In the interest of a complete narrative of the expulsions, it is necessary to now leave the land of oppression and to observe the phenomena of the exodus presented at and across the frontier.

CHAPTER XV

ISRAEL IN EXILE

THE indignant interest with which Christendom has followed Russia's career of internal persecution and inhumanity is, at its best, of a sentimental character. However shocked the nations may have been, none of them has allowed the feeling to affect in any tangible way its friendly relations with the Government of the Czar. But the moment public gaze is shifted from the doings inside the Empire to the great streams of fugitives pouring across the border, humanitarian sympathy takes on sternly practical limitations. We have already witnessed the beginnings of what threatens to be a policy of complete exclusion on the part of the German Empire. Both England and America display a growing nervousness over the prospect of a sustained Semitic invasion, and are not only applying such immigration regulations as they possess with more and more severity, but are quite in the mood to further strengthen their defensive statutory machinery. There is no other nation north of the equator, big or little, which does not occupy practically this same hostile attitude.

It would be misleading, however, to ignore the

gradations in which this self-protective spirit is evoked and manifested. The United States, for example, have room enough for all new-comers who promise to be good citizens and helpful members of the community. Their interest is concentrated upon the inquiry whether the Russo-Jewish refugees come within this category. In a modified sense, this is true of England as well, although her reliance is placed upon the volunteer vigilance of the London Jewish Board of Guardians and Russo-Jewish Committee rather than upon the lax and meagre safeguards of British immigration laws.

But the two great Empires governed from Berlin and Vienna ask a very different question. They are already overcrowded and overburdened. There is not work enough now within their borders to keep in even relative comfort their own people. The utmost skill of their rulers is taxed to prevent vast war budgets from bankrupting the nation, and to repress the tendency of ill-paid or idle millions to revolt against their lot. To either of these great States the influx of any mass of poor people, seeking food and employment, would be a grave calamity—and this would be as true of Gentiles as of Jews.

The problem with which this whole Russo-Jewish question confronts the German and Austrian Empires is one which, in its ultimate working out, may profoundly affect the history of Europe.

We have seen that Russia's action is twofold.

She drives all the foreign-born Jews out of her dominions. She roughly sweeps up all her native-born Jews and dumps them into the hundred or more towns of the Pale. That she should expel the aliens is, from her point of view, intelligible. But what earthly reason can there be for this strange policy of herding all her own Jews in the towns of these fifteen western provinces, where, in incredible squalor and helpless misery, they must eat each other or force their escape? What conceivable commercial, social, or political end can be served by this course? Is it merely the fantastic stupidity of barbarism? Or is there deep method beneath the madness?

Both in Austria and in Germany this massing of the unhappy Jews in the towns of the Pale is suspected to be a war measure of a unique and terrible character. When at last the great conflict comes, it is believed to be Russia's scheme to drive westward before her armies this whole Jewish population, making of it a moving *chevaux-de-frise* of flesh and blood, which the hosts of the Triple Alliance must cut through and dispose of before they can strike a blow at the advancing enemy.

Even if this hideous device proves impracticable, and the first shock of combat is on Russian soil, the conditions will not be much altered. The Jews, congregated in the towns along the whole frontier, will not less effectively serve as a barrier between the Russians and the invader.

It is enough, however, to have suggested this phase of the complicated subject. If there were no other reasons, it would sufficiently explain both the eagerness with which the authorities and the local Jewish communities of the German and Austrian border stations concert to pass all the refugees on as swiftly as possible to the west, and the sudden interest which the Prussian military authorities have taken in sharpening their watch upon the eastern frontier line.

The exodus has had six principal outlets. Of two of these—the departures by vessels from the Baltic ports, and from Odessa to the far south *viâ* Constantinople—little need be said. The former was never important. The latter has ceased to be so since Turkey was won over by Russia and France, and induced to close her frontier gates. There was a time when the solution of this great problem seemed to lie in the direction of Syria and Egypt, but the hopeless impracticability of dealing with the Turk; and the indisposition of the Jews themselves to go back into their worn-out Oriental cocoon, combined to dispel this idea. Of the four land routes, by far the most used is that which, traversing Northern Russia and Old Poland by Dünaburg and Wilna, enters East Prussia at Eydtkuhnen. The central section of the Pale and the district along the line from Moscow to Brest-Litowski sends its refugees through Warsaw to cross the frontier of the Vistula at Thorn.

The southern Pale and the whole section beyond Kieff and Odessa is drained primarily by the railway which crosses the Austrian frontier at Podvolochesk, and to a lesser degree by the line which enters Roumania at Ungheni.

With the partial exception of those travelling by this last-mentioned route, the fugitives all make their way toward Hamburg.

One of the unfortunate consequences of this eagerness on the frontier, of which mention has been made, to at all hazards keep the exodus moving, is that very little inquiry is made there as to the fitness of the people for emigration. They are sent on to Berlin and Hamburg, where the local committees must bear the responsibility of detaining and sending back the worthless ones, and of deciding what the others are good for and where they are to go.

The scenes at the frontier stations are no less touching and significant than those of the original embarkation. I have told how the exiles were packed like sprats in the third-class cars, with their wooden seats and fetid atmosphere. By the time they have reached the frontier—a journey of from twenty to sixty hours it may be—weariness, scant food and sleep, and the sense of friendless desolation have induced an air of half-stupefied dejection. They sit in silence, gazing at nothing, with lack-lustre eyes which seem to say again, "Sufferance is the badge of all our tribe."

Mechanically, too, they obey the train officials who at the Russian terminus order them out of the cars. The men drag out the big hempen bags and boxes which they have had with them, and cluster about the baggage vans to watch for the appearance of their other chattels. The women and children huddle together on the platform, looking with furtive fright upon the strange new scene. At last all are passed through the station building and emerge at the other side upon another platform, where an empty train is drawn up. On these carriages are painted German words; the trainmen wear a novel uniform and have their trousers outside their boot-legs.

Then a curious thing happens. There are Russian soldiers, with a non-commissioned officer, stationed at every carriage door. Each male Jew must now show his passport bearing the police stamp of permission to leave the Empire, and explicitly stating the size and *personnel* of his family. He has had to spend money, and sometimes weeks of time, to secure this permission. If now there is any informality about it, or if the examining sergeant or gendarme chooses to suspect one, the Jew is roughly put to one side, perhaps to be detained at the local prison, perhaps to be sent back to the hole whence he was fleeing. At last all those who have a right to leave Russia have been got into the new train. It starts—and in five or ten minutes has passed the frontier.

On the German border this train goes unac-

companied by Russian officials. They used in earlier Bismarckian days to cross over upon German soil, and even swagger about the German Custom-house. A peremptory stop has been put to that, and along the whole extended Prussian frontier the Muscovites are now kept sharply in their place, and made to feel that they have neither friends nor well-wishers on the other side of the line. But on the Austrian and Roumanian frontiers they still assert, and are patiently conceded, the privilege of following the refugees into non-Russian territory, and standing by the while their baggage is opened and examined by the Customs officials.

A day and a night elapse before the slow train reaches Berlin: still another day and night are consumed in the journey to Hamburg. This will be the first German city they have seen, for they are not allowed to enter Berlin, but are conveyed around the outskirts of the capital by the Ring-bahn to Ruhleben, and thence, after an hour's inspection and rest, sent westward.

The Jewish committee at Berlin, formed in June 1891 to receive and forward these exiles, has performed a humane and arduous task. Under its direction have been the various frontier committees—or *Sichtungskomitees**—who are supposed to winnow the whole mass as it emerges from Russia, send back the undeserving, tabulate

* See Appendix C.

the remainder, and furnish Berlin and Hamburg with the necessary information. I say "supposed," because in practice this labour has been left to Hamburg. At the frontier and at Berlin the principal work has been in furnishing food and medicine, providing tickets for the penniless and arranging the transportation so that the resources of Hamburg may not be overtaxed at any one time. At Ruhleben some members of the committee are present whenever one of these Jewish refugee trains arrives. Every emigrant is given a cup of sweetened tea and a roll of *kosher* bread upon coming out of the carriage—the children getting milk instead of tea. On their departure—generally an hour or so later—each is given a bowl of pea-soup and more bread. A physician is also constantly in attendance. Much the same benevolence has previously been extended by the *Sichtungskomité* at Eydtkuhnen. These frontier committees also do succeed in detecting and stopping a large proportion of the Jews from Poland proper who try to smuggle themselves through as sufferers from the Pale beyond.

Pathetic stories were told me in Berlin of the terror and ignorance of the earlier refugees, who came shortly after the fierce Passover persecutions. The committee had arranged with the railroad authorities for the use of a disused tunnel in which to feed and examine the exiles during their halt at Ruhleben. The panic-stricken

wretches could with difficulty be brought to comprehend that at last they were among friends. They were afraid to eat the food set before them for fear it was not *kosher;* they fought against giving up their tickets, to be exchanged for others; especially were they terrified at being compelled to enter the tunnel, which seemed to them like another Russian prison. Some were found who, at sight of this, suspected that they had been brought to Siberia instead of Germany. One woman, rather than go into the tunnel, snatched up her two babes, and, screaming as she ran, leaped upon the track before an advancing train, and was rescued at great risk and by a veritable hair's-breadth. The people who come now are more tranquil, but still difficult to manage often enough.

But Hamburg is the real place in which to study the exodus. If I should seem to speak with an excess of warmth upon this subject, let me record in advance the feeling that I have never in my life witnessed more genuine, unostentatious, and intelligent philanthropy than I saw at work here, and have never come into contact with better, kindlier, more truly admirable men than the Jews of the Hamburg committee.

Israel has always been an integral influential element in this fine old *freie Stadt.* In Hamburg there has never been the vaguest dream of a Judenhetze. When the anti-Semitic craze was at its height in Berlin, Dr. Stœcker came to Ham-

burg to lecture. His audience pelted him off the platform, and he had to leave the town that same night. The Jews in the Republic of Hamburg number 20,000, or only 4 per cent. of the population. They constitute 10 per cent. of the membership of the Burgerschaft or Legislature, and furnish 20 per cent. of the graduates in the *Gymnasia* and other higher schools.

The old saying that "every country has the sort of Jews it deserves" passes a just eulogium upon Hamburg. In this proud, strong, broad-minded, free city, where there has so long been one law and one code of courtesy for all races and creeds, the Hebrew community is a source of honour and of strength. It is more than ordinarily prosperous, devout without bigotry, and public-spirited in the highest degree.

The Hamburg committee embraces some scores of the foremost Hebrews in finance, commerce, and the professions. There are no honorary members, no drones. They all give personal attention to the work, and the division of this labour among the various sub-committees forms a piece of mechanism as exact and efficient as a Prussian regiment.

One of the most significant features of their work is the cordial assistance it has from the police and Stadt authorities. The two co-operate as if they were parts of a single body. Several of the buildings, including the men's bathhouse, used by the committee are the property of the

city, and with the exception of one for which rent is paid, have been lent free of charge.

From the moment when the refugees land in one of the four Eastern stations of Hamburg, till the anchor is weighed on the vessel which is to bear them to a new continent, they are under the charge of the committee, and, if needful, are comfortably maintained at its expense.

After their reception at the station, the tickets given them at the frontier are examined, or new ones given them, and records made of all the names, and other particulars. They are then allotted to certain lodging-houses, with which contracts have been made. A complete bath is obligatory, and during this their clothes are disinfected. Such as need new garments—a very large majority—are supplied from the committee's warehouse. Besides the food at the lodging-houses, a generous midday meal is furnished at the Jewish soup kitchen. Small *Sichtungskomites* sit nightly, and pass upon every individual case of the thousands presented. Such help as is necessary is extended, and the applicant is sent to the point where his trade or previous work seems to give him the best chance of success. Generally from ten days to a fortnight elapse before he departs for his new home. Even on the voyage he is surrounded by the care of the Hamburg committee. There are stores of *kosher* meat and bread on the ship, and a Jewish kitchen, a *Schaumer*, and a doctor.

A volume would scarcely exhaust the curious sights which I came upon during my visits to Hamburg, and with which the hospitable town has been familiar since the spring of 1891.

The bath for the men—a public establishment on Bauerstrasse lent by the city—presented most whimsical spectacles. The men all received tickets for four baths—the first compulsory. One of the committee confessed with a rueful smile that the remaining three were not invariably used. It was evident enough that many of the poor devils had never been immersed in water before; none of them had the remotest idea of swimming. They hung back as long as they could, quaked their way in gingerly, and emerged from the tepid water gasping and shivering from fright. I was told that the women both needed and dreaded this ordeal even more than the men.

A whole floor of a big old building off the Alter Steinweg is devoted to the collection of clothing—cast-off or shop-worn—with which the rags from Russia are replaced. Here were great heaps of coats and trousers, still in their original shelf creases, contributed from remnants of stock by Jewish merchants, and other piles of garments collected from houses all over North Germany and Denmark. There were barrels full of hats, huge mounds of boots, some new, mostly old, and tables covered with underclothing, shirts, collars, and neckties. Many of these were elaborate and

expensive productions, which had simply gone out of fashion, so when a Jewish mender of umbrellas turns up at New York in a fancifully embroidered dress shirt he need not necessarily be suspected of bad faith. The committee-men who were with me had great laughter over a dress-coat which some kindly soul had contributed. I suggested that it might be useful for a waiter. But it seems there are no Jewish waiters.

A curtained screen across the big room shut off the part devoted to clothing for women. Here the pegs were laden with frocks of all sizes and colours, with flaring decorations and wildly gay patterns—relics of departed German fashions. I was curious to know whether, if one of the applicants fastened her heart upon some particular gown, she got it, or was put off with something else. "Oh, yes," was the reply; "we give her what she wants. Even Jewish women, you know, must be humoured on the dress question."

The mute record of many tears and saddened homes lay on a table in the corner—a heap of delicately made infants' clothes which had never been worn. I saw two peasant women from some unspeakable slum or other in the Pale look at these wee garments of lace and ribbons, and then look sadly at each other. They understood the language of the little unused robes.

Most curious and droll were the metamorphoses effected in these clothing rooms. Grave, gaunt-eyed, bearded old men came out with jaunty white straw hats and the roundabout jackets of the dandies of 1884. A small boy, whose parents were the very lowliest I saw in face and demeanour and dress, got a costly sailor suit, much better than the German Emperor's children wear. One thick-nosed, bold-faced young man, who had been clothed afresh, came to us with a complaint that his hat did not correspond in quality with the rest of his outfit. It was rather a questionable hat, but his manner displeased my friends. "Do you want to pass, then, for a Baron in America?" one of them asked him.

The public dinner at 12.30 was spread in a room capable of seating about 130. In the three weeks preceding my first visit, in July, 5000 meals had been served here. There were a half-dozen members of the committee here each day, superintending the affair. When the thick pea-broth had been handed about, two of these committeemen stepped forward with bowls and tasted it. Then, as by a signal, the hungry people hastened to eat. They had been waiting for this proof that the soup was prepared in *kosher* fashion.

The virulent orthodoxy of these refugees, if I may so call it without offence, considerably complicates the task of looking after them in their

journey across Europe. They would rather not eat at all than bite into any unsanctified morsel. The very dishes in this soup kitchen which the committee had started for their benefit, had to be new. The *Schaumer*—a venerable, long-bearded dignitary of the synagogue, something between a beadle and a sexton, who presided in a black skull-cap over the arrangements—had to give them repeated assurances on this point. His presence was a formal guarantee that everything had been cooked according to the Jewish ritual.

The bread was all in small rolls, each of which had pasted upon the crust a little paper *kosher* label. In an adjoining room were barrels of peas, of flour, and of sugar. I noted with curiosity that these were all of the most expensive variety. The prices in the books showed this, and it was true of the other articles of food as well. Besides the soup and bread, each person had one-third of a pound of meat, with potatoes and greens.

There was no drink but water, of which they drank tumblerfuls in quite the American way. I commented upon this, saying that the costliness of every other item forbade the theory that this was for economy's sake, but, pointing out that English paupers, or, for that matter, French and German too, would get something besides water to drink, even if their food was of the cheapest and worst. "These people would not drink anything but water," was the reply. "We tried some

of the older and more feeble of them with beer at the outset, but it made them sick, and they begged off from having any more."

In this cookshop 14,128 meals were given during the month of July 1891, 23,579 in August, 13,682 in September, and 5676 in October. The falling off is ascribable in large measure to the rigorous religious fast-days of the early autumn, which rendered the Jews unwilling to travel or indulge in real meals. The greatest number of meals served on any one day was 1360 on August 4. The daily average for the entire period from the formation of the committee through to the beginning of winter was 530. Thus far in the year 1892 the average has been somewhat smaller, owing to the partial closing of the German frontier and the cholera outbreak.

I have not been able to secure exact figures from Hamburg concerning the exodus. In round numbers, about 75,000 refugees seem to have passed through that port since the 1st of June 1891. The committee reports having entirely provided for, alike in food, clothes, transportation, and some small start in life, 20,000 people. They have partially helped 30,000 more. Something like another 25,000 have come to Hamburg and gone away without asking for help or applying to the committee—and very possibly the number may be still larger.

In the matter of finance, the German Central

Committee has raised, including all sources of contribution, something over £100,000. There are objections to examining in detail the expenditure of this sum, and it moreover by no means covers the heavy individual outlay, to which almost the entire Hebrew community has been subjected. The Hamburg committee's books, for example, showed last autumn that they had received £27,000 from the General Committee, and had raised £11,000 more on their own account in Hamburg in addition. This fell, however, far short of representing what had been expended in that city alone upon the ceaseless stream of fugitives passing through. Several of the more important local committees have also been given permission to draw upon Baron Hirsch for current expenses, when their funds from other sources were exhausted for the time being. Hamburg, for instance, was last winter authorised to draw upon him, if needful, to the extent of £20,000.

The most valuable indication of the extent of the new exodus, and of its curious fluctuations, is afforded by the following figures, for which I am indebted to the courtesy of members of the Russo-Jewish committee at Berlin. They give by weeks the number of adult Hebrew emigrants received at Ruhleben and forwarded to Hamburg —the diminution during October being due to the fast-day observance already alluded to:

Week ending—		Week ending—	
July 10, 1891	2,517	January 2, 1892	943
July 17	2,796	January 9	820
July 24	3,452	January 16	695
August 1	2,675	January 23	693
August 8	2,700	January 30	741
August 15	1,812	February 6	776
August 22	2,700	February 13	894
August 29	2,912	February 20	1,010
September 5	3,019	February 27	641
September 12	3,690	March 5	560
September 19	3,355	March 12	602
September 26	2,200	March 19	798
October 3	1,207	March 26	652
October 10	795	April 2	264
October 17	632	April 9	66
October 24	749	To 23	42
October 31	686	April 30	481
November 7	1,526	May 7	754
November 14	1,507	May 14	1,154
November 21	1,437	May 21	1,581
November 28	1,234	To 31	1,563
December 5	1,075		
December 12	1,364	Total, 47 weeks	63,861
December 19	1,023		
December 26	1,068		

These figures take no account of children. Adding these, at the lowest estimate, would more than double the total given above. It is also quite within bounds to assume that, of the total number of Jews fleeing from Russia, not more than two-thirds pass through Berlin. Still further, no record is presented here of the considerable number of refugees who have been able to bear their own expenses, and have not troubled the

committee. Some authorities estimate this class at one-fourth of the whole. It seems to me safer to call it one-fifth. Upon that basis we have then a total flight of approximately 205,000 souls in nine months. By the lowest estimate, the year ending in October of 1892 will have seen not less than 225,000 human beings driven from their homes, and the land of their birth.

It does not fall within the scheme of this work to trace the exodus beyond the converging point of Hamburg, whence it radiates again to every quarter of the globe. Years must elapse before judgment can be passed upon this new Israel out of bondage. The stupendous plan of Baron Hirsch, evolved by the wisdom of the chief men of the race, and endowed by his vast donation, is not yet fairly in operation, and can at best benefit but a fraction of this great host already dispossessed and expatriated. The minor colonies in the United States, founded partly from his bounty, partly by the philanthropic efforts of American Hebrews, have not thus far progressed beyond the experimental stage. The English-speaking communities all over the world—accustomed alike, whether in the huge human hives on the Thames and the Hudson, or the more open spaces of Australia, the Cape, California and Canada, to offer refuge to the oppressed and wretched of whatever race and tongue—hold the

bulk of this prodigious foreign mass still undigested, unassimilated.

Those who are not prone to broadly hopeful views of humanity may without much trouble find warrant for both present discomfort and future apprehension in the character and dimensions of this latest invasion. Doubtless nothing that could be said here would ease the one or allay the other. But I trust that at least some service will have been done by the attempt to examine both the religious and the racial causes underlying this phenomenon of nineteenth-century history, and to become acquainted with the forces which, having been employed for generations to plunder, narrow, debase and demoralise the unhappy Russian Jew, expend themselves now in the final act of throwing him out, a penniless and helpless wastrel, for others to take care of.

The study has in the nature of things been one of sustained gloom—a picture in which the only lights fall from the torches of Cossacks on their midnight raids, or from the sinister candles burning in front of the modern Torquemada's *ikons*. The story of a whole people being insulted, degraded, and abused by system, denied the commonest of human rights by law, and at last stripped bare, torn from their homes and driven out of their country, could not well be made pleasant reading. Yet, now that it has been told, I find myself wondering whether the most pathetic and hope-

less feature is not, after all, its disclosure of what the Russians themselves are like. The woe-begone outcast in cap and caftan, wandering forth dismayed into exile, will take heart again. His children's children may shape a nation's finance, or give law to a literature, or sway a Parliament. At the least, they will be abreast of their fellows; they will be a living part of their generation; they will be free men, fearing neither famine nor the knout.

The Russian marches the other way.

APPENDICES

A.

PETITION presented in Moscow, in May 1891, to the Czar by Israel Deyel, a corporal in the Veteran Reserve, and for the writing of which he was imprisoned.

(*Translated.*)

Most Serene, Mighty, and Exalted Sire and Emperor Alexander Alexandrovitch, Autocrat of all the Russias, Most gracious Father:

A most humble petition from reserved Jewish soldiers and under-officers living in Moscow:

May God hear, and may the Emperor have mercy!

We, most faithful subjects, reserved Jewish soldiers and under-officers, venture to lay at the feet of your Imperial Majesty our most humble petition not to extend to us the Law of 28th March of this year, touching the transportation of Jewish artisans from Moscow and the Government of Moscow, and not to subject us soldiers, both artisans and non-artisans, to removal from these places.

May it please your Imperial Majesty to have your most gracious attention drawn to the fact that the above-mentioned Law, subjecting thousands of poor Jews to utter ruin, must press with special harshness and injustice upon us soldiers, who have borne your Imperial Majesty's service, and who, at the first call of their country, must advance again to serve the Throne and Fatherland. Deign to note, moreover, that such a heavy and degrading restriction, depriving us of the right to

live where we best may throughout the Empire, does discredit to the military calling and casts undeserved ignominy upon us, many of whom, having had the honour to serve in the Sheor regiments, have had the high privilege to wear the sign of the Most Exalted Name of your Imperial Majesty, and the names of personages of the Imperial family. Many of us have had the honour to receive, for zealous service, your Imperial "Thank you!"

The prohibition to us soldiers to live freely within the borders of our Fatherland, for which we bound ourselves by oath not to spare our lives, is deeply felt by all Jews and many Christians to be a limitation gravely inconsistent with the noble designation of soldier. Military service opens to other persons of all callings, and even to peasants, the possibility of attaining reputation, rank and nobility. To us Jews may it at least give freedom to live at peace throughout the Empire, and may it lift from us the ignominy of compulsory confinement within the "Pale of Settlement"—where the driven-together mass of Jewish inhabitants, separated from their more prosperous and civilised co-religionists to whom the Law accords privileges of free residence and rights of property, live in poverty, ignorance and evil circumstance, the unavoidable results of their calamitous condition.

A non-Jewish soldier, when going forth to fight and die for his Fatherland, may find strength in the trust that the near ones he leaves behind will be watched over by the community, and receive the paternal care of the Government, and the generous favour of the monarch. But a Jewish soldier has to face death for his Fatherland with the bitter consciousness that she has separated him as an outcast from all her other children, humiliated him, and by her laws has deprived him of the means to decently exist himself, and to provide for the family he leaves behind.

He can only pray to God that the authorities and the Government may not ascribe the offences of individual Jewish wrongdoers to a natural evil disposition in the whole nation; that they may not punish all other Jews indiscriminately because of these few; and that the Judophobe newspapers

may not, with malicious design, poison the minds of the population against us, and move the authorities to bring us into disfavour with the Government.

This is our humble prayer: may our Fatherland render us justice, and your Imperial Majesty show his exalted grace, to the end that all reserved and retired Jewish soldiers and under-officers, whether they be artisans or not, may graciously be granted the right to live unreservedly throughout the Empire, and that those who have served in the ranks during their entire term may be accorded certain small other privileges, such as the right to trade, and to enter the service of private persons and of public institutions.

Thus may be fulfilled the saying: "A prayer to God and service to the Emperor is never in vain."

Reserved Under-Officer,
ISRAEL DEVEL.

Moscow, *May* 15, 1891.

B.

THE St. Petersburg *Official Messenger* of so recent a date as August 22, 1892, published by authority a sweeping denial of all the statements hitherto made "regarding the alleged cruelties attending the expulsion of Jews from Russia. In particular, says the Reuter's despatch summarising this official utterance, the allegation that Jews were conveyed in chains from Moscow and St. Petersburg, and forced to travel on foot to their destination, and in some cases even transported to Siberia, is declared to be entirely without foundation. "In Russia," the official organ adds, "none but convicts are put in chains, and these even are not transported on foot." The journal concludes by emphatically declaring that no cruelties or acts of violence have been perpetrated against the Jews, and that all newspaper statements to the contrary are pure inventions.

In the face of this circumstantial, though strangely belated, denial, I reprint the list of 88 Jewish residents of Moscow who were marched publicly through the streets of that Holy City from the Central Forwarding Prison to the Smolenski, or

some other railway station, by what is known as the *étape*. Every name has been verified by personal investigation, and is vouched for by men of the highest respectability in Moscow. The list only partially covers the Jewish representation in the *étapes* of a few months in the spring and summer of 1891, and of course indicates only an infinitesimal fraction of those thus

THE SMOLENSKI RAILWAY STATION, MOSCOW.

outraged throughout the Empire. The women, who are distinguished by italics, wore no chains ; the men all bore manacles similar to those which are portrayed on the cover of this book. Not one of them was a "convict," or charged with any crime save that of race.

Opposite each name is the place to which that person was sent. Those towns marked (*) are not in the Pale. That means that one-fourth of these Jews were either twenty-five-year veterans or were otherwise of the privileged classes permitted since 1865 to reside anywhere, and that, when removed

from Moscow during 1891, their domicile reverted to some other place where Jews are not allowed to reside, and from which they would also in time be chased. In three cases the same name occurs twice—where people ventured back to save some relic of their property or collect a debt, and were again expelled.

	Name	*Sent to*
1.	Israel Marfis	Wilna
2.	Itzko Aisik	Novgorod.*
3.	Movscha Perschin	Mstislavl.
4.	Schelma Berlin	Mohilef.
5.	Israel Schabak	Kronstadt.*
6.	Adam Schinavitefi	Novgorondsk.
7.	Itzko Reiffmann	Grodno.
8.	Elia (Evsel) Grischmann	Podolsk.*
9.	El-Baer Liachtiger	Konsk.
10.	Moissei Bieloi	Toula.*
11	Berka Bieloi	Toula.*
12.	Meyer Blechman	Egonevsk.*
13.	*Chaia Benstein*	Mohilef.
14.	*Pessia Sverlova*	Polotzk.
15.	Srul Berkovitch	Toula.*
16.	Iovel Grischmann	Podolsk.*
17.	Piness Leif Katzev	Mohilef.
18.	*Bina Bienstein*	Libau
19.	Israil Yonte	Orscha.
20.	Peretz Leib Cohan	Goldingen.
21.	Mendel Epstein	Vitebsk.
22.	*Rivka Krein*	Telschi.
23.	Affraim Faimann	Pokrov.*
24.	Mendel Moros	Vitebsk.
25.	Wulf Bloch	Orschmiany.
26.	Leibh Eviossar	Vitebsk.
27.	Schlema Schneeweiss	Vitebsk.
28.	*Sara Gutermann*	Orscha.
29.	*Biela Scherr*	Wilna.
30.	David Kantor	Serponkhov.
31.	Boruch Friedmann	Igumen.
32.	Jankel Volkovitcher	Mohilef.
33.	Raphael Raitzyn	Dunaburg
34.	Morduch Chessin	Mstislavl.
35.	Selman Spetner	Borissov.
36.	Benjamin Moskin	Mstislavel.
37.	Selig Mirschovitch	Orscha.
38.	Leiba Poliakoff	Surans.
39.	Isidor Tager	Rieschitry.
40.	Hirsch Rabkin	Vitebsk.

	Name	*Sent to*
41.	Schmuel Aronovitch	Rossienny.
42.	Leiser Kravitsky	Klin.*
43.	Jossel Kaplan	Rossienny.
44.	Jossel Chenvkin	Klimoffka.*
45.	Itzko Bordess	Wilna.
46.	Itzko Seerch	Tukum.
47.	Abraham Bernstein	Troky.
48.	Srul Krivoschief	Bobruisk.
49.	Faibesch Schur	Gorky.
50.	Berka Drisin	Dissna.*
51.	Bentzian Shokin	Kieff.*
52.	*Bessia Riabkin*	Mohilef.
53.	Faiva (her grandson of eight)	Mohilef.
54.	Jehiel Veitmann	Bogoroditsk.
55.	Seska Bum	Polotzk.
56.	Itzko Rapaport	Egorievsk.*
57.	Ruvim Blankstein	Vologda.*
58.	Schloma Streltzin	Mohilef
59.	Jankel Itelson	Orscha.
60.	Salmon Goldberk	Sienny.
61.	Jankel Fechtoubaum	Kadin.
62.	Itzko Grünblatt	Slutzk.
63.	Nachary Faveleff Starinsky	Slutzk.
64.	Chaim Wolf Edelstein	Rossienny.
65.	*Kirka Kirrin* (twice)	Telschi.
66.	Jankel Galkin	Podolsk.*
67.	Jossel Revsin	Klimovitschky.
68.	Israel Rassner	Mohilef.
69.	*Feiga Berezinova*	Mohilef.
70.	Wolf Shatzkess	Grodno.
71.	Elka Toffe	Dünaburg.
72.	Jossiff Schmuelovitch	Orel.
73.	Morscha Trotzky	Wilna.
74.	Isaac Pschenitza	Warsaw.
75.	Meyer Blechmann (twice)	Egorievsk.*
76.	Morscha Meyer Suria	Vilkomir.
77.	Ersel Grischmann (twice)	Podolsk.*
78.	Indel Morscha Roschkin	Slonim.
79.	Itzek Choloss	Rossienny.
80.	Mordka Geldenreitik	Orschmiany.
81.	Itzek Geiner Chanyss	Bratzlov.
82.	Itzko Zirkin	Mstislavel.
83.	Elia Bernovitsch	Toula.*
84.	Herman Zeilon	Warsaw.
85.	Abraham Blovstein	Vologda.*
86.	*Xenia Riva Drevlovska*	Dorrogobousch.
87.	Irael Denell	Orschmiany.
88.	Eleonor Zeilon	Warsaw.

C.

THE visible head of the almost world-wide organisation for the reception, care, and distribution of the Russo-Jewish refugees, is the "*Deutsches Central-Komitee*" at Berlin, which, oddly enough, has its correspondence addressed to No. 40 Holy Ghost Street. This central body comprises some of the most eminent Hebrew citizens of the German capital, including Justizrath Meyer, Rechtsanwalt Breslauer, and Karl Emil Franzos.

The more detailed work throughout Germany is divided into three branches or departments—East Prussia, Upper Silesia, and the Seaboard.

The *Hauptgrenzkomité* of East Prussia has its headquarters at Königsberg, and consists of the chairman of the five provincial committees of Insterburg, Prostken, Memel, Eydtkuhnen and Tilsit, under the presidency of Rabbi Dr. Bamberger, of Königsberg. The most important of these minor bodies is the frontier or *Grenzkomité* of Königsberg, which comprises 100 men and women, and is split up into eleven sub-committees, covering "sifting," lodging, clothing, commissariat, transportation, forwarding, care for the rejected, medicine, legal points, changing of money, and advice to independent travellers. The five lesser frontier committees already mentioned represent some 60 workers, who, under general direction from Königsberg, receive the fugitives direct from Russian soil.

The *Oberschlesische Hilfscomitee* in Beuthen, a town 116 miles south-east of Breslau, and the centre of a network of railways leading from Southern Poland and Cracow, is presided over by Amtsgerichtsrath Levy, and has general supervision over the small frontier "sifting" committees at Myslowitz, Ratibor, Kattowitz, Lublinitz and Laurahütte. In association with these, but organised by the *Israelitischen Allianz* of Vienna, are the Austrian frontier *Sichtungs-Komitees* of Cracow, Podvolochesk, Oswiecim, Husiatyn and Czernowitz.

Infinitely the most important of the "*Komitees an den Hafenplätzen, etc.*," is the splendidly organised and effective

Hamburg Committee. There are minor bodies of the same sort at Bremen, Stettin and Posen.

In addition to these committees engaged in actual daily contact with the great problem, there are 31 towns in Germany which have auxiliary committees formed to assist the Russian Jews.

The list would not be complete without mention of the powerful Jewish organisations in Vienna, Buda-Pesth, Paris, Antwerp, Brussels, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Rome and Zurich, which co-operate cordially with the German central committee. London and New York, the former through its Anglo-Jewish Association, the Russo-Jewish Committee and the Committee of Deputies of the British Jews, the latter through its National Committee, the United Hebrew Association and the United Hebrew Charities, have the still more arduous and trying task of receiving this vast emigrant host after Europe has sent it forth, and finding a permanent place for it inside the pale of civilisation.

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PRESENTING IN OUTLINE THE COMFORTABLE AND WELL-REGULATED PARADOX OVER WHICH SHE PRESIDES, AND SHOWING ITS MENTAL ELEVATION.

I SUPPOSE about the name there is no doubt. For sixty years we have followed that gifted gadabout and gossip, Heine, and called it Philistia. And yet, when one thinks of it, there may have been a mistake after all. Artemus Ward used to say that he had been able, with effort, to comprehend how it was possible to measure the distance between the stars, and even the dimensions and candle-power, so to speak, of those heavenly bodies; what beat him was how astronomers had ever found out their names. So I find myself wondering whether Philistia really is the right name for the land where She must be obeyed.

If so, it is only a little more the region of mysterious paradox and tricksy metamorphosis. We think of it always and from all time as given over to Her rule. We feel in our bones that there was a troglodyte Mrs. Grundy; we imagine to ourselves a British matron contemporary with the cave bear and the woolly elephant. But her very antiquity only makes it more puzzling.

There is an old gentleman who always tries to prove to me that the French are really Germans, that the Germans are all Slavs, and that the Russians are strictly Tartars: that is to say, that in keeping count of the early races as they swarmed Westward we somehow skipped one, and have been wrong ever since. There must

be some such explanation of how the domain which She sways came to be called Philistia.

I say this, because the old Philistia was tremendously masculine. It was the Jews who struck the feminine note. They used to swagger no end when they won a victory, and utilise it to the utmost limit of merciless savagery; but when it came their turn to be thrashed they filled the very heavens with complaining clamour. We got no hint that the Philistines ever failed to take their medicine like men.

Consider those splendid later Philistines, the Norsemen. In all their martial literature there is no suggestion of a whine. They loved fighting for its own sake; next to braining their foes, they admired being themselves

hewn into sections. They never blamed their gods when they had the worst of it. They never insisted that they were always right and their enemies invariably wrong. They cared nothing about all that. They demanded only fun. It was their victims, the Frankish and Irish monks, who shed women's tears and besought Providence to play favourites.

And here is the paradox. The children of these Berserker loins are become the minions of Mrs. Grundy. By some magic she has enshrined Respectability in their temples. In one division of her empire she makes Mr. Helmer drink tea; in another she sets everybody reading the *Buchholz Family*; in her chosen island home her husband on the sunniest Sundays carries an

umbrella instead of a walking-stick. Fancy the wild delirium of delight with which the old Philistines would have raided her homestead, chopping down her Robert Elsmeres, impaling her Horsleys, and making the skies lurid with the flames of her semi-detached villa! Yet we call her place Philistia!

I know the villa very well. It is quite near to the South Kensington Museum. The title "Fernbank" is painted on the gate-posts. How well-ordered and comfortable does life beyond those posts remain! Here are no headaches in the morning. Here white-capped domestics move with neat alertness along the avenues of gentle routine, looking neither to the policeman on the right nor fiery-jacketed

Thomas Atkins on the left. Here my friend Mr. Albert Grundy invariably comes home by the Underground to dinner. Here his three daughters—girls of a type with a diminishing upper lip, with sharper chins and greater length of limb than of old—lead deeply washed existences, playing at tennis, smiling in flushed silence at visitors, feeding contentedly upon Mudie's stores, the while their mamma spreads the matrimonial net about the piano or makes tours of inspection among her outlying mantraps on the lawn. Here simpers the innocuous curate; here Uncle Dudley, who has seen life in Australia and the Far West, watches the bulbs and prunes the roses, and, I should think, yawns often to himself; here Lady Willoughby Wallaby's card

diffuses refinement from the summit of the card-basket in the hall.

To this happy home there came but last week—or was it the week before—a parcel of books. There were four complete novels in twelve volumes—fruits of that thoughtful arrangement by which the fair reader in Philistia is given three distinct opportunities to decide whether she will read the story through or not. Mrs. Albert is a busy woman, burdened with manifold responsibilities to Church and State, to organised charities, to popularised music, to art-work guilds and the Amalgamated Association of Clear Starchers, not to mention a weather-eye kept at all times upon all unmarried males: but she still finds time to open all these packets of new books herself.

On this occasion she gave to her eldest, Ermyntrude, the first volume of a novel by Mrs. ——. It doesn't matter what fell to the share of the younger Amy and Floribel. For herself she reserved the three volumes of the latest work of Mr. ——.

She tells me now that words simply can *not* express her thankfulness for having done so. It seems the selection was not entirely accidental. She was attracted, she admits, by the charmingly dainty binding of the volumes, but she was also moved by an instinct, half maternal prescience, half literary recollection. She thought she remembered having seen the name of this man-writer before. Where? It came to her like a flash, she says. Only a while ago he had a book called

A Bunch of Patrician Ladies or something of that sort, which she almost made up her mind not to let the girls read at all, but at last, with some misgivings, permitted them to skim hastily, because, though the morals were rocky —perhaps that wasn't her word—the society was very good. But this new book of his had not even that saving feature. Respectable people were only incidentally mentioned in it. Really it was quite *too* low. The chief figure was a farm-girl who for the most part skimmed milk or cut swedes in a field, and at other times behaved in a manner positively unmentionable. Mrs. Albert told me she had locked the volumes up, after only partially perusing them. I might be sure *her* daughters never laid eyes on them. They had

gone back to the library, with a note expressing surprise that such immoral books should be sent into any Christian family. What made the matter worse, she went on, was that Ermyntrude read in some paper, at a friend's house, that this man, whoever he may be, was the greatest of English novelists, and that this particular book of his was a tragic work of the noblest and loftiest order, which dignified the language. She was sure she didn't know what England was coming to, when reporters were allowed to put things like that in the papers. Fortunately she took in *The Daily Tarradiddle*, which one could always rely upon for sound views, and which gave this unspeakable book precisely the contemptuous little notice it deserved.

It was a relief, however—and here the good matron visibly brightened up—to think that really wholesome and improving novels were still produced. There was that novel by Mrs. ——. Had I read it? Oh, I must lose no time! Perhaps it was not altogether so enchanting as that first immortal work of hers, which had almost, one might say, founded a new religion. True, one of the girls in it worked altar-cloths for a church, and occasionally the other characters broke out into religious conversation; but there were no clergymen to speak of, and the charm of the other's ecclesiastical mysticism was lacking. "To be frank, the first and last volumes were just a bit slow. But oh! the lovely second volume! A young Englishman and his sister go to

Paris. They stumble right at the start into the most delightful, picturesque, artistic set. Think of it: Henri Regnault is personally introduced, and delivers himself of extended remarks——"

"I met an old friend of Regnault's at the Club the other day," I interposed, "who complained bitterly of that. He said it was insufferable impudence to bring him in at all, and still worse to make him talk such blather as is put into his mouth."

Mrs. Albert sniffed at this Club friend and went on. That Paris part of the book seemed to her to just palpitate with life. It was Paris to the very letter—gay, intellectual, sparkling, and oh! *so* free! The young Englishman at once set up a romantic establishment in the heart of Fontainebleau

Forest with a French painter-girl. His sister was almost as promptly debauched by an elderly French sculptor. But you never lost sight of the fact that the author was teaching a valuable moral lesson by all this. Indeed, that whole part of the book was called "Storm and Stress." And all the while you saw, too, how innately superior the national character of the young Englishman was to that of the French people about him. One *knew* that in good time *he* would have a moral awakening, and return to England, marry, settle down, and make money in his business. Side by side with this you saw the entire hopelessness of any spiritual regeneration in the French painter-girl or any of her artistic set. And this was shown with such delicate art—it was so

perfect, a picture of the moral contrast between the two nations—that the girls saw it at once.

"Then the girls," I put in—"that is to say, you didn't lock *this* book up?"

Mrs. Albert lifted her eyebrows at me. "How do you mean?" she asked. "Do you know who the author is? The idea! Why, the papers print whole columns about *anything* she writes. Every day you may see paragraphs about the mere prospect of books she hasn't even begun yet. I suppose such blatant publicity must be very distressing to her, but the public simply insist upon it. *The Daily Tarradiddle* devoted an entire leader to this particular book. I assure you, all my friends are talking of nothing else—many of them people, too, whom you would not suspect of any

literary tastes whatever, and who *never* read novels as a rule. But they don't regard *this* as a novel. They think of it—I quote Lady Willoughby Wallaby's exact words—as an exposition of those Christian principles which make our England what it is."

SETTING FORTH THE UNTOWARD CIRCUMSTANCES UNDER WHICH THE RIGHT TALE WAS UNFOLDED IN THE WRONG COMPANY.

MUCH has been written about that variety of "cab-wit" which occurs to a man on his way home from dinner: the brilliant sallies he might have made, the smart retorts which would so bravely have reversed the balance of laughter had they only come in time. We are less frank about the other sort. No one dwells in type upon the manner in which we marshal our old jokes and arrange our epigrams as we drive along to the house of feasting.

No doubt the practice of getting up table-talk is going out. The three-bottle men took it to the grave with them, along with the snuff-box, and the toupee, and the feather-bed, and other

amenities of the Regency. There never was but one diner-out in the London of my knowledge who was at pains to prepare his conversations, each for its special occasion and audience, and he, poor man, broke down under the strain and disappeared from view. The others are too lazy, too indifferent, too cocksure of themselves, to go to all this bother. The old courtly sense of responsibility to the host is perished from among them. But none the less, the least dutiful and diligent of all their number does ask himself questions as the whirling rubber tyres bear him onward, and the cab-mirror shows him the face of a man to whom people ought to listen.

The question I asked myself, as I drove past the flaring shop windows of

Old Brompton Road the other evening, was whether the Grundys would probably like my story of Nate Salsbury and the Citizen of South Bend, Indiana. A good deal depended upon the decision. It was a story which had greatly solidified my position in other hospitable quarters; it could be brought in *apropos* of almost anything, or for that matter of quite nothing at all; it had never been printed, so far as I know, in any of those American comic papers which supply alike the dining-rooms of Mayfair and the editorial offices of Fleet Street with such humor as they come into possession of; and I enjoyed telling it. On the other hand, the Grundys were old friends of mine, who would never suspect that they had missed anything if I preserved silence on the

subject of South Bend, and who would go on asking me to dinner whether I told new tales or not; moreover, their attitude toward fresh jokes was always a precarious quantity, and I had an uneasy feeling that if I told my story to them and it failed to come off, so to speak, I should never have the same confidence in it again. When I had entered the drawing-room of Fernbank, shaken hands with Mrs. Albert Grundy and Ermyntrude, and stolen a little glance about the circle as I walked over to the fireplace, it had become clear that the story was not to be told. Beside the half-dozen of the family, including the curate, there was a tall young man with a very high collar, shoulders that sloped down like a Rhine-wine bottle, and a stern expres-

sion of countenance. Uncle Dudley whispered to me, as we held our hands over the asbestos, that he was a literary party, and the son of old Sir Watkyn Hump, who was a director in one of Albert's companies. The other guests were a stout and motherly lady in a cap and a purplish smile, and a darkling young woman with a black velvet ribbon around her thin neck, and a look of wearied indifference upon her face. This effect of utter boredom did not visibly diminish upon my being presented to Miss Wallaby.

I have an extremely well-turned little brace of sentences with which to convey the intelligence to a young lady that the honor of taking her down to dinner has fallen upon me—sentences which combine professions of admiring pleas-

ure with just a grateful dash of respectful playfulness; they brought no new light into Miss Wallaby's somewhat scornful *pince-nez*. Decidedly I would not tell my South Bend story *that* night!

But all the same I did. What led up to it I hardly know. It was at the ptarmigan stage, I remember—or was it a capercailzie?—and young Mr. Hump had commented upon the great joy of living in England, where one could enjoy delicious game all the year round, instead of in a country like America, where the inhabitants notoriously had nothing but fried salt pork to eat for many months at a time. Perhaps it was not worth while, but I ventured the correcting remark that there was no season of the year when one couldn't have eighteen edible

varieties of wild birds in America for every one that England has ever heard of. Mr. Hump preened his chin about on the summit of his collar and smiled with superior incredulity. The others looked grave. Mrs. Grundy whispered to me warningly, over her left shoulder, that Mr. Hump had made America his special subject, and wrote most vigorous and comminatory articles about it almost every week. I was painfully conscious that Miss Wallaby's cold right shoulder had been still further withdrawn from me.

Well, it was at this grotesquely inauspicious moment that I told my story. It is easy enough now to see that it was sheer folly, madness if you like, to do so. I was only too bitterly conscious of that when I reviewed the events of

the evening in my homeward cab. It was *apropos* of nothing under the wide sky. But at the moment, I suppose, I hoped that it would relieve the situation. In one sense it did.

Baldly summarised, this is the tale. Years ago the admirable Nate Salsbury was on a "one-night-stand" tour with his bright little company of comedians through the least urban districts of Indiana, and came upon South Bend, which is an important centre of the wagon-making industry, but is not precisely a focussing point of dramatic traditions and culture. In the vestibule of the small theatre that evening there paced up and down a tall, middle-aged, weasel-backed citizen, his hands plunged deep in his pockets, doubt and irresolution written all over his face.

As others paid their money and passed in he would watch them with obvious longing; then he would go and study once more the attractive coloured bill of the Company, with its bevy of pretty girls in skirts just short enough to disclose most enticing little ankles; then once more he would resume his perplexed walk to and fro. At last he made up his mind, and approached Salsbury with diffidence. "Mister," he said, "air you the boss of this show?" "What can I do for you?" asked Nate. "Well—no offence meant—but—can I —that is to say—will it be all right to bring a lady to your show?" "That, sir, depends!" responded the manager firmly. "Well," the citizen went on, "what I was gittin' at is this—can I be perfectly safe in bringin' *my wife* here?"

"Sir," said Salsbury with dignity, and an eye trained to abstain from twinkling, "it is no portion of my business to inquire whether she is your wife or not, but if she comes in here she's got to behave herself!"

A solitary note of laughter fell upon the air when I had told this story, and on the instant Uncle Dudley, perceiving that he had made a mistake, dropped his napkin, and came up from fishing for it on the floor red-faced and dumb. All else was deadly silence.

"I—I suppose they really weren't married at all?" said the curate, after a chilling pause.

"Marriage, I regret to say, means next to nothing in most parts of America," remarked Mr. Hump, judicially. "The most sacred ties are

there habitually made the subject of ribald jests. I have been assured by a person who spent nearly three weeks in the United States some years since that it is an extremely rare experience to meet an adult American who has not been divorced at least once. This fact made a vivid impression on my mind at the time, and I—ahem!—have written frequently upon it since."

"I suppose the trouble arises from their all living in hotels—having no home life whatever," said Mrs Albert, with a kindly air of coming to my rescue.

"Who on earth told you that?" I began, but was cut short.

"I confess," broke in Miss Wallaby, with frosty distinctness of tone and enunciation, "that the assumption upon

which the incident just related is based —the assumption that the la—woman referred to would probably misconduct herself in a place of public resort—seems to me startlingly characteristic of the country of which it is narrated. It has been truly said that the most valuable test of a country's actual, as distinct from its assumed, worth, is the respect it pays to its women. Both at Cheltenham and at Newnham the idea is steadily inculcated—I might say insisted upon as of paramount importance —that the nation's real civilization rests upon the measure, not alone of chivalrous deference, but of esteem and confidence which my sex, by its devotion to duty, and its intellectual sympathy with broad aims and lofty purposes, is able to inspire and command."

"But I assure you," I protested feebly, "the story I told was a joke."

"There are some subjects," interposed Lady Willoughby Wallaby, the fixed smile lighting up with an angry, winter-sunset glow her inflamed countenance—"there are some subjects on which it is best not to joke."

As she spoke she wagged a mitted thumb at her hostess, and on the instant the ladies rose. Mr. Hump hastened round to hold the door open as they filed out, their heads high in air, their skirts rustling indignantly over the threshold. Then he followed them, closing the door with decision behind him.

"Gad, Albert," said Uncle Dudley, reaching over for the port, "I don't wonder that the pick of our young fel-

lows go in for marrying American girls."

"Pass it along!" remarked the father of Mrs. Albert's three daughters, in a voice of confirmed dejection.

ANNOTATING SUNDRY POINTS OF CONTACT FOUND TO EXIST BETWEEN THE LADY AND CONTEMPORARY ART.

SCENE.—*Just inside the door of a studio.*

TIME.—*Last Sunday in March, 5 p.m.*

1st CITIZENESS. O, thank you *so* much!

2nd do. *So* good of you to come!

1st do. I *so* dote upon art!

2nd do. *So* kind of you to say so!

1st do. Thank you *so* much for asking us!

2nd do. Delighted, I'm sure! Thank *you* for coming!

1st CITIZENESS. Not at all! Thank you for—for thanking me for—Well—*good*-bye. (*Exit—with family group.*)

. . . . . .

HUSBAND OF 2nd CITIZENESS (*with gloom*). And who might *those* thankful bounders be?

2nd CITIZENESS (*wearily*). O, don't ask *me! I* don't know! From Addison Road way, I should think.

. . . . . .

1st CITIZENESS (*outside*). Well! If *that* thing gets into the Academy!

FAMILY GROUP. Did you notice the ridiculous way her hair was done? Did you ever taste such tea in your life? How yellow Mrs. General Wragg is getting to look in the daylight. Yes—there's our four-wheeler. (*Exeunt omnes.*)

THE above is not intended for presentation upon any stage—not even that of the Independent Theatre. It has been cast into the dramatic mould merely for convenience' sake. It embodies what I chiefly remember about Picture Sunday.

It has come to be my annual duty—a peculiarly hardy, not to say temerarious, annual—to convoy Mrs. Albert Grundy and her party about sections of Chelsea and Brompton on the earlier of the two Show Sabbaths. I drifted into this function through having once shared an attic with a young painter, whose colleagues used to come to borrow florins of him whenever one of his

pictures disappeared from any shop window, and so incidentally formed my acquaintance. My claim nowadays upon their recollection is really very slight. I just know them well enough to manage the last Sunday in March: even that might be awkward if they were not such good-natured fellows.

But it would be difficult to persuade Mrs. Albert of this. That good lady is wont, when the playfully benignant mood is upon her, to describe me as her connecting link with Bohemia. She probably would be puzzled to explain her meaning; I certainly should. But if she were provided with affidavits setting forth the whole truth—viz., that my entire income is derived from an inherited part-interest in an artificial-ice machine; that there are two clergy-

men on the committee of my only club; that I am free from debt; and that I play duets on the piano with my sister —still would she cling to the belief that I am a young man with an extremely gay, rakish side, who could make thrilling revelations of Bohemia if I would. Of course, I am never questioned on the subject, but I can see that it is a point upon which the faith of Fernbank is firmly grounded. Often Mrs. Albert's conversation cuts figure-eights on very thin ice when we are alone, as if just to show me that *she* knows. More than once I have discovered Ermyntrude looking furtively at me, as the wistful shepherd-boy on the plains of Dura might have gazed at the distant haze overhanging bold, unspeakable Babylon. I rarely visit the

house but Uncle Dudley winks at me. However, nothing is ever asked me about the dreadful things with which they suppose me to be upon intimate terms.

It seemed for a long time, on Sunday, as if an easy escape had been arranged for me by Providence. At two o'clock, the hour appointed for our crusade, a heavy fog overhung everything. Looking out from the drawing-room windows, only the very nearest of the neatly trimmed firs on the lawn were to be distinguished. The street beyond was utter blackness.

At three o'clock the ladies took off their bonnets. It was really too bad. Uncle Dudley, strolling in from his nap in the library, suggested that with a lantern we might visit some of the near

studios: "not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith." Mrs. Albert turned a look of tearful vexation upon him, before which he fled.

"There's this consolation," she remarked presently, holding me with an unwavering eye: "if we are to be defrauded out of our expedition to-day, that will furnish all the more reason why you should take us next Sunday—*the* Sunday. You have often talked of having us see the Academicians at home—but we've never been."

"I remember that there has been talk about it," I said; "but hardly that the talk was mine. Truth is, I don't know a single Academician, even by sight."

It was clear that they did not believe me. Mrs. Albert continued: "Lady

Wallaby expressed surprise, only last evening, that we should consent to go about among the outsiders. She and her daughter *never* do."

"Outsiders!" I was tempted into saying. "Why, they can paint the head off the Academy!"

Miss Timby-Hucks simpered outright. "You do say such droll things!" she remarked, somewhat obscurely. "Mamma always declares that you remind her of the *Sydney Bulletin*."

"Whom *do* you take to the Academy Show Sunday?—or perhaps I oughtn't to ask," came from Ermyntrude.

"No, we have no right to inquire," said Mrs. Albert; and I turned to the window and the enshrouded lawn once more.

All at once the fog lifted. The bon-

nets were produced again. Nearly three hours of daylight remained to us. Tidings that the horse was too lame to be taken out only staggered Mrs. Albert for the briefest fraction of time. There were still four-wheelers in Gilead. Besides, if the driver happened to be sober, he would know the streets so much better than their stupid coachman. This would be of advantage, because time was so limited. We should have to just run in, say "How-d'ye-do," take a flying look round, and scamper out again, Mrs. Albert said. By firmly adhering to this rule, she estimated that we might do sixteen or seventeen studios.

Heaven alone knows how many we did "do." Nor have I any clear recollections of what we saw. A confused

vision remains to me of long hall-ways lined with frames and packing-cases; half-an-acre, more or less, of painted canvas, out of which only here and there a pair of bright eyes, a glowing field of poppies, or the sheen from a satin gown, fixed itself disconnectedly on the memory; hordes and hordes of tall young women helping themselves to tea and cakes; and always the pathetic figure of the artist's wife, or sister, tired to very death, standing by the door with a wearied smile on her lips, and the polite falsehood, "So good of you to come!" on her tongue. I wondered, I remember, if she never forgot herself and said instead, "So kind of you to go!" But under Mrs. Albert's system there was no time to wait and see.

Once, indeed, we dallied over our task. Mrs. Albert encountered a lady from Wormwood Scrubs of her acquaintance, who was indiscreet enough to mention that she had been asked to stop here for supper. The news spread through the petticoated portion of my group as by magic. Miss Timby-Hucks came over and asked me, so audibly that the artist-host had to blush and turn away, if I didn't think it would be a deliciously romantic experience to sup in one of these lofty studios, with the gaslight on the armor, and the great, solemnly silent pictures looking down upon us as we ate. Mrs. Albert lingered for some time looking at this artist's work with her head on one side, and eyes filled with rapt, dreamy enjoyment—but nothing came of it.

It was after we had been back in Fernbank for an hour or more—our own cold repast nearly over—that Mrs. Albert thought of something. She laid down her fork with a gesture of annoyance. "It has just occurred to me," she said; "we never went to that Mr. Whistler's, whose pictures are on exhibition in Bond Street. Everybody's talking about him, and I did so want not to miss his studio."

"I don't think he has a Show Sunday," I said. "I never heard of it, if he has."

"O no, it is only these last few weeks that anybody has heard of him," Mrs. Albert replied. "I read the first announcement about his beautiful pictures in *The Daily Tarradiddle* only the other day."

"Whistler? Whistler?" put in Uncle Dudley. "Why, surely *he's* not new. Why—I remember—he was mixed up in a law-suit, wasn't it, years ago?"

"O no, Dudley," responded Mrs. Albert; "I was under that same impression, till Lady Wallaby set me right. It seems that was another man altogether—some foreign adventurer who pretended to be able to paint and imposed upon people—don't you recall how *The Tarradiddle* exposed him?—and Mr. Burnt-Jones had him arrested, or something—O, quite a dreadful person. But *this* Mr. Whistler is an Englishman. I read in *The Illustrated London News* that he represented modern British Art. That alone would make it quite clear it was a dif-

ferent man. I did so want to see him! Lady Wallaby tells me she has heard he is extremely amusing in his conversation—and quite presentable manners, too."

"Why don't you ask him to dinner?" said Mr. Albert Grundy. "If he's amusing it's more than most of the men you drum up are."

"You seem to think *everybody* can be asked to dinner, Albert," the lady of the house replied. "Artists don't dine—unless they are in the Academy, of course. Tea, yes—or perhaps supper; but one doesn't ask people to meet them at dinner. It's like actors—and—and non-commissioned officers."

AFFORDING A NOVEL AND SUBDUED SCIENTIFIC LIGHT, BY WHICH DIVERS VENERABLE PROBLEMS MAY BE OBSERVED AFRESH.

"IT is my opinion," said Uncle Dudley, stretching out his slippered feet, and thrusting his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat—"it is my opinion that women are different from men."

"Several commentators have advanced this view," I replied. "For example, it has been noted that the gentle sex cross a muddy street on their heels, whereas we skip over on our toes."

"That is interesting if true," responded Uncle Dudley. "What I mean is that all this talk about the human race is humbug. There are *two* human races! And they are get-

ting wider apart every few minutes, too!"

"Have you mentioned this to any one?" I asked.

Uncle Dudley went on developing his theme. "I dare say that for millions of years after the re-separation of the sexes this difference was too slight to be noticed at all. The cave man, for instance—the fellow who went around hunting the Ichthyosaurus with a brick tied on the end of an elm club, and spent the whole winter underground sucking the old bones, and then whittling them up into Runic buttons for the South Kensington Museum: I suppose, now, that his wife and sister-in-law, say, didn't strike him as being specially different from himself—except, of course, in that they only got

plain bones and gristle and so on to eat, whereas all the marrow and general smooth-sailing in meats went his way. *You* can't imagine *him* saying to himself: 'These female people here are not of my race at all. They are of another species. They are in reality as much my natural enemies as that long-toed, red-headed, brachycephalous tramp living in the gum-tree down by the swamp, who makes offensive gestures as I ride past on my tame *Ursus spelæus*'—now, can you?"

I frankly shook my head. "No, I don't seem to be able to imagine that. It would be almost as hard as to guess off-hand where, when, and how you caught this remarkable scientific spasm."

Uncle Dudley smiled. He rose, and

walked with leisurely lightness up and down in front of the chimney-piece, still with his palms spread like little misplaced wings before his armpits. He smiled again. Then he stopped on the hearth-rug and looked down amiably upon me.

"Well—what d'ye think? There's something in it, eh?"

"My dear fellow," I began, "what puzzles me is——"

"O, I don't mean to say that I've worked it all out," put in Uncle Dudley reassuringly. "Why, I get puzzled myself, every once in a while. But I'm on the right track, my boy; and, as they say in Adelaide, I'm going to hang to it like a pup to a root."

"How long have you been this way?"

I asked, with an affectation of sympathy.

Uncle Dudley answered with shining eyes. "Why, if you'll believe me, it seems now as if I'd had the germs of the idea in my mind ever since I came back to England, and began living here at Fernbank. But the thing dawned upon me—that is to say, took shape in my head—less than a fortnight ago. I all came about through being up here one evening with nothing to read, and my toe worse than usual, and Mrs. Albert having been out of sorts all through dinner. Somehow, I felt all at once that I'd got to read scientific works, I couldn't resist it. I was like Joan of Arc when the cows and sheep took partners for a quadrille. I heard voices—Darwin's and—and—Benjamin

Franklin's — and — lots of others. I hobbled downstairs to the library, and I brought up a whole armful of the books that Mrs. Albert bought when she expected Lady Wallaby was going to be able to get her an invitation to attend the Hon. Mrs. Coon-Alwyn's Biological Conversaziones. Look there! What do you say to that for ten days' work? And had to cut every leaf, into the bargain!

I gazed with respect at the considerable row of books he indicated: books for the most part bound in the scarlet of the International Series or the maroon of Contemporary Science, but containing also brown covers, and even green "sport" varieties.

"Well, and what is it all about?" I asked. "Why have you read these

things? Why not the reports of the Commission on Agricultural Depression, or Lewis Morris' poems, or even—" but my imagination faltered and broke.

"It was instinct, my boy," returned Uncle Dudley, with impressive confidence. "There had been a thought—a great idea—growing and swelling in my head ever since I had been living in this house. But I couldn't tell what it was. As you might say, it was wrapped up in a cocoon, like the larvæ of the lepidoptera—ahem!—and something was needed to bring it out."

"When I was here last you were trying Hollands with quinine bitters," I remarked casually.

"Don't fool!" Uncle Dudley admonished me. "I'm dead in earnest. As I said, it was pure instinct that led me

to these books. They have made everything clear. I only wanted their help to get the husk off my discovery, and hoist it on my back, as it were, and bring it out here in the daylight. And so now you know what I'm getting at when I say: Women are different from Men."

"That is the discovery, then?" I inquired.

Uncle Dudley nodded several times.

Then he went on, with emphasised slowness: "I have lived here now for four years, seeing my sister-in-law every day, watching Ermyntrude grow up to womanhood and the little girls peg along behind her, and meeting the female friends who come here to see them—and, sir, I tell you, they're not alone a different sex: they're a differ-

ent animal altogether! Take my word for it, they're a species by themselves."

"Miss Timby-Hucks is certainly very much by herself," I remarked.

My friend smiled. "And not altogether her own fault either," he commented. "But, speaking of science, it's remarkable how, when you once get a firm grip on a big, central, main-guy fact, all the little facts come in of their own accord to support it. Now, there's that young simpleton you met here at dinner a while ago: I mean Eustace Hump. Do you know that both Ermyntrude and the Timby-Hucks, and even Miss Wallaby, think that that chap is a perfect ideal of masculine wit and beauty? You and I would hesitate about using him to wad a horse-pistol with: but there isn't one of those girls

that wouldn't leap with joy if he began proposing to her; and as for their mothers, why, the old ladies watch him as a kingfisher eyes a tadpole."

"Your similes are exciting," I said; "but what do they go to show?"

"My dear fellow, science can show anything. I haven't gone all through it yet, but I tell you, it's wonderful! Take this, for instance"—he reached for a green book on the mantel, and turned over the leaves—"now listen to this. The book is written by a man named Wallace—nice, shrewd-looking old party by his picture, you can see—and this is what he says on page 285: 'Some peahens preferred an old pied peacock; a Canada goose paired with a Bernicle gander; a male widgeon was preferred by a pintail duck to its own

species; a hen canary preferred a male greenfinch to either linnet, goldfinch, siskin, or chaffinch.' Now, do you see that? The moment my eyes first lighted on that, I said to myself: 'Now I understand about the girls and Eustace Hump.' Isn't it clear to you?"

"Absolutely," I assented. "You ought to read a paper at the Royal Aquarium—before the Balloon Society, I mean."

"And then look at this," Uncle Dudley went on, with animation. "Now, you and I would ask ourselves what on earth such a gawky, spindling, poor-witted youngster as that thought he was doing among women, anyhow. But you turn over the page, and here you have it: 'Goat-suckers, geese, carrion vultures, and many other birds of

plain plumage have been observed to dance, spread their wings or tails, and perform strange love-antics.' Doesn't that fasten Hump to the wall like a beetle on a pin, eh?"

"But I am not sure that I entirely follow its application to your original point," I suggested.

"About women, you mean? My boy, in science everything applies. The woods are full of applications. But seriously, women *are* different. As I said, in the barbarism at the back of beyond this divergence started. With the beginning of what we call civilization, it became more and more marked. The progress of the separation increases nowadays by square-root—or whatever you call it. The sexes are wider apart to-day than ever. They

like each other less; they quarrel more. You can see that in the Divorce Courts, in the diminished proportion of early marriages, in the increasing evidences of domestic infelicity all about one."

I could not refrain from expressing the fear that all this boded ill for the perpetuity of the human race.

Uncle Dudley is a light-hearted man. He was not depressed by the apprehensions to which I had given utterance. Instead he hummed pleasantly to himself as he put Wallace back on the shelf. He began chuckling as a moment later he bethought himself to fill our glasses afresh.

"Did I ever tell you my cat story?" he asked cheerily, testing the knob to see that the door was shut. "Once a little boy came in to his father and

said: 'Pa, we won't be troubled any more with those cats howling about on our roof at night. I've just been looking out of the upstairs window, and they're all out there fighting and screaming and tearing each other to pieces. There won't be one of them alive by morning!' Then the father replied: 'My son, you imagine a vain thing. When increasing years shall have furnished your mind with a more copious store of knowledge, you will grasp the fact that all this commotion and dire disturbance which you report to me only signifies more cats."

At this juncture the servant came in with the soda-water. We talked no more of science that evening.

TOUCHING THE EXPERIMENTAL GRAFT OF A UTILITARIAN SPIRIT UPON THE ÆSTHETIC INSTINCT IN OUR SISTERS.

I HAD strolled about the galleries of Burlington House for a couple of hours on Press Day, looking a little at pictures here and there, but for the most part contemplating with admiration the zeal and good faith of the ladies and gentlemen who stopped, note-book in hand, before every frame: when some one behind me gave a friendly tug at my sleeve. I turned, to find myself confronted by a person I seemed not to know—a small young woman in an alpine hat and a veil which masked everything about her face except its dentigerous smile. Even as I looked I was conscious of regret that, if acquaintances were to be made for

me in this spontaneous fashion, destiny had not selected instead a certain tall, slender, dark young lady, clad all in black and cocks' plumes, whom I had been watching at her work of note-taking in room after room, with growing interest. Then, peering more closely through the veil, I discovered that I was being accosted by Miss Timby-Hucks.

"You didn't know me!" she said, with a vivacious half-giggle, as we shook hands; "and you're not specially pleased to see me; and you're asking yourself, 'What on earth is she doing here?' Now, don't deny it!"

"Well, you know," I made awkward response—"of course—*Press* day——"

"Ah, but I belong to the Press," said Miss Timby-Hucks.

"Happy Press! And since when?"

"O, it's nearly a fortnight now. And most *interesting* I find the work. You know, for a long time now I've been *so* restless, *so* anxious to find some opening to a real career, where I might be my genuine self, and be an active part of the great whirling stream of existence, and concentrate my mind upon the actualities of life—don't you yourself think it will be *just* the thing for me?"

"Undoubtedly," I replied without hesitation. "And do you find focusing yourself on the actualities—ah—remunerative?"

"Well," Miss Timby-Hucks explained, "nothing of mine has been printed yet, you see, so that I don't know as to that. But I am assured it

will be all right. You see, I'm *very* intimate with a cousin of Mrs. Umpelbaum, who is the wife of the proprietor of *Maida Vale*, and in that way it came about. Lady-reporters never have any chance, I am told, unless they have friends in the proprietor's family, or know the editor extremely well. It all goes by favour, like—like——"

"Like the dearest of all the actualities," I put in. "But how is it they don't print your stuff?"

"I haven't written any, as yet. The difficulty was to find a subject," Miss Timby-Hucks rejoined. "O that awful 'subject'! I thought and thought and thought till my head was fit to burst. I went to see Mrs. Umpelbaum herself, and asked her to suggest something. You know she writes a great

deal for the paper herself. She said they hadn't had any 'Reminiscences of Carlyle' now for some weeks; but afterwards she agreed with me that would not be quite the thing for one to *begin* with. She couldn't suggest anything else, except that I should have a chat with my dressmaker. Very often in that way, she said, lady-reporters get the most *entertaining* revelations of gossip in high life. But it happened that just then it was not—not exactly convenient—for me to call upon my dressmaker; and so *that* suggestion came to nothing, too."

"I had no idea lady-journalism was so difficult," I remarked, with sympathy.

"O indeed, yes!" Miss Timby-Hucks went on. "One can't expect to be *en*

rapport, as we journalists say, with Society, without spending a great deal of money. There is one lady-reporter, Mrs. Umpelbaum told me, who has made quite a leading position for herself, solely through hair-dressers and American dentists. But I don't mind admitting that that would involve more of an outlay than I could afford, just at the moment."

"So you never got a subject?" I asked.

"Yes; finally I did. I was over at the Grundys, telling my troubles, and Uncle Dudley — you know, being so much with the girls, I always call him that—Uncle Dudley said that the fashionable thing now was interviews, and that lady-journalists did this better than gentlemen-reporters because they had

more nerve. By that I suppose he meant a more delicate nervous organization, quicker to grasp and absorb fine shades of character. But that hardly helped me, because whom was I to interview, and about what?

That was the question! But Uncle Dudley thought a moment, and was ready with a suggestion. Everything depended, he said, upon making a right start. I must pick out a personality and a theme at once non-contentious and invested with popular interest. His idea was that I should begin by interviewing Mr. T. M. Healy on 'The Decline of the Deep-Sea Mock-Turtle Fisheries on the West Coast of Ireland.' If I could get Mr. Healy to talk frankly on this subject, he felt sure that I should chain public attention at a bound."

"Superb!" I cried. "And did you do it?"

"No," Miss Timby-Hucks confessed; "I went to the House and sent in my card, but it was another Irish Member who came out to see me—I think his name was Mulhooly. He was very polite, and explained that since some recent sad event in some of the Committee Rooms, fifteen I think its number was, it was the rule of his party that, when a lady sent in a card to one Member, some other Member answered it. It prevented confusion, he said, and was not in antagonism to the expressed views of the Church."

"Talking of nothing," I said, leading the way over to a divan, on which we seated ourselves: "you seem to have finally secured a subject. I as-

sume you are doing the Academy for *Maida Vale.*"

"Yes," replied Miss Timby-Hucks with gentle firmness; "you might say I have *done* it. I have been here since the very minute the doors opened, and I've gone twelve times round. I wish I could have seen you earlier. I should *so* like to have had your opinion of the various works as we passed."

"It is better not," I commented. "There are ladies present."

The lady-reporter looked at me for a furtive instant dubiously. Then she smiled a little under her veil. "You *do* say such odd things!" she remarked. "I am glad to see that a great many ladies *are* present. It shows how we are securing our proper recognition in journalism. I believe there are actu-

ally more of us here than there are gentlemen-reporters—I should say gentlemen-critics. And it is the same in art, too. You can see—I've counted them up in my catalogue here—there are this year two hundred and forty-four lady-artists exhibiting in this Academy three hundred and forty-six works of art. Think of that! Fifty of them are described as Mrs., and there are one hundred and ninety-four who are unmarried."

"Think of *that!*" I retorted.

"And there are among them," Miss Timby-Hucks went on, "one Marchioness, one Countess, one Baroness, and one plain Lady. I am going to begin my article with this. I think it will be interesting, don't you?"

"I'd be careful not to particularise

about the plain Lady," I suggested. "That might be *too* interesting."

She was overfull of her subject to smile. "No, I mean," she said, "as showing how the ranks of British Art are being filled from the very highest classes, and are appealing more and more to the female intellect. I don't believe it will occur to any one else to count up in the catalogue. So that will be original with me—to enlighten my sex as to the glorious part they play in this year's Academy."

"But have you seen their pictures?" I asked, repressing an involuntary groan.

"Every one!" replied Miss Timby Hucks. "They are all good. There isn't what I should call a bad one—that is, a Frenchy or immoral one—

among them. I shall say that, too, in my criticism; but of course I shall have to word it carefully, because I fancy Mr. Umpelbaum is a foreigner of some sort—and you know they're all so sensitive about the superiority of British Art."

"It is their nature; they can't help it," I pointed out. "They try their best, however, to master these unworthy emotions. Sometimes, indeed, their dissimulation reaches a really high plane of endeavour."

"They have nothing at all on the Continent like our Royal Academy, I am told," said Miss Timby-Hucks. "That isn't generally known, is it? I had thought of saying it."

"It will be a safe statement," I assured her. "You might go further,

and assert that no other country at any stage of its history has had anything like the Royal Academy. It is the unique blossom of British civilisation."

Miss Timby-Hucks seemed to like the phrase, and made a note of it on the back of her catalogue. "Yes," she continued, "I thought of making my criticism general, dealing with things like that. But I've got some awfully interesting figures to put in. For example, there are sixty-eight Academicians and Associates exhibiting: they have one hundred and thirty-five oil paintings, sixteen water-colour or black-and-white drawings, eight architectural designs, and twenty-three pieces of sculpture—a total of one hundred and eighty-two works of art, or two and sixty-seven hundredths each.

I got at that by dividing the total number of works by the total number of Academicians. Do you think any one else will be likely to print that first in a daily paper? Mrs. Umplebaum told me that *Maida Vale* made a special point of new facts. I don't think I shall say much about the pictures themselves. What is there to say about pictures by the Academicians? As I told mamma this morning, they wouldn't be Academicians if they didn't paint good pictures, would they? and good pictures speak for themselves. Of course, I shall describe the subjects of Sir Frederic's pictures—by the way, what *is* a Hesperides?—and some of the others: I'll get you to pick out for me a few leading names. But I shall make my main point the splen-

did advance of lady-artists—I heard some one say in the other room there'd never been half so many before—and the elevating effect this has upon British Art. In fact, mightn't I say that is what makes British Art what it is to-day?"

"It is one of the reasons, undoubtedly," I assented, as I rose. "There are others, however."

"Yes, I know," said Miss Timby-Hucks: "the diffusion of Christian principles amongst us, our high national morality, and the sanctity of the English home. Mrs. Albert said only last night that these lay at the very foundation of British art."

"Mrs. Albert is a woman of discernment," I said, making a gesture of farewell.

But Miss Timby-Hucks on the instant thought of something. Her eyes glistened, her two upper front teeth gleamed. "O, it's just occurred to me!" she exclaimed, moving nearer to my side and speaking in confidential excitement. "I know now how that lady-reporter manages with the hair dressers and dentists. She doesn't pay them money at all. She mentions their names in the papers instead. How dull of me not to have thought of that before! Why—yes—I will!—I'll put my dressmaker among the Private View celebrities!"

One likes to be civil to people who are obviously going to succeed in the world. I forthwith took Miss Timby-Hucks out to luncheon.

RELATING TO VARIOUS PHENOMENA ATTENDING THE PROGRESS OF THE SEX ALONG LINES OF THE GREATEST RESISTANCE.

MY own idea," said Uncle Dudley, "is that women ought to be confined to barracks during elections, just the same as soldiers."

"I was quite prepared to find *you* entertaining views of that character," remarked Miss Wallaby, with virginal severity. "Men who have wandered about the less advanced parts of the earth, and spent long periods of time in contact with inferior civilisations, quite generally do feel that way. Life in the Colonies, and in similar rude and remote regions, does produce that effect upon the masculine mind. But here in England, the nerve-centre of the English-speaking race, the point of

concentration from which radiate all the impulses of refinement and culture that distinguish our generation, men are coming to see these matters in a different light. They no longer refuse to listen to the overwhelming arguments in favour of entire feminine equality——"

"Oh, I admit *that* at once," broke in Uncle Dudley. "But do women nowadays believe in equality among themselves? In my youth they used to devote pretty well all their energies to showing how much superior they were to other women."

"I spoke of the masculine attitude," said Miss Wallaby, coldly. "Viewed intelligently, the gradations and classifications which we maintain among ourselves, at the cost of such infinite

trouble and personal self-sacrifice, are the very foundation upon which rests the superstructure of British Society."

"I admit that, too," Uncle Dudley hastened to put in. "Really, we are getting on very nicely."

Miss Wallaby ignored the interruption altogether. "The point is," she went on, "that the male mind in England is coming—with characteristic slowness, no doubt, but still coming—to recognize the necessity of securing the very fullest and most complete participation of my sex in public affairs. As the diffusion of enlightenment progresses, men will more and more abandon the coarse and egoistic standards of their days of domination by brute force, and turn instead to the ideals of purity and sweetness which

Woman in Politics typifies. It has been observed that one may pick out the future rulers of England in each coming generation by scanning the honor-lists of Oxford and Cambridge. How happy a day it will be for England, and civilisation, when this is said of Girton and Newnham as well!"

"I spent a summer in the State of Maine once, some years ago," said Uncle Dudley. "That's the State, you know, where they've had a Prohibition law now for nearly forty years. The excess of females over males is larger there, I believe, than it is anywhere else in the world—owing to the fact that all the young men who are worth their salt emigrate to some other State as soon as they've saved up enough for a railway-ticket. The men

that you do see lounging around there, in the small villages, are all minding the baby, or sitting on the door-steps shelling peas, or out in the backyard, with their mouths full of clothes-pins, hanging up sheets and pillow-cases on the line to dry. The women there take a very active part in politics—and every census shows that Maine's population has diminished. Ship-building has almost ceased, farms are being abandoned yearly, the State is mortgaged up to its eyebrows, and you get nothing but fried clams and huckleberry-pie for breakfast—but, of course, I suppose there *is* a good deal of purity and sweetness."

Miss Wallaby rose and walked away from us; the black velvet riband around her neck, the glint of gas-light on her

eye-glass, the wearied haughtiness on her swarthy, high-nosed face, seemed to unite in saying to us that we were very poor creatures indeed.

"She's been down to the Retired Licensed Victuallers' Division of Surrey, you know," exclaimed Uncle Dudley, "making speeches in favor of the sitting Member, old Sir Watkyn Hump."

"Ah, that accounts for the milk in the cocoanut," I remarked.

"Well, no," my friend mused aloud. "I fancy *young* Hump accounts for that. See—she's gone and cut him out from under the Timby-Hucks's guns."

It was at one of Mrs. Albert Grundy's evenings at home, and Uncle Dudley and I now had possession of a quiet corner to ourselves. From this pleas-

ant vantage-ground we indolently surveyed the throng surrounding Mrs. Albert at the piano end of the room, and stretching off through the open double doors into the adjoining chamber—a throng of dazzling arms and shoulders, of light-hued satins and fluffy stuffs, of waving feathers, and splendid piles of braided hair, and mostly comely faces wreathed in politic smiles. Here and there the mass of pinks and whites and creams was broken abruptly by a black coat with a hat under its sleeve. Dudley and I idly commented upon the fact that almost all these coats belonged to undersized elderly men, generally with spectacles and a grey beard, and we noted with placid interest that as they came in—announced in stentorian

tones as Mr. and Mrs. So-and-so—their wives as a rule were several inches taller and many, many years younger than themselves.

Then it was entertaining, too, to watch Mrs. Albert shake hands with these new-comers. She knew just at what angle each preferred that ceremony, keeping her knuckles well down in welcoming the more sophisticated and up-to-date people from about Cromwell Road and the Park, but elevating them breast-high to greet those from around Brompton way, and hoisting them quite up to the chin-level with the guests from beyond Earl's Court, who were still in the toils of last year's fashions.

"Smart woman, that sister of mine!" said Uncle Dudley. "See the way

she's manœuvred her shoulder around in front of the Timby-Hucks's nose, so as to head her off from getting in and being introduced to the Hon. Mrs. Coon-Alwyn. And—hello! by George, she's won!—there's the Dowager Countess of Thames-Ditton coming in! You'll never know the anguish, my boy, that was caused by the uncertainty whether she could come or not. Emily hasn't been able to eat these past four days, expecting every moment the knock of the postman bringing her ladyship's refusal to come. The only thing that enabled her to keep up, she said, was fixing her mind resolutely on the fact that the aristocracy are notoriously impolite about answering invitations. But now, happy woman—her cup is fairly running over. This

is a great night for Fernbank. And—look!—hanged if that girl isn't trying to edge her way in there, too! See how prettily Emily managed that? Oh, Timby-Hucks! Timby-Hucks! you've put your foot in it this time. You'll never figure on the free-list for *this* show again."

Misfortune indeed claimed Miss Timby-Hucks for its very own. Mrs. Albert had twice adroitly interposed her well-rounded shoulders between that enterprising young woman and social eminence—the second time with quite obvious determination of purpose. And there, too, behind the door, young Mr. Hump bent his sloping shoulders and cliff-like collar humbly over Miss Wallaby's chair, listening with all his considerable ears to her selected mon-

ologues. Ah, the vanity of human aspirations!

Casting an heroic glance over the field of defeat, Miss Timby-Hucks's eye lighted upon our corner, and on the instant her upper front teeth gleamed in a smile of relief. At all events, *we* were left—and she came towards us with a decisive step.

"I've hardly seen you since the Academy," she said in her sprightly way to me, after we had all shaken hands, and she had seated herself between us on the sofa.

"And how did your article come out?" I asked politely.

"Oh, it never came out at all," she replied. "It seems it got left over too long. The editor *said* it was owing to the pressure of interesting monkey-

language matter upon his columns; but *I* believe it was just because I'm a lady journalist, and so does the cousin of Mrs. Umpelbaum, the proprietor's wife. It must have been that;—because, long after the editor gave this excuse, there were the daily papers still printing their criticisms, 'Eleventh Notice of the Royal Academy,' 'The Spring Exhibitions—Fourteenth Article,' and so on. I taxed him with it—told him I heard they had some still left, that they were going to begin printing again after the elections were over—but he said it was different with dailies. All *they* needed were advertisements and market reports, and police news, and telegrams about the Macedonian frontier, and they could print art criticisms and book reviews

whole years after they should have appeared, because nobody ever read them when they were printed—but weeklies had to be absolutely up to date."

"Evil luck does pursue you!" I said compassionately. "So you haven't got into print at all?"

"O, I'm not a bit cast down," replied Miss Timby-Hucks, with jaunty confidence. "There's no such word as fail in *my* book. The way to succeed is just to keep pegging away. I know of one lady-journalist who went every day for nine weeks to interview the Countess of Wimps about her second son's having been warned off Newmarket Heath. Every day she was refused admittance—once she got into the hall and was put out by a brutal footman—but it never unnerved her.

Each morning she went again. And she would have succeeded by this time, probably—only the Countess suddenly left England to spend the summer in Egypt."

"Yes, Wady Halfa *has* its advantages, even in July," said Uncle Dudley. "It is warm, and there are insects, but one is allowed by law to kill them—in Egypt."

ILLUSTRATING THE OPERATION OF VEGETABLES AND FEMININE DUPLICITY UPON THE CONCEPTS OF MATERNAL RESPONSIBILITY.

I FELT that I was on sufficiently intimate terms with Mrs. Albert Grundy to tell her that she was not looking well. She gave a weary little sigh and said she knew it.

Indeed, poor lady, it was apparent enough. She has taken of late to wearing her hair drawn up from her forehead over a roll—the effect of mouse-tints at which Nature is beginning to hint, being frankly helped out by powder. Everybody about Fernbank recognises that in some way this reform has altered the whole state of affairs. The very servant who comes to the door, or who brings in the tea-things, seems to carry herself in a dif-

ferent manner since the change has been made. Of course, it is by no means a new fashion, but it was not until the Dowager Countess of Thames-Ditton brought it in person to Fernbank that Mrs. Albert could be quite sure of its entire suitability. Up to that time it had seemed to her a style rather adapted to lady lecturers and the wives of men who write: and though Mrs. Albert has the very highest regard for literature—quite dotes on it, as she says—she is somewhat inclined to sniff at its wives.

We all feel that the change adds character to Mrs. Albert's face—or rather exhibits now that true managing and resourceful temper, which was formerly obscured and weakened by a fringe. But the new arrangement

has the defects of its qualities. It does not lend itself to tricks. The countenance beneath it does not easily dissemble anxiety or mask fatigue. And both were written broadly over Mrs. Albert's fine face. "Yes," she said, "I know it."

The consoling suggestion that soon the necessity of giving home-dinners to the directors in her husband's companies would have ended, and that then a few weeks out of London, away somewhere in the air of the mountains or the sea, would bring back all her wonted strength and spirits, did no good. She shook her head and sighed again.

"No, she said, "it isn't physical. That is to say, it *is* physical, but the cause is mental. It is over-worry."

"Of all people on earth—*you!*" I re-

plied reproachfully. "Why think of it —a husband who is the dream of docile propriety, a competency broadening each year into a fortune, a home like this, such servants, such appointments, such a circle of admiring friends—and then your daughters! Why, to be the mother of such a girl as Ermyntrude——"

"Precisely," interrupted Mrs. Albert. "To be the mother of such a girl, as you say. Little you know what it really means! But, no—I know what you were going to say—*please* don't! it is too sad a subject."

I could do nothing but feebly strive to look my surprise. To think of sadness connected with tall, handsome, good-hearted Ermie, was impossible.

"You think I am exaggerating, I

know," Mrs. Albert went on. "Ah, you do not know!"

"Nothing could be more evident," I replied, "than that I don't know. I can't even imagine what on earth you are driving at."

Mrs. Albert paused for a moment, and pushed the toe of her wee slipper meditatively back and forth on the figure of the carpet.

"Yes, I *will* tell you," she said at last. "You are such an old friend of the family that you are almost one of us. And besides, you are always sympathetic—so different from Dudley. Well, the point is this. You know the young man—Sir Watkyn's son—Mr. Eustace Hump."

"I have met him here," I assented.

"Well, I doubt if you will meet him

here any more," Mrs. Albert said impressively.

"The deprivation shall not drive me to despair or drink," I assured her. "I will watch over myself."

"I dare say you did not care much for him," said Mrs. Albert. "I know Dudley didn't. But, all the same, he *was* eligible. He is an only son, and his father is a Baronet—an hereditary title—and they are *rolling* in wealth. And Eustace himself, when you get to know him, has some very admirable qualities. You know he *writes!*"

"I have heard him say so," I responded, perhaps not over graciously.

"O, *regularly*, for a number of weekly papers. It is understood that quite frequently he gets paid—not of course that that matters to him—but his asso-

ciations are distinctly literary. I have always felt that with his tastes and connections his wife—granting of course that she was the right kind of woman—might at last set up a real literary *salon* in London. We have wanted one so long, you know."

"Have we?" I murmured listlessly, striving all the while to guess what relation all this bore to the question of Ermyntrude. I built up in my mind a hostile picture of the odious Hump, with his shoulders sloping off like a German wine-bottle, his lean neck battlemented in high starched walls of linen, and his foolish conceited face—and leaped hopefully to the conclusion that Ermyntrude had rejected him. I could not keep the notion to myself.

"Well—has she sent him about his

business?" I asked, making ready to beam with delight.

"No," said Mrs. Albert, ruefully. "It never got to that, so far as I can gather—but at all events it is all over. I expect every morning now to read the announcement in the *Morning Post* that a marriage has been arranged between him and—and—Miss Wallaby!"

I sat upright, and felt myself smiling. "What!—the girl with the black ribbon round her neck?" I asked comfortably.

"It would be more appropriate round her heart," remarked Mrs. Albert, with bitterness in her tone. "Why, do you know? her mother, for all that she's Lady Wallaby, hasn't an 'h' in her whole composition."

"Well, neither has old Sir Watkyn

Hump," I rejoined pleasantly. "So it's a fair exchange."

"Ah, but *he* can afford it," put in Mrs. Albert. "But the Wallabys—well, I can only say that I had a right to look for different treatment at *their* hands. How, do you suppose, they would ever have been asked to the Hon. Mrs. Coon-Alwyn's garden-party, or met Lady Thames-Ditton, or been put in society generally, if I had not taken an interest in them? Why, that girl's father, old Sir Willoughby Wallaby, was never anything but chief of police, or something like that, out in some Australian convict settlement. I *have* heard he was knighted by mistake, but of course my lips are sealed."

"I suppose they really have behaved badly," I said, half interrogatively.

"Badly!" echoed the wrathful mother. "I will leave you to judge. It was done here, quite under my own roof. You know Miss Wallaby volunteered her services, and went down into the Retired Licensed Victuallers' Division of Surrey to electioneer for Sir Watkyn. Do you know, I never suspected anything. And then Miss Timby-Hucks, she went down also, but they rather cold-shouldered her, and she came back, and she told me things, and *still* I wouldn't believe it. Well then—three weeks ago—my Evening At Home—you were here—the Wallabys came as large as life, and that scheming young person manœuvred about until she got herself alone with Eustace and my Ermyntrude, and then she told her a scene she had witnessed

during her recent election experiences. There was a meeting for Sir Watkyn at some place, I can't recall the name, and there were a good many of the other side there, and they hooted and shouted, and raised disturbance, until at last there was one speaker they would not hear at all. All this that girl told Ermyntrude seriously, and as if she were overflowing with indignation. And then she came to the part where the speaker stood his ground and tried to make himself heard, and the crowd yelled louder than ever, and still he doggedly persisted—and then someone threw a large vegetable marrow, soft and very ripe, and it hit that speaker just under the ear, and burst all over him!"

"Ha-ha-ha!" I ejaculated. "The

vegetable marrow in politics is new—full of delightful possibilities and seeds—wonder it has never been thought of before."

"Yes," said Mrs. Albert, with a sigh. "Ermyntrude also thought it was funny. She has a very keen sense of humor—quite too keen. *She* laughed, too!"

"And why not?" I asked.

"Why not?" demanded Mrs. Albert, with shining eyes. "Because the story had been told just to trap her into laughing—because—because the speaker upon whom that unhappy vegetable marrow exploded was—*Eustace Hump!*"

CONTAINING THOUGHTS UPON THE GREAT UNKNOWN, TO WHICH ARE ADDED SPECULATIONS UPON HER HEREAFTER.

IT is not often that I find the time to take part in Mrs. Albert Grundy's Thursdays—the third and fifth Thursdays of each month, from 4 to 6.30 P.M.—but on a certain afternoon pleasant weather and the sense of long-accrued responsibility drew me to Fernbank.

It was really very nice, after one got there. Perhaps it would have been less satisfactory had escape from the drawing-room been a more difficult matter. Inside that formal chamber, with its blinds down-drawn to shield the carpet from the sun, the respectable air hung somewhat heavily about the assembled matronhood of Brompton and the Kensingtons. The units in this

gathering changed from time to time —for Mrs. Albert's circle is a large and growing one—but the effect of the sum remained much the same. The elderly ladies talked about the amiability and kindliness of the Duchess of Teck; and argued the Continental relationships of the Duchesses of Connaught and Albany first into an apparently hopeless tangle of *burgs* and *hausens* and *zollerns* and *swcigs*, then triumphantly out again into the bright daylight of well-ordered and pellucid genealogy. The younger wives spoke in subdued voices of more juvenile Princesses on the lower steps of the throne, with occasional short-winged flights across the North Sea in imaginative search of a suitable bride for the then unwedded Duke of York, if an importation should be found to be

necessary—about which opinions might in all loyalty differ. The few young girls who sat dutifully here beside their mammas or married sisters talked of nothing at all, but smiled confusedly and looked away whenever another's glance caught theirs—and, I dare say, thought with decent humility upon Marchionesses.

But outside, on the garden-lawn at the rear of the house, the *Almanach de Gotha* threw no shadow, and the pungent scent of jasmine and lilies drove the leathery odor of Debrett from the soft summer air. The gentle London haze made Whistlers and Maitlands of the walls and roof-lines and chimney-pots beyond. The pretty girls of Fernbank held court here on the velvet grass, with groups of attendant maidens from

sympathetic Myrtle Lodges and Cedarcrofts and Chestnut Villas—selected homesteads stretching all the way to remote West Kensington. They said there was no one left in London. Why, as I sat apart in the shade of the ivy overhanging the garden path, and watched this out-door panorama of the Grundys' friendships, it seemed as if I had never comprehended before how many girls there really were in the world.

And how sweet it was to look upon these damsels, with their dainty sailor's hats of straw, their cheeks of Devon cream and damask, their tall and shapely forms, their profiles of faultless classical delicacy! What if, in time, they too must sit inside, by preference, and babble of royalties and the

peerage, and politely uncover those two aggressive incisors of genteel maturity when they were asked to have a third cup of tea? That stage, praise heaven, should be many years removed. We will have no *memento mori* bones or tusks out here in the sunlit garden—but only tennis balls, and the inspiring chalk-bands on the sward, and the noble grace of English girlhood, erect and joyous in the open air.

Much as I delighted in this spectacle, it forced upon me as well a certain vague sense of depression. These lofty and lovely creatures were strangers to me. I do not mean that their names were unknown to me, or that I had not exchanged civil words with many of them, or that I might not be presented to, and affably received by, them all.

The feeling was, rather, that if it were possible for me to marry them all, we still to the end of our days would remain strangers. I should never know what to say to them; still less should I ever be able to guess what they were thinking.

The tallest and most impressive of all the bevy—the handsome girl in the pale brown frock with the shirt-front and jacketed blouse, who stands leaning with folded hands upon her racket like an indolent Diana—why, I punted her about the whole reach from Sunbury to Walton during the better part of a week, only last summer, not to mention sitting beside her at dinner every evening on the houseboat. We were so much together, in truth, that my friends round about, as I came to

know afterwards, canvassed among themselves the prospect of our arranging never to separate. Yet I feel that I do not know this girl. We are friends, yes; but we are not acquainted with each other.

More than once—perhaps a dozen times—in driving through the busier of London streets, my fancy has been caught by this thing: a hansom whirling smartly by, the dark hood of which frames a woman's face—young, wistful, ivory-hued. It is like the flash exposure of a kodak—this bald instant of time in which I see this face, and comprehend that its gaze has met mine, and has burned into my memory a lightning picture of something I should not recognise if I saw it again, and cannot at all reproduce to myself, and

probably would not like if I could, yet which leaves me with the feeling that I am richer than I was before. In that fractional throb of space there has been snatched an unrehearsed and unprejudiced contact of human souls—projected from one void momentarily to be swept forward into another; and though not the Judgment Day itself shall bring these two together again, they know each other.

Now that I look again at the goddess in the pale brown gown, these unlabelled faces of the flitting hansoms seem by comparison those of familiar companions and intimates.

I get no sense of human communion from that serene and regular countenance, with its exquisite nose, its short upper-lip and glint of pearls along the

bowed line of the mouth, its correctly arched brows and wide-open, impassive blue eyes. I can see it with prophetic admiration out-queening all the others at Henley, or at Goodwood, or on the great staircase of Buckingham Palace. I can imagine it at Monte Carlo, flushed a little at the sight of retreating gold; or at the head of a great noble's table, coldly poised above satin throat and shoulders, and stirring no muscle under the free whisperings of His Excellency to the right. I can conceive it in the Divorce Court, bearing with metallic equanimity the rude scrutiny of a thousand unlicensed eyes. But my fancy wavers and fails at the task of picturing that face at my own fireside, with the light of the home-hearth painting the fulness of her rounded

chin, and reflecting back from her glance, as we talk of men and books and things, the frank gladness of real comradeship.

But—tchut!—I have no fireside, and the comrades I like best are playing half-crown whist at the club; and these are all nice girls—hearty, healthful, handsome girls, who can walk, run, dance, swim, scull, skate, ride as no others have known or dared to do since the glacial wave of Christianity depopulated the glades and dells of Olympus. They will mate after their kind, and in its own good time along will come a new generation of straight, strong-limbed, thin-lipped, pink-and-white girls, and of tow-headed, deep-chested lads, their brothers—boys who will bully their way through Rugby

and Harrow, misspell and misapprehend their way into the Army, the Navy, and the Civil Service, and spread themselves over the habitable globe, to rule, through sheer inability to understand, such Baboos and Matabele and mere Irishry as Imperial destiny delivers over to them.

The vision is not wholly joyous, as it with diffidence projects itself beyond, into that further space where new strange other generations walk—the girls still taller, and more coldly tubbed, the boys astride a yet more temerarious saddle of dull dominion. Reluctant prophecy discerns beneath their considerable feet the bruised fragments of many antique trifles—the *bric-à-brac* of an extinct sentimental fraction that had a sense of humor and

could spell—and, to please mamma, the fig-leaves have quite overspread and hidden the statues in their garden. But power is there, and empire; they still more serenely loom above the little foreign folks who cook, and sing to harps and fiddles, and paint for their amusement: such as it is under their shaping, they possess the earth.

So, as the sun goes down in the Hammersmith heavens, I take off my hat, and salute the potential mothers of the New Rome.

GLANCING AT SOME MODERN ASPECTS OF MASTER JOHN GUTENBERG'S INGENIOUS BUT OVERRATED INVENTION.

IT was very pleasant thus to meet Uncle Dudley in the Strand. Only here and there is one who can bear that test. Whole legions of our friends, decent and deeply reputable people, fall altogether out of the picture, so to speak, on this ancient yet robust thoroughfare. They do very well indeed in Chelsea or Highgate or the Pembridge country, where they are at home: there the surroundings fit them to a nicety; there they produce upon one only amiable, or at the least, natural, impressions. But to encounter them in the Strand is to be shocked by the blank incongruity of things. It is not alone that they give the effect of

being lost—of wandering helplessly in unfamiliar places. They offend your perceptions by revealing limitations and shortcomings which might otherwise have been hidden to the end of time. You see suddenly that they are not such good fellows, after all. Their spiritual complexions are made up for the dim light which pervades the outskirts of the four-mile radius—and go to pieces in the jocund radiance of the Strand. It is flat presumption on their part to be ambling about where the ghosts of Goldsmith and Johnson walk, where Prior and Fielding and our Dick Steele have passed. Instinctively you go by, looking the other way.

It was quite different with Uncle Dudley. You saw at once that he belonged to the Strand, as wholly as any

of our scorned and scornful sisters on its corners, competing with true insular doggedness against German cheeks and raddled accents; as fully as any of its indigenous loafers, hereditary in their riverside haunts from Tudor times, with their sophisticated joy in drink and dirt, their large self-confidence grinning through rags and sooty grime. It seemed as if I had always associated Uncle Dudley with the Strand.

He was standing in contemplation before a brave window, wherein American cheese, Danish butter, Norwegian fish, Belgian eggs, German sausages, Hungarian bacon, French vegetables, Australian apples, and Algerian fruits celebrate the catholicity of the modern British diet. He turned when I touched

his shoulder, and drew my arm through his.

"Sir," said Uncle Dudley, "let us take a walk along the Strand to the Law Courts, where I conceive that the tide of human existence gets the worst of it with unequalled regularity and dispatch."

On his way he told me that his gout had quite vanished, owing to his foresight in collecting a large store of the best medical advice, and then thoughtfully and with pains disregarding it all. He demonstrated to me at two halting places that his convalescence was compatible with rich and strong drinks. He disclosed to me, as we sauntered eastward, his purpose in straying thus far afield.

"You know Mrs. Albert is really a

kindly soul," he said. "It isn't in her to keep angry. You remember how sternly she swore that she and Fernbank had seen the last of Miss Timby-Hucks. It only lasted five weeks—and now, bless me if the girl isn't more at home on our backs than ever. She's shunted herself off, now, into a new branch of journalism—it seems that there are a good many branches in these days."

"It has been noticed," I assented.

"She doesn't write any more," he explained, "that is, *for* the papers. She goes instead to the Museum or somewhere, and reads carefully every daily and weekly journal, I believe, in England. Her business is to pick out possible libels in them—and to furnish her employers, a certain firm of solici-

tors, with a daily list of these. They communicate with the aggrieved people, notifying them that they *are* aggrieved, which they very likely would not otherwise have known, and the result is, of course, a very fine and spirited crop of litigation."

"Then that accounts for all the recent——"

"Perhaps not quite *all*," put in Uncle Dudley. "But the Timby-Hucks is both energetic and vigilant, and she tells me she is doing splendidly. She is very enthusiastic about it, naturally. She says that while the money is, of course, an object, her real satisfaction is in the humanitarian aspects of her work."

"I am not sure that I follow," I said doubtingly.

"No, I didn't altogether myself at the start," said Uncle Dudley, "but as she explains it, it is very simple. You see business is in a bad way in London —worse, they say, than usual. The number of unemployed is something dreadful to think of, so I am told by those who have thought of it. There are many thousands of people with no food, no fire, no clothes to speak of. Most people are discouraged about this. They can't see how the thing can be improved. But Miss Timby-Hucks has a very ingenious idea. Why, she asks, do not all the Unemployed sue all the newspapers for libel? Do you catch the notion?"

"By George!" I exclaimed, "that is a bold, comprehensive thought!"

"Yes, isn't it?" cried Uncle Dudley.

"I am immensely attracted by it. For one thing, it is so secure, so certain! Broadly speaking, there are no risks at all. I suppose there has never yet been a case, no matter what its so-called merits, in which the English newspaper hasn't been cast in damages of some sort. Nobody is too humble or too shady to get a verdict against an editor or newspaper proprietor. Miss Timby-Hucks relates several most touching instances where the wolf was actually at the door, the children shoeless and hungry, the mother prostrated by drink, rain coming through the roof and so on—and everything has been changed to peace and contentment by the happy thought of bringing a libel suit. The father now wears a smile and a white waistcoat; the drains have

been repaired; the little children, nicely washed and combed, kick each other's shins with brand new boots, and sing cheerfully beneath a worsted-work motto of 'God bless our Home!' I find myself much affected by the thought."

"You had always a tender heart," I responded. "I suppose there would be no trouble about the Judges¿"

"Not the least in the world," said Uncle Dudley, with confidence. "Of course the Bench would have to be greatly enlarged, but there need be no fear on that score. There is a mysterious but beneficent rule, my boy, which you can always count upon in this making of judges—no matter how hail-fellow-well-met an eminent lawyer may be, no matter how intimate his connec-

tion with newspapers, how large his indebtedness to them for his career—the moment he gets on the Bench he catches the full, fine, old-crusted judicial spirit towards the Press. The scales fall with a bang from his eyes, and he sees the editor and newspaper proprietor as they really are—designing criminals, mercenary reprobates, social pests—to be lectured and bullied and put down. O, you may rely on the Judges! They are as safe as a new Liberal peer is to vote Tory."

"But the 'power of the Press'?" I urged. "If the newspapers combine in protest, and——"

"You talk at random!" said Uncle Dudley almost austerely. "I should say the most certain, the most absolutely reliable, element in the whole

case is the fact that newspapers do not combine. Whenever one editor gets hit, all the others grin. One journal is mulcted in heavy damages: the rest have all a difficulty in dissembling their delight. You read in natural history that kites are given to falling upon one of their kind which gets wounded or decrepit, and picking out its eyes. Well, kites are also made of newspapers."

"And juries?" I began to ask.

"Here we are," remarked Uncle Dudley, turning in toward the guarded portals of the great hall.

"I have a friend among the attendants here, a thoughtful and discerning man. I will learn from him where we may look for the spiciest case. He takes a lively interest in the flaying of

editors. I believe he was once a printer. He will tell us where the axe gleams most savagely to-day: where we shall get the most journalistic blood for our money. You were speaking of juries. Just take a look at one of them—if you are not afraid of spoiling your luncheon—and you will see that they speak for themselves. They regard all newspapers as public enemies—particularly when the betting tips have been more misleading than usual. They stand by their kind. They 'give the poor man a chance' without hesitation, without fail. They are here to avenge the discovery of movable types, and they do it. Come with me, and witness the disembowelling of a daily, the hamstringing of a sub-editor—a publisher felled by the hand of the Law

like a bullock. Since the bear-pits of Bankside were closed there has been no such sport."

Unhappily, it turned out that none of the Judges had come down to the Courts that day. There was a threat of east wind in the air. "You see, if they don't live to a certain age they get no pensions, and their heirs turn a key in the lock on the old gentlemen in weather like this," explained Uncle Dudley, turning disappointedly away.

DETAILING CERTAIN PRUDENTIA
MEASURES TAKEN DURING TH
PANIC INCIDENT TO A LAT
THREATENED INVASION.

"I HOPE," said Mrs. Albert, "that I am as free to admit my errors in judgment as another. Evidently there has been a mistake in this matter, and it is equally obvious that I am the one who must have made it. I did not need to have this pointed out to me, Dudley. What I looked to you for was advice, counsel, sympathy. You seem not to realize at all how important this is to me. A false step now may ruin everything—and you simply sit there and grin!"

"My dear sister," replied Uncle Dudley, smoothing his face, "the smile was involuntary. It shall not

recur. I was only thinking of Albert's enthusiasm for the——"

"Yes, I know!" put in Mrs. Albert; "for that girl with the zouave jacket——"

"*And* the scarlet petticoat," prompted Uncle Dudley.

"*And* the crinoline," said the lady.

"O, he did not insist upon that. I recall his exact words. 'Whether this under-garment,' he said, 'be made of some stiff material like horsehair, or by means of steel hoops, is a mere question of detail.' No, Albert expressly kept an open mind on that point."

"I agree with you," remarked Mrs. Albert coldly, "to the extent that he certainly does keep his mind on it. He has now reverted to the subject, I

should think, at least twenty times. I am not so blind as you may imagine. I notice that that Mr. Labouchere also keeps on referring, every week, to another girl in *her* zouave jacket, whom *he* remembers with equal fondness, apparently."

"Yes," put in Uncle Dudley, "those words about the 'stiff material like horsehair' *were* in *Truth*. I dare say Albert simply read them there, and just unconsciously repeated them. We often do inadvertent, unthinking things of that sort."

Mrs. Albert shook her head. "It is nothing to me, of course," she said, "but I cannot help feeling that the middle-aged father of a family might concentrate his thoughts upon something nobler, something higher, than

the recollection of the charms of a red petticoat, thirty years ago. That is so characteristic of men. They cannot discuss a question broadly——"

"Think not?" queried Uncle Dudley, with interest. "You should listen at the keyhole sometime, after you have led the ladies out from dinner."

"I mean personally, in a general way. They always particularise. Albert, for example, allows all his views on this very important question to be coloured by the fact that when he was a young man he admired some girl in a short red Balmoral petticoat. Whenever conversation touches upon any phase of the whole subject of costume, out he comes with his tiresome adulation of that particular garment. Of course, I ask no questions—

I should prefer not to be informed—I try not even to draw inferences—but I notice that Ermyntrude is beginning to observe the persistency with which her father——"

"My good Emily," urged Uncle Dudley, consolingly, "far back in the Sixties we all liked that girl; we couldn't help ourselves—she was the only girl there was. And we think of her fondly still—we old fellows—because for us she was also the last there was! When she went out, lo and behold! we too had gone out, not to come back any more. When Albert and I babble about a scarlet petticoat, it is only as a symbol of our own far-away youth. O delicious vision!—the bright, bright red, the skirt that came drooping down over it, not hiding too much

that pretty little foot and ankle, the dear zouave jacket moulding itself so delicately to the persuasive encircling arm——"

"Dudley! I really must recall you to yourself," said Mrs. Albert. "We were speaking of quite another matter. I am in a very serious dilemma. First of all, as I explained to you, to please the Hon. Mrs. Coon-Alwyn I became one of the Vice-Presidents of the Friendly Divided Skirt Association. You know how useful she can be, in helping to bring Ermyntrude out successfully. And of course everybody *knew* that, even if we *did* have them *made*, we should never *wear* them. That was *quite* out of the question."

"And then?" asked Uncle Dudley.

"Well, then, let me see—yes, next

came the Neo-Dress-Improver League. I never understood what the object was, precisely; it was a kind of secession from the other, led by the Countess of Wimps, and I needn't tell you that she is of the *utmost* importance to us, and there was simply *nothing* for me to do but to become a Lady Patroness of *that*. You were in extremely nice company—there were seven or eight ladies of title among the Patronesses, our names all printed together in beautiful little gilt letters—and you really weren't committed to anything that I could make out. No—*that* was all right. I should do the same thing again, under the circumstances. No, the trouble came with the Amalgamated Anti-Crinoline Confederacy. That was where I was too hasty, I think."

"That's the thing with the protesting post-cards, isn't it?" inquired Uncle Dudley.

"That very feature of it alone ought to have warned me," Mrs. Albert answered with despondency. "My own better sense should have told me that post-cards were incompatible with selectness. But you see, the invitations were sent out by the authoress of *The Street-Sprinkler's Secret*, and that gave me the impression that it was to be literary—to represent Culture and the Arts, you know; and that appealed to me, of course, very strongly."

"I have always feared that your literary impulses would run away with you," Uncle Dudley declared gravely.

"It is my weak side; I don't deny it," replied his sister. "Where letters

and authorship, and that sort of thing, you know, are concerned, it is my nature to be sympathetic. And besides, the Dowager Lady Thames-Ditton was very pronounced in favor of the movement, and I *couldn't* fly in the face of that, could I? I must say, though, that I had my misgivings almost from the first. Miss Wallaby told the Rev. Mr. Grayt-Scott that a lady she knew had looked over quite a peck or more of the post-cards which came in one day, and they were nine-tenths of them from Earl's Court."

"Yes," remarked Uncle Dudley, "I think I have heard that the post-card reaches its most luxuriant state of literary usefulness in that locality. It was from that point that they tried to rush the Laureateship, you know."

"Well, you can imagine how I felt when I heard it. It is all well enough to be literary—nobody realises that more than I do—and it is all very well to be loyal—of course! But one draws the line at Earl's Court—at least, that part of it. I say frankly that it serves me right. I should have known better. One thing I cannot be too thankful for—Ermyntrude did not send a post-card. Some blessed instinct prompted me to tell her there was no hurry about it—that I did not like to see young girls too forward in such matters. And now—why—who knows—Dudley! I have an idea! Ermie shall join the Crinoline Defence League!"

"I see—the family will hedge on the crinoline issue. Capital!"

"You know, after all, we may have

to wear them. It's quite as likely as not. The old Duchess of West Ham is President of the League, and she is very influential in the highest quarters. Her Grace, I understand, *is* somewhat bandy, but she has always maintained the strictest Christian respectability, and her action in this matter will count for a great deal. Just think, if she should happen to take a fancy to Ermyntrude! That Miss Wallaby has thrust herself forward till she is actually a member of the Council, and she is going to deliver an address on 'The Effect of Modesty on National Morals.' She told our curate that at one of the meetings of the Council she came within an ace of being introduced to the Duchess herself. Now surely, if *she* can accomplish all this, Ermie ought

to be able to do still more. Tell me, Dudley, what do *you* think?"

"I think," replied Uncle Dudley musingly, "I think that the scarlet petticoat, *with* the zouave jack——"

Mrs. Albert interrupted him with sternness. "Don't you see," she demanded, "that if it *does* come, the dear girl will share in the credit of bringing it in, and if it doesn't come, I shall have the advantage of having helped to stave off. Whichever side wins, there we are."

Uncle Dudley rose, and looked thoughtfully out upon the fog, and stroked his large white moustache in slow meditation. "Yes—undoubtedly, he said at last, "there we are."

DEALING WITH THE DECEPTIONS OF NATURE, AND THE FREEDOM FROM ILLUSION INHERENT IN THE UNNATURAL.

THERE was once a woman—obviously a thoughtful woman—who remarked that she had noticed that if she managed to live till Friday, she invariably survived the rest of the week. I did not myself know this philosopher, who is preserved to history in one of Roscoe Conkling's speeches, but her discovery always recurs to me about this time of year, when February begins to disclose those first freshening glimpses of sunlight and blue skies to bleared, fog-smudged and shivering London. Aha! if we have won thus far, if we have contrived to get to February, then we shall surely see the Spring. At least the one has

heretofore involved the other—and there is confident promise in the smile of a noon-day once more able to cast a shadow, albeit the teeth of the east wind gleam close behind that smile.

It was a day for a walk—no set and joyous rural tramp, indeed, with pipe and wallet, and a helpful spring underfoot in the clean hard roadway, and an honest, well-balanced stick for the bell-ringing gentry who shall come at you on wheels from behind—but just an orderly, contemplative urban ramble, brisk enough for warmth, but with no hurry, and above all no destination. And it was a day, moreover, for letting one's fellow-creatures pass along with scant notice—a winter-ridden, shuffling, mud-stained company these, conscious of being not at all worth examination

—and for giving eye instead to the house-fronts in the sunshine, and radiant chimney-pots and tiles above them, and the signs of blessed, unaccustomed blue still further up. There was, it is true, an undeniable disproportion between the inner look of these things, and this gladness of the heart because of them. Glancing more closely, one could see that they were not taking the sun seriously, and, for their own part, were expecting more fogs next week. And farther westward, when stucco, brick, and stone gave way to park-land, it was apparent at sight that the trees were flatly incredulous.

They say that in Ireland, where the mildness of climate has in the past prompted many experiments with exotic growths, the trees not really in-

digenous to the island never learn sense, but year after year are gulled by this February fraud into gushing expansively forth with sap and tender shoots, only to be gripped and shrivelled by the icy after-hand of March. The native tree, however, knows this trick of old, and greets the sham Spring with a distinctive, though well-buttoned-up wink. In Kensington Park region one couldn't be sure that the trees really saw the joke. It is not, on the whole, a humorous neighbourhood. But at all events they were not to be fooled into premature buds and sprouts and kindred signs of silliness. Every stiffly exclusive drab trunk rising before you, every section of the brown lacework of twigs up above, seemed to offer a warning advertisement: "No

connection with the sunshine over the way!"

Happily the flower-beds exhibited more sympathy. Up through the mould brave little snowdrops had pushed their pretty heads, and the crocuses, though with their veined outer cloaks of sulphur, mauve, and other tints still wrapped tight about them, wore almost a swaggering air to show how wholly they felt at home. Emboldened by this bravado, less confident fellows were peeping forth, though in such faltering fashion that one could scarcely tell which was squill, which narcissus or loitering jonquil. Still, it was good to see them. They too were glad that they had lived till February, because after that comes the Spring.

And it was better still, as I turned to stroll on, to behold coming toward me down the path, with little swinging step, and shapely head well up in air, none other than our Ermyntrude.

I say "our" because—it is really absurd to think of it—it seems only a few months ago since she was a sprawling tom-boy sort of a little girl, who sat on my knee and listened with her mouth open to my reminiscences of personal encounters with unicorns and the behemoth of Holy Writ. She must be now—by George! she *is*—not a minute under two-and-twenty. And that means—*hélas!* it undoubtedly means—that I am getting to be an old boy indeed. At Christmas-tide—I recall it now—Mrs. Albert spoke of me as the oldest friend of the family. It

sounded kindly at the time, and I had a special pleasure in the smile Ermyntrude wore as she, with the others, lifted her glass towards me. I won't say what vagrant thoughts and ambitions that smile did not raise in my mind—and, lo! they were toasting me as an amiable elderly friend of the Fernbank household. No wonder I am glad to have lived till February!

Ermyntrude had a roll of music in her hands. There was a charming glow on her cheeks, and a healthy, happy, sparkle in her eyes. She stopped short before me, with a little exclamation of not displeased surprise!

"Why, how nice to run upon you like this," she said, in high spirits. "We thought you must have gone off to the Riviera or Algiers or somewhere—for

your cold, you know. Mamma was speaking of you only yesterday—hoping that you were taking care of yourself."

"Had I a cold?" I asked absently. The air had grown chillier. We walked along together, and she let me carry the music.

"O—you haven't heard," she exclaimed suddenly, "such news as I have for you! You couldn't ever guess!"

"Is it something about crinoline?" I queried. "Your mother was telling me——"

"Rubbish!" said Ermyntrude gaily. "I'm engaged!"

The wind had really got round into the East, and I fastened my coat at the collar. "I am sure"—I remarked at last

—"I'm sure I congratulate—the happy young man. Do I know him?"

"I hardly think so," she replied. "You see, it's—it's what you might call rather sudden. We haven't known him ourselves very long—that is, intimately. You may have heard his name—the Honorable Knobbeleigh Jones. It's a very old family, though the title is somewhat new. His father is Lord Skillyduff, you know."

"The shipping man?" I said wearily.

"Yes. He and papa are together on some board or other. That is how we came to know them. Papa says he never saw such business ability and sterling worth combined in one man before—I'm speaking of the father, you know. He began life in quite a small way, with just a few ships that he

rented, or something like that. Then there was a war on some coast in Africa or Australia—it begins with an A, I know—oh, *is* there a place called Ashantee?—yes, that's it—and he got the contract to take out four shiploads of hay to our troops—it would be for their horses, wouldn't it?"

"Yes: the asses connected with the military branch are needed at home—or at least are kept there."

"Well, after he started, he got orders to stop at some place and wait for other orders. He did so, and he waited four years and eight months. Those orders never came. The hay all rotted, of course: the ships almost moulded away. I dare say some of the crew died of old age—but Mr. Jones never stirred from his post. Finally, some English official

came on him by accident—quite! and so he was recalled. Papa says very few men would have shown such tenacity of purpose and grasp of the situation. Mamma says his fidelity to duty was magnificent."

"Magnificent—yes," I commented; "but it wasn't war."

"Oh, bless you! there *was* no war *then*," explained Ermyntrude. "The war had been ended for *years*. And all that while the pay for shipping that hay had been going on, so that the Government owed him—I think it was £45,000. Of course he got more contracts, and then he was made a baronet, and could build his own ships; and now he is a lord, and papa says the War Office would be quite helpless without him."

"And the son," I asked; "what does he do?"

"Why, nothing, of course!" said Ermyntrude, lifting her pretty brows a little in surprise. "He is the eldest son."

"I didn't know but he might have gone in for the Army, or Parliament, or something," I explained weakly: "just to occupy his mind."

She smiled to herself—somewhat grimly, I thought. "No," she said, assuming a serious face, "he says doing things is all rot, if you aren't obliged to do them. Of course, he goes in for hunting and shooting and all that, and he has a houseboat and a yacht, and one year he was in the All-Slumpshire eleven, but that was too much bother. He hates bother."

We had come out upon the street now, and walked for a little in silence.

"Ermie," I said at last, "you mustn't be annoyed with me—this is one of my sentimental days, and you know as an old friend of the family I've a certain right of free speech—but this doesn't seem to me quite good enough. A girl like you—beautiful and clever and accomplished, knowing your way about among books, and with tastes above the ruck—there ought to be a better outlook for you than this! I know that type of young man and he isn't in your street at all. Come now!" I went on, gathering courage, "look me in the face if you can, and tell me that you honestly love this young man, or that you really respect his father, or that you

candidly expect to be happy. I defy you to do it!"

I was wrong. Ermyntrude did look me in the face, squarely and without hesitation. She halted for the moment to do so, and her gaze, though not unkindly, was full of serious frankness.

"There is one thing I do expect," she said calmly. "I expect to get away from Fernbank."

SUGGESTING CONSIDERATIONS POSSIBLY HERETOFORE OVERLOOKED BY COMMENTATORS UPON THE LAWS OF PROPERTY.

"YOU will find Dudley up in what he calls his library," said Mrs. Albert in the hallway. "I'm *so* sorry I must go out—but he'll be glad to see you. And—let me entreat you, don't give him any encouragement!"

"What!" cried I, "encourage Uncle Dudley? Oh—never, never!"

"No, just be firm with him," Mrs. Albert went on. "Say that it mustn't be thought of for a moment. And oh—by the way—it's as well to warn you: *don't* ask him what he did it for! It seems that every one asks him that—and he gets quite enraged about it now, when that particular question is put. As like as not he'd throw some-

thing at you." She spoke earnestly, in low, impressive tones.

"Wild horses should not drag it from me," I pledged myself. "I will not encourage him: I will not enrage him; I swear not to ask him what he did it for. But—if you don't mind—could I, so to speak, bear the shock of learning what it is that he *has* done?"

"You haven't heard?" Mrs. Albert asked, glancing up at me, with an astonished face, as I stood on the stairs. When I shook my head, she put out her hand to the latch, and opened the door, as if to heighten the dramatic suspense. Then she turned and looked me in the eye with solemn intentness. "What has he done!" she echoed in a hollow voice: "You go upstairs and see!"

The door closed behind her, and I made my way noiselessly, two steps at a time, to the floor above. Some vague sense of disaster seemed to brood over the silent, half-lighted stairway and the deserted landing. I knocked at Uncle Dudley's door—almost prepared to find my signal unanswered. But no, his voice came back, cheerily enough, and I entered the room.

"Oh, it's you!" said my friend, rising from his chair. "Glad to see you,"—and we shook hands. Standing thus, I found myself staring into his face with a rude and prolonged fixity of gaze, under which he first smiled—a strange, unwholesome sort of smile—then flushed a little, then scowled and averted his glance.

"Great heavens!" I exclaimed at last.

"Why, man alive, what on earth possessed you to—"

"Come now!" broke in Uncle Dudley, with peremptory sternness. "Chuck it!"

"Yes—I know"—I stammered haltingly along—"I promised I wouldn't ask you—but—"

"But the original simian instincts triumph over your resolutions, eh?" said my friend crustily. "Yes, I know. I've had pretty nearly a week of it now. That question has been asked me, I estimate, somewhere about six hundred and seventy-eight times since last Thursday. It's only fair to you to tell you that I have registered a vow to hit the next man who asks me that fool of a question—'What did you do it for?'—straight under his left ear.

I probably saved your life by interrupting you."

Though the words were fierce, there was a marked return of geniality in the tone. I took the liberty of putting a hand over Uncle Dudley's shoulder, and marching him across to the window.

"Let's have a good look at you," I said.

"I did it myself; I did it with my little hatchet; I did it because I wanted to; I had a right to do it; I should do it again if the fit struck me——" Thus, with mock gravity, Uncle Dudley ran on as I scrutinised his countenance in the strong light. "And furthermore," he added, "I don't care one single hurrah in Hades whether you like it or not."

"I think on the whole," I mused

aloud—"yes, I think I rather do like it —now that I accustom myself to it."

Uncle Dudley's face brightened on the instant. "Do you really?" he exclaimed, and beamed upon me. In spite of his professed indifference to my opinion, it was obvious that I had pleased him.

"Sit down," he said—"there are the matches behind you—hope these aren't too green for you. Yes, my boy, I created quite a flutter in the hen-yard, I can tell you. Did my sister tell you? —she nearly fainted, and little Amy burst out boo-hooing as if she'd lost her last friend. When you come to think of it, old man, it's really too ridiculous, you know."

"It certainly has its grotesque aspects," I admitted.

Uncle Dudley looked up sharply, as if suspecting some ironical meaning in my words. "You really do think it's an improvement?" he asked, with a doubtful note in his voice.

"Of course, it makes a tremendous change," I said diplomatically, "and the novelty tends perhaps to confuse judgment, but I must confess the result is—is, well, very interesting."

My friend did not look wholly satisfied. "It shows what stupid people we are," he went on in a dogmatic way. "Why, the way they've gone on, you'd think I had no property rights in the thing at all—that I was merely a trustee for it—bound to give an account to every Tom-Dick-and-Harry who came along and had nothing better to occupy his mind with.

And then that eternal, vacuous, woollen-brained 'What did you do it for?' Oh, that's got to be too sickening for words! And the confounded familiarity of the whole thing! Why, hang me, if even the little Jew cigar dealer on the corner didn't feel entitled to pass what he took to be some friendly remarks on the subject. 'Vy,' he said, 'if I could say vidout vlattery, vot a haddsobe jeddlebad you ver, and vy did you do dot by yourself?' It gets on a man's nerves, you know, things like that."

"But hasn't any one liked the change?" I asked.

Uncle Dudley sighed. "That's the worst of it," he said dubiously. "Only two men have said they liked it—and it happens that they are both persons

of conspicuously weak intellect. That's rather up against me, isn't it? But on the other hand, you know, people who are silliest about everything else always get credit for knowing the most about art and beauty and all that. Perhaps in such a case as this, I dare say their judgment might be better than all the others. And after all, what do *I* care? That's the point I make: that it's *my* business and nobody else's. If a man hasn't got a copyright in his own personal appearance, why there is no such thing as property. But instead of recognising this, any fellow feels free to come up and say: 'You look like an unfrocked priest,' or 'Hullo! another burglar out of work?' and he's quite surprised if you fail to show that you're pleased with the genial brilliancy of

his remarks. I don't suppose there is any other single thing which the human race lapses into such rude and insolent meddlesomeness over as it does over this."

"It *is* pathetic," I admitted—"but—but it'll soon grow again."

Uncle Dudley laughed a bitter laugh. "By Jove," he cried, "I've more than half a mind not to let it. It would serve 'em right if I didn't. Why, do you know—you'd hardly believe it! My sister had a dinner party on here for Saturday night, and after I'd—I'd done it—she cancelled the invitations—some excuse about a family loss—a bereavement, my boy. Well, you know, treatment of that sort puts a man on his mettle. I'm entitled to resent it. And besides—you know—

of course it does make a great change —but somehow I fancy that when you get used to it—come now—the straight griffin, as they say—what do *you* think?"

"I'm on oath not to encourage you," I made answer.

"There you have it!" cried Uncle Dudley: "the old tyrannical conspiracy against the unusual, the individual, the true! Let nobody dare to be himself! Let us have uniformity, if all else perishes. The frames must be alike in the Royal Academy, that's the great thing; the pictures don't matter so much. You see our women-folk now, this very month, getting ready to case themselves in ugly hoops which they hate, at the bidding of they know not whom, because, if they did not, the hideous possibility of one woman being

different from another woman would darken the land. A man is not to be permitted the pitiful privilege of seeing his own mouth, not even once in fifteen years, simply because it temporarily inconveniences the multitude in their notions as to how he is in the habit of looking! What rubbish it is!"

"It *is* rubbish," I assented—"and you are talking it. Your sister who fainted, your niece who wept, your friends who averted their gaze in anguish, the hordes of casual jackasses who asked why you did it, the kindly little Jew cigar man who broke forth in lamentations—these are the world's jury. They have convicted you—sorrowfully but firmly. You yourself, for all your bravado, realise the heinousness of your crime. You are secretly ashamed,

remorseful, penitent. I answer for you—you will never do it again."

"And yet it isn't such a bad mouth, either," mused Uncle Dudley, with a lingering glance at the mirror over the mantel. "There is humour, delicacy of perception, affection, gentleness—ever so many nice qualities about it which were all hidden up before. The world ought to welcome the revelation—and it throws stones instead. Ah well!—pass the matches—let us yield gracefully to the inevitable! It shall grow again."

"Mrs. Albert will be so glad," I remarked.

NARRATING THE FAILURE OF A LOYAL ATTEMPT TO CIRCUMVENT ADVERSITY BY MEANS OF MODERN APPLIANCES.

"IF his name was Jabez, why weren't we told so, I'd like to know?" demanded Mrs. Albert of me, with a momentary flash in her weary glance. "What right had the papers to go on calling him J. Spencer, year after year, while he was deluding the innocent, and fattening upon the bodies of his dupes? To be sure, now that the mask is off, and he has fled, they speak of him always as Jabez. Why didn't they do it it before, while honest peeple might still have been warned? But no—they never did—and now it's too late—too late!"

The poor lady's voice broke pathetically upon this reiterated plaint. She bowed her head, and as I looked with

pained sympathy upon the drooping angle of her proud face, I could see the shadows about her lips quiver.

A sad tale indeed it was, to which I had been listening—here in a lonesome corner of the cloistral, dim-lit solitude of the big drawing-room at Fernbank. It was not a new story. Kensington has known it by heart for a generation. Bloomsbury learned it earlier, and before that it was familiar in Soho—away off in the old days when the ruffling gentry of Golden Square fought for the chance of buying ingenious John Law's South Sea scrip. And even then, the experience was an ancient and half-forgotten memory of Bishopsgate and the Minories. It was the old, old tragedy of broken fortunes.

Mrs. Albert was clear that it began

with the Liberator troubles. I had my own notion that Mr. Albert Grundy was skating on thin ice before the collapse of the building societies came. However that may be, there was no doubt whatever that the cumulative Australian disasters had finished the business. There were melancholy details in her recital which I lack the courage to dwell upon. The horse and brougham were gone; the lease of Fernbank itself was offered for sale, with possession before Michaelmas, if desired; Ermyntrude's engagement was as good as off.

"It won't be a bankruptcy," said Mrs. Albert, lifting her face and resolutely winking the moisture from her lashes. "We shall escape that—but for the moment at least I must abandon

my position in society. Dudley is over to-day looking at a small place in Highgate, although Albert thinks he would prefer Sydenham. My own feeling is that some locality from which you could arrive by King's Cross or St. Pancras would be best. One never meets anybody one knows there. Then, when matters adjust themselves again, as of course they will, we could return here—to this neighbourhood, at least—and just mention casually having been out at our country place—on the children's account, of course. And Floribel *is* delicate, you know."

"Oh well, then," I said, trying to put buoyance into my tone, "it isn't so bad after all. And you feel—Albert feels—quite hopeful about things coming right again?"

My friend's answering nod of affirmation had a certain qualifying dubiety about it. "Yes, we're hopeful, she said. "But a fortnight ago, I felt positively sanguine. Nobody ever worked harder than I did to deserve success, anyway. I only failed through gross treachery—and that, too, at the hands of the very people of whom I could never, *never* have believed it. When you find the aristocracy openly actuated by mercenary motives, as I have done this past month, it almost makes you ask what the British nation is coming to!"

"Dear me!" I exclaimed, "is it as bad as that?"

"You shall judge for yourself," said Mrs. Albert gravely. "You know that I organised—quite early in the

Spring—the Loyal Ladies' Namesake Committee of Kensington. I do not boast in saying that I really organised it, quite from its beginnings. The idea was mine; practically all the labor was mine. But when one is toiling to realise a great ideal like that, one frequently loses sight of small details. I ought to have known better—but I took a serpent to my bosom. I was weak enough to associate with me in the enterprise that monument of duplicity and interested motives—the Hon. Mrs. Coon-Alwyn. Why, she hadn't so much as an initial letter to entitle her to belong——"

"I am not sure that I follow you," I put in. "Ladies' Namesake Committee—initial letter—I don't seem to grasp the idea."

"It's perfectly simple," explained Mrs. Albert. "The idea was that all the ladies—our set, you know—whose name was 'May' should combine in subscribing for a present."

"But your name is Emily," I urged, thoughtlessly.

"Oh, we weren't exactly literal about it," said Mrs. Albert; "we *couldn't* be, you know. It would have shut out some of our very best people. But I came very near the standard, indeed. My second name is Madge. You take the first two letters of that, and the 'y' from Emily, and there you have it. Oh, I assure you, very few came even as near it as that—and as I said to Dudley at the time, if you think of it, even *her* name isn't *really* May. It's only a popular contraction. But that Hon.

Mrs. Coon-Alwyn, she had no actual right whatever to belong. Her names are Hester Winifred Edith. She hasn't even one *letter* right!"

"Ah, that was indeed treachery!" I ejaculated.

"Oh, no, that was not what I referred to," Mrs. Albert set me right. "Of course I was aware of her names. I had seen them in the 'Peerage' for years. It was what she did after her entrance that covers her with infamy. But I will narrate the events in their order. First, we collected £1,100. Of course, our own contribution was not large, but Ermyntrude and I hunted the various church registers—don't speak of it, but even the Nonconformist ones we went through—and we got a tremendous number of Christian names

more or less what was desired, and our circulars were sent to *every one*, far and near. As I said, we raised quite £1,100. Then there came the question of the gift."

Mrs. Albert uttered this last sentence with such deliberate solemnity that I bowed to show my consciousness of its importance.

"Yes," she went on, "the selection of the gift. Now I had in mind a most appropriate and useful present. Have you heard of the Oboid Oil Engine? No? Well, it is an American invention, and has been brought over here by an American, who has bought the European rights from the inventor. He is in the next building to Albert, in the City, and they meet almost every day at luncheon, and have struck

up quite a friendship. He has connections which might be of the *utmost* importance to Albert, and if Albert could only have been of service to him in introducing this engine, there is literally *no telling* what might not have come of it. Albert does not *say* that a partnership would have resulted, but I can read it in his face."

"But would an oil engine have been —under the circumstances—you know what I mean——" I began.

"Oh, *most* suitable!" responded Mrs. Albert with conviction. "It is really, it seems, a very surprising piece of machinery. After it's once bought, the cheapness of running it is simply *absurd*. It does all sorts of things at no expense worth mentioning—anything you want it to do. It appears

that if it had been invented at that time, the pyramids in Egypt could have been built by it for something like 130 per cent. less than their cost is estimated to have been—or something like that. Oh, it is quite extraordinary, I assure you. Albert says he could stand and watch it working for hours—especially if he had an interest in the company."

"But I hadn't heard that there were any new pyramid plans on just now—although, when I think of it, Shaw-Lefevre did have some Westminster Abbey project which——"

"No, no!" interrupted Mrs. Albert. "One of the engine's greatest uses is in agriculture. It does *everything*—threshes, garners, mows, milks—or no, not that, but almost *everything*. No

self-respecting farmer, they say, dreams of being without one—that is, of course, if he knows about it.' You can see what it would have meant, if one had been thus publicly introduced on the princely farm at Sandringham. All England would have rung with demands for the Oboid—and Albert feels sure that the American man would have been grateful—and—and—then perhaps we need never have left Fernbank at all."

My poor friend shook her head mournfully at the thought.

"And the Hon. Mrs. Coon-Alwyn?" I asked.

The fire came back into Mrs. Albert's eye. "That woman," she said, with bitter calmness, "was positively not ashamed to intrude her own mer-

cenary and self-seeking designs upon this loyal and purely patriotic association. Why, she did it almost openly. She intrigued behind my back with whole streetsful of people that one would hardly know on ordinary occasions, paid them calls in a carriage got up for the occasion with a bright new coat of arms, made friends with them, promised them heaven only knows what, and actually secured nineteen votes to my three for the purchase of a mouldy old piece of tapestry—something about Richard III. and Oliver Cromwell meeting on the battlefield, I think the subject is—which belonged to her husband's family. Of course, my lips are sealed, but I have been *told* that at Christie's it would hardly have fetched £100. I say nothing

myself, but I can't prevent people drawing certain deductions, can I? And when I reflect also that her two most active supporters in this nefarious business were Lady Thames-Ditton —whose financial difficulties are notorious—and the Countess of Wimps—whose tradespeople—well, we won't go into *that*—it does force one to ask whether the fabric of British society is not being undermined at its very top. In this very day's paper I read that the Hon. Mrs. Coon-Alwyn has hired a yacht, and will spend the summer in Norwegian waters—while we—we——"

The door opened, and we made out through the half-light the comfortable figure of Uncle Dudley. He was mopping his brow, and breathed heavily from his long walk as he advanced.

"Well?" Mrs. Albert asked, in a saddened and subdued tone, "Did you see the place?"

"There are five bedrooms on the two upper floors," he made answer, "but there's no bath-room, and the bus doesn't come within four streets of the house."

INTRODUCING SCENES FROM A FOREIGN COUNTRY, AND ALSO CONVEYING WELCOME INTELLIGENCE, TOGETHER WITH SOME INSTRUCTION.

IT was at a little village perched well up on one of the carriage-roads ascending the Brocken, a fortnight or so ago, that I received a wire from Uncle Dudley. It was kind of him to think of it—all the more as he had good news to tell. "Family lighted square on their feet," was what the message said, and I was glad to gather from this that the Grundys had weathered their misfortunes, and that Mrs. Albert was herself again.

The thought was full of charm. It seemed as if I had never realised before how fond I was of these good people. In sober fact, I dare say that I had not dwelt much upon their woes

during my holiday. But now, with this affectionately thoughtful telegram addressing me as their oldest friend, the one whom they wished to be tne first to share the joy of their rescued state, it was easy enough to make myself believe that my whole vacation had been darkened with brooding over their unhappiness.

It had not occurred to me before, but that was undoubtedly why I had not liked the Harz so much this year as usual. Now that I thought of it, walking down the birch-lined footpath toward the hamlet and the telegraph office, the place seemed to have gone off a good deal. In other seasons, before the spectre of cholera flooded its sylvan retreats with an invading horde of Hamburgers, the Harzwald had

been my favourite resort. I had grown to love its fir-clad slopes, its shadowed glens, its atmosphere of prehistoric myth and legend, as if I were part and product of them all. Its people, too, had come much nearer to my breast than any other Germans ever could. I had enjoyed being with them just because they were what the local schoolmaster disdainfully declared them to be—*Erdzertrümmerungsprozeszunbekanntevolk*—that is to say, people entirely ignorant of the scientific theories about geological upheavals and volcanic formations, and so able cheerfully to put their trust in the goblins who reared these strange boulders in fantastic piles on every hill top, and to hear with good faith the shouts of the witches as they bounded over the *Hexentanzplatz*.

Last year it had seemed even worth the added discomfort of the swarming Hamburgers to be again in this wholesome, sweet-aired primitive place.

But this year—I saw now clearly as I looked over Uncle Dudley's message once more—it had not been so pleasant. The hotel boy Fritzchen, whom I had watched year after year with the warmth of a fatherly well-wisher—smiling with satisfaction at his jovial countenance, his bustling and competent ways, and his comical attempts at English—had this season swollen up into a burly and consequential lout, with a straw-coloured sprouting on his upper-lip, and a military manner. They called him Fritz now, and he gave me beer out of the old keg after I had heard the new one tapped.

The evening gatherings of the villagers in the hotel, too, were not amusing as they once had been. The huge lion-maned and grossly over-bearded *Kantor* or music-master, who came regularly at nightfall to thump on the table with his bludgeon-like walking-stick, to roar forth impassioned monologues on religion and politics, and to bellow ceaselessly at Fritzchen for more beer, had formerly delighted me. This time he seemed only a noisy nuisance, and the half-circle of grave old retired foresters and middle-aged *Jäger* officers who sat watching him over their pipes, striving vainly now and again to get in a word edgewise about the auctions of felled trees in the woods, or the mutinous tendencies of the charcoal-burners, presented them-

selves in the light of tiresome prigs. If they had been worth their salt, I felt, they would long ago have brained the Kantor with their stoneware mugs. Even as I walked I began to be conscious that a three weeks' stay in the Harz was a good deal of time, and that the remaining third would certainly hang on my hands.

By the time I reached the telegraph station I had my answer to Uncle Dudley ready in my mind. He liked the forcible imagery of Australia and the Far West; and I would speak to him at this joyful juncture after his own heart. It seemed that I could best do this by giving him to understand that I was celebrating his news—that I was, in one of his own phrases, "painting the town red." It required some in-

genuity to work this idea out right, but I finally wrote what appeared to answer the purpose:—"*Brocken und Umgebung sind roth gemalen*"—and handed it in to the man at the window.

He was a young man with close-cropped yellow hair and spectacles, holding his chin and neck very stiff in the high collar of his uniform. He glanced over my despatch, at first with careless dignity. Then he read it again attentively. Then he laid it on the table, and bent his tight-buttoned form over it as well as might be in a severe and prolonged scrutiny. At last he raised himself, turned a petrifying gaze on through his glasses at me, and shook his head.

"It is not true," he said. "Some one has you deceived."

"But," I tried to explain to him, with the little German that I knew scattering itself in all directions in the face of this crisis, "it is a figure of speech, a joke, a——"

The telegraph man stared coldly at my luckless despatch, and then at me. "You would wish to state to your friend, perhaps," he suggested, "that they seem as if they had been colored with red, owing to the change in the leaves."

"No, no," I put in. "It must be that they *have* been painted, *are* painted, or he will not me understand."

"But, my good sir," retorted the operator with emphasis, "they are *not* painted! From the door gaze you forth! What make you with this non-

sense, that Brocken and vicinity are red painted?"

"Well, then," I said wearily, oppressed by the magnitude of the task, "I don't know how to word it myself, but you can fix it for me. Just say that I am *going* to paint them red—that will do just as well."

"But you shall not! It is forbidden! exclaimed the official holding himself like a poker, and glaring vehemence through his glasses. "It is strongly forbidden! When you one brush-mark shall make, quick to the prison go you. In Germany have we for natural beauty respect—also laws."

Reluctantly, but of necessity, I abandoned metaphor, and in a humble spirit telegraphed in English to Uncle Dudley at his club that I was very glad.

Even as my pen clung in irresolution on the paper over this word "glad," the impulse rose in me to add: "Tired of Harz. Am returning immediately."

"When the same here is," remarked the operator, moodily studying the unknown words, "in Brunswick stopped it will be."

I translated it for him, and added, "I go from here home, to be where officials their own business mind."

He nodded, not unamiably, and replied as he handed me out my change: "Yes, I know: England. So well their own business there officials mind, that Balfour to Argentina easily comes."

Walking up the hillside again, already quite captive to the fascination of the morrow's homeward flight, I met at the turn of the path a family party

—father, mother, and two girls in the younger teens—seated along the rocky siding, and gazing with a common air of dejection upon a portentous row of bags and portmanteaus at their feet. The notion that they were Hamburgers died still-born. Nothing more obviously un-German than these wayfarers was ever seen.

"I hope, sir," the man spoke up as I approached, "that I am right in presuming that you speak English!"

I bowed assent, and even as I did so, recognised him. "I hope *I* am right," I answered, "in thinking that I have met you before—at Mr. Albert Grundy's in London—you are the American gentleman with the Oboid Oil Engine, are you not?"

"Well, by George!" he cried, rising

and offering his hand with frank delight, and introducing me in a single comprehensive wave to his wife and daughters. "Yes, sir," he went on, "and I wish I had an Oboid here right now—up in the basement of that stone boarding-house on the knoll there—just for the sake of heating up, and shutting down the valves, and blowing the whole damned thing sky-high. That would suit me, sir, right down to the ground."

"We're strangers here, sir," he explained in answer to my question: "we'd seen a good deal of the Dutch at home—I mean *our* home—and we thought we'd like to take a look at 'em in the place they come from. Well, sir, we've had our look, and we're satisfied. We don't want any more on our plate,

thank you. One helping is an elegant sufficiency. Do you know the trick they played on us? Why, I took a team of horses yesterday from a place they called Ibsenburg or Ilsenburg, or some such name, and had it explained to my driver that he was to take us up to the top of the Brocken, there, and stop all night, and fetch us back this morning. When we got up as far as Shierke, there, it was getting pretty dark, and the women-folks were nervous, and so we laid up for the night. There didn't seem anything for the driver to do but set around in the kitchen and drink beer, and he needed money for that, and so I gave him some loose silver, and told him to make himself at home. We got the words out of a dictionary for that—

machen sie selbst zu Heim we figured 'em out to be—and I spoke them at him slowly and distinctly, so that he had no earthly excuse for not understanding. But, would you believe it, sir, the miserable cuss just up and skipped out, horses, rig and all, while we were getting supper! And here we were this morning, landed high and dry. No conveyance, nobody to comprehend a word of English, no nothing. We haven't seen the top of their darned mountain even."

"What I'm more concerned about, I tell Wilbur," put in the lady, "is seeing the bottom of it. If they had only sense enough to make valises and bonnet-boxes ball-shaped, we could have rolled 'em down hill."

"There'll be no trouble about all

that," I assured them, and we talked for a little about the simple enough process of getting their luggage carried down to the village, and of finding a vehicle there. I, indeed, agreed to make one of their party on quitting the Harz, that very afternoon.

"And now tell me about the Grundys," I urged, when these more pressing matters were out of the way. "I got a wire to-day saying—hinting that they are in luck's way again."

"Is that so?" exclaimed the American, at once surprised and pleased. "I'm glad to hear it. I can't guess what it might be in. Grundy's got so many irons in the fire—some white hot, some lukewarm, some frosted straight through—you never can tell. The funniest thing is—he can't tell himself.

Why, sir, those men of yours in the City of London, they don't know any more about business than a babe unborn. If they were in New York they'd have their eye-teeth skinned out of their heads in the shake of a lamb's tail. Why, we've been milking them dry for a dozen years back. And yet, you know, somehow——"

"Somehow—?" I echoed, encouragingly.

"Well, sir, somehow—that's the odd thing about it—they don't stay milked."

DISCLOSING THE EDUCATIONAL INFLUENCE EXERTED BY THE ESSEX COAST, AND OTHER MATTERS, INCLUDING REASONS FOR JOY.

"SIT down here by the fire—no, in the easy chair," said Ermyntrude, with a note of solicitude in her kindly voice. "Mamma won't be home for half an hour yet, and I want a nice, quiet, serious talk with you. Oh, it's going to be extremely serious, and you must begin by playing that you are at least one hundred and fifty years old."

"That won't be so difficult," I replied, not without the implication of injury. "It will only be adding a few decades to the venerableness that I seem always to possess in your eyes."

"Oh!" said Ermie, and looked at me inquiringly for a moment. Then she seated herself, and gazed with much

steadiness into the fire. I waited for the nice serious talk to begin—and waited a long time.

"Well, my dear child," I broke in upon the silence at last, "I hoped to have been the very first to come and tell your mother how deeply glad I was to see you all back again in Fernbank. But that wretched rheumatism of mine —*at my age*, you know——"

I was watching narrowly for even the faintest sign of deprecation. She did not stir an eyelash.

"Yes," she suddenly began, still intently gazing into the fire; "papa has got his money all back, and more. That is, it isn't the same money, but somebody else's—I'm sure I don't know whose. Sometimes I feel sorry for those other people, whoever they are,

who have had to give it up to us. Then, other times, I am so glad simply to be in again where it's warm that I don't care."

"The firelight suits your face, Ermie," I said, noting with the pleasure appropriate to my position as the oldest friend of the family, how sweetly the soft radiance played upward upon the fair young rounded throat and chin, and tipped the little nostrils with rosy light.

"Fortunately," she went on, as if I had not spoken, "some Americans took the house furnished in September for three months—I think, poor souls, that they believed it was the London season—and so we never had to break up, and we were able to get back again in time for Uncle Dudley to plant all

his bulbs. They seem to have been very quiet people. Mamma had a kind of notion that they would practise with bucking horses on the tennis-lawn, and shoot at bottles and clay pigeons here in the drawing-room. The only thing we could find that they did was to paste thick paper over the ventilator in the dining-room. And yet a policeman told our man that they slept with their bedroom windows open all night. Curious, isn't it?"

"I like to have one of these 'nice, quiet, serious talks' with you, Ermie," I said.

Even at this she did not lift her eyes from the grate. "Oh, don't be impatient,—it will be serious enough," she warned me. "They say, you know, that drowning people see, in a

single instant of time, whole years of events, whole books full of things. Well, I've been under water for six months, and—and—I've noticed a good deal."

"Ah! is there a submarine observation station at Clacton-on-Sea? Now you speak of it, I *have* heard of queer fish being studied there."

"None queerer than we, my dear friend, you may be sure. Mamma was right in choosing the place. We never once saw a soul we knew. Of course, it is the dullest and commonest thing on earth—but it exactly fitted us during that awful period. We were going at first to Cromer, but mamma learned that that was the chosen resort of dissolute theatrical people—it seems there has been a poem written in which it is

called Poppyland, which mamma saw at once must be a cover for opium-eating and all sorts of dissipation. So we went to Clacton instead. But what I was going to say is this—I did a great deal of thinking all through those six months. I don't say that I am any wiser than I was, because, for that matter, I am very much less sure about things than I was before. But I was simply a blank contented fool then. Now it's different to the extent that I've stirred up all sorts of questions and problems buzzing and barking about me, and I don't know the answers to them, and I can't get clear of them, and they're driving me out of my head —and there you are. That's what I wanted to talk with you about."

I shifted my feet on the fender, and

nodded with as sensible an expression as I could muster.

"That's why I said you must pretend to yourself that you are very old—quite a fatherly person, capable of giving a girl advice—sympathetic advice. In the first place—of course you know that the engagement with that Hon. Knobbeleigh Jones has been off for ages. Don't interrupt me! It isn't worth speaking of except for one point. His father, Lord Skillyduff, was the principal rogue in the combination which plundered papa of his money. Having got the Grundy money they had no use for the Grundy girl. Now, he justified his rascality by pleading that he had to make provision for *his* daughters, and everybody said he was a good father. Papa goes in again through

some other opening, and after a long fight brings out a fresh fortune, which he has taken away from somebody else —and I heard him tell mamma that he was doing it for the sake of *his* daughters. People will say *he* is a good father—I know *I* do."

"None better in this world," I assented cordially.

"Well, don't you see," Ermyntrude went on, "that puts daughters in the light of a doubtful blessing. Papa's whole worry and struggle was for us—for *me*. I was the load on his back. I don't like to be a load. While we were prosperous, there was only one way for me to get down—that is by marriage. When we became poor, there was another way—that I should earn my own living. But this papa

wouldn't listen to. He quite swore about it—vowed he would rather work his fingers to the bone; rather do anything, no matter what it was, or what people thought of him for doing it, than that a daughter of his should take care of herself. He would look upon himself as disgraced, he said. Those lodgings of ours at Clacton weren't specially conducive to good temper, I'm afraid; for I told him that the real disgrace would be to keep me in idleness to sell to some other Knobbeleigh Jones, or to palm me off on some better sort of young man who would bind himself to work for me all his life, and then find that I would have been dear at the price of a fortnight's labor—and then mamma cried—and papa, he swore more—and—and——"

I stirred the fire here, and then blushed to rediscover that it was asbestos I was knocking about. "How stupid of me!" I exclaimed, and murmured something about having been a stranger to Fernbank so long.

Ermyntrude took no notice. "I made a pretence of going up to London on a visit," she continued, "and I spent five days looking about, making inquiries, trying to get some notion of how girls who supported themselves made a beginning. I talked a little with such few girls that I knew as were in town, and I cared to see—guardedly of course. They had no idea—save in the way of the governess or music teacher. I'd cut my throat before I'd be either of those—forced to dress like ladies on the wages of a seamstress,

and to smile under the insults of tradesmen's wives and their louts of children. An actress I might be, after I had starved a long time in learning my business—but before that mamma would have died of shame. Then there are typewriters, and lady journalists and telegraph clerks—I am surly enough sometimes to do that last to perfection—but they all have to have special talents or knowledge. As for saleswomen in the shops—there are a dozen poor genteel wretches standing outside ready to claw each other's eyes out for every vacancy. I went over Euston Road way at noon, and I watched the work-girls come out of the factories and workshops, and they had such sharp, knowing, bullying faces that I knew I should be a helpless fool

among them. And watching them—and watching the other girls on the street . . . in the Strand and Piccadilly—I told you I was going to talk seriously, my dear friend—it all came to seem to me like a nightmare. It frightened me. These were the girls whose fathers had failed to provide for them—that was absolutely all the difference between them and me. I had looked lazily down at marriage as a chance of escaping being bored here at Fernbank. They were all lookig fiercely up at marriage as the one only chance of rescue from weary toil, starvation wages, general poverty and misery. In both cases the idea was the same—to find some man, no matter what kind of a man, if only he will take it upon himself to provide something

different. You see what poor, dependent things we really are! Why should it be so? That's what I want to know."

"Oh, that's all you want to know, is it?" I remarked, after a little pause. "Well, I think—I think you had better give me notice of the question."

"I have tried to read what thinkers say about it," she added; "but they only confuse one the more. There is a Dr. Wallace whom the papers speak of as an authority, and he has been writing a long article this very week—or else it is an interview—and he says that everything will be all right, that all the nice women will marry all the good men, and that the other kinds will die off immediately, and everybody will be oh, so happy—in a 'regenerated society.' That is another thing I wanted

to ask you about. He speaks—they all speak—so confidently about this 'regenerated society.' Do you happen to know when it is to be?"

"The date has not been fixed, I believe," I replied.

The early winter twilight had darkened the room, and the light from the grate glowed ruddily upon the girl's face as she bent forward, her chin upon her clasped hands, looking into the fire.

"There is another date, which remains undetermined," I added, faltering not a little at heart, but keeping my tongue under fair control. "I should like to speak to you about it, if I may take off my lamb's-wool wig and Santa Claus beard, and appear before you once more as a contemporary citizen. It is this, Ermie. I am not so

very old, after all. There is only a shade over a dozen years between us—say a baker's dozen. My habits—my personal qualities, tolerable and otherwise, are more or less known to you. I am prosperous enough, so far as this world's goods go. But I am tired of living——"

I stopped short, and stared in turn blankly at the mock coals. A freezing thought had just thrust itself into the marrow of my brain. She would think that I was saying all this because her father had regained and augmented his fortune. I strove in a numb, puzzled way to retrace what I had just uttered—to see if the words offered any chance of getting away upon other ground—and could not remember at all.

"Tired of living," I heard Ermyntrude echo. I saw her nod her head comprehendingly in the firelight. She sighed.

"Yes, except upon conditions," I burst forth. "I weary of living alone. There hasn't been a time for years when I didn't long to tell you this—and most of all at Clacton, if I had known you were at Clacton. You have admitted yourself that *nobody* knew you were there." The words came more easily now. "But always before I shrank from speaking. There was something about you too childlike, too innocent, too—too——"

"Too silly," suggested Ermie, with an affable effect of helping me out.

Then she unlocked her fingers, and, still looking into the fire, stretched out

a hand backward to me. "All the same," she murmured, after a little, "it isn't an answer to my question, you know."

"But it is to mine," I made glad response, "and in my question all the others are enwrapped—always have been, always will be. And, oh, darling one——"

"That is mamma in the hall," said Ermyntrude.

DESCRIBING IMPRESSIONS OF A MOMENTOUS INTERVIEW, LOOSELY GATHERED BY ONE WHO, ALTHOUGH PRESENT, WAS NOT QUITE IN IT.

MRS. ALBERT has smiled upon my suit to be her son-in-law.

The smile did not, however, gush forth spontaneously at the outset. When the opportunity for imparting our great news came, we three were in the drawing-room, and Mrs. Albert, who had just entered, had been allowed to discover me holding Ermyntrude's passive hand in mine. She cast a swift little glance over us both, and seemed not to like what she saw. I was conscious of the impression on the instant that Ermyntrude did not particularly like it either. An effect of profound isolation, absurd enough, but depressingly real, suddenly encompassed me.

I began talking something—the words coming out and scattering quite on their own incoherent account—and the gist of what they made me say sounded in my ears as if it were a determined enemy who was saying it. Why should I be speaking of my age, and the fact that I had held Ermie on my knee as a child, and even of my rheumatism? And did I actually allude to them? or only hear the clamorous echoes of conscience in my guilty soul, the while my tongue was uttering other matters? I don't know, and the fear that Ermie would admit that she really hadn't been paying attention has restrained me from asking her since.

But Mrs. Albert was paying attention. She held me with a cool and unblinking eye during my clumsy

monologue, and she continued this steady gaze for a time after I had finished. She stirred the small and shapely headgear of black velvet and birds-wing which she had worn in from the street, just by the fraction of a forward inch, to show that she understood what I had been saying—and also very much which I had left unsaid.

"Hm—m!" the good lady remarked at length. "I see!"

"Well, mamma, having seen," Ermyntrude turned languidly in her chair to observe, lifting the hand which still rested within mine into full and patent view, and then withdrawing it abruptly—"having seen, and been seen, there's really nothing more to do, is there?"

"She is very young," said the

mother, in a tentative musing manner which suggested the thought that I, on the other hand, was very much the other way.

Ermyntrude sniffed audibly, and rose to her feet. "I am three-and-twenty," she said, "and that is enough, thank you."

There was something in it all which I did not understand. The sensation of being out of place, as in the trying-on room of a dressmaker's, oppressed me. The sex were effecting sundry manœuvres and counter-marchings peculiar to themselves—so much I could see by the way in which the two were talking with their eyes—but what it was all about was beyond me. The mother finally inclined her head to one side, and pursed together her lips.

Ermyntrude drew herself to her full stature, threw up her chin for a moment like one of Albert Moore's superb full-throated goddesses, and then relaxed with that half-cheerful sigh which we express in types with "heigho!" It was at once apparent to me that the situation had lightened—but how or why I cannot profess to guess. Uncle Dudley, to whom I subsequently narrated what I had observed, abounded in theories, but upon reflection they do not impress, much less convince, me. Here is in substance one of the several hypothetical conversations which he sketched out as having passed in that moment of pre-occupied and surcharged silence:

MOTHER [*lowering brows*]. You may be sure that at the very best it will be Bayswater.

DAUGHTER [*with quiver of nostrils*]. Better that than hanging on for a Belgravia which never comes.

MOTHER [*disclosing the tips of two teeth*]. It is a chance of a title going for ever.

DAUGHTER [*curling lip*]. What chance is ever likely *here?*

MOTHER [*lifting brows*]. He's as old as Methusaleh!

DAUGHTER [*flashing eyes*]. That's my business!

MOTHER [*little trembling of the eyelashes*]. You will never know how I have striven and struggled for you!

DAUGHTER [*smoothing features*]. Merely the innate maternal instinct, my dear, common to all mammalia.

MOTHER [*beginning to tip head sidewise*]. It is true that Tristram is docile, sheep-like, simple——

DAUGHTER [*lifting her chin*]. And old enough to be enchained at my feet all his life.

MOTHER [*head much to one side*]. And he has always been extremely cordial with *me*——

DAUGHTER [*chin high in air*]. And not another girl in my set has had a proposal for *years*.

MOTHER [*brightening eye*]. We shall be in time to buy everything at the January sales!

[MOTHER *smiles;* DAUGHTER *sighs relief. The imaginations of both wander pleasantly off to visions of sublimated Christmas shopping, in connection with the trousseau and betrothal gifts. General joy.*]

As I have said, this is Uncle Dudley's idea, not mine. My own fancy prefers to conjure up a tenderer dialogue, in which the mother, all fond solicitude, bids the maiden search well her heart, and answer only its true appeal, and the sweet daughter, timid, fluttering, half-frightened and wholly glad, flashes back from the depths of her soul the rapt assurance of her fate. But Dudley was certainly right about the ending, as the first words Mrs. Albert uttered go to show.

"Don't forget to remind me, then, about presents for the Gregory children," she said all at once, in a swift

sidelong whisper at Ermyntrude. Then she turned, and as I gazed wistfully upon her face, it melted sedately, gracefully, a little at a time, into the smile I sought.

"My dear Tristram," she began, and her voice took on a coo of genuine kindliness and warmth as she went on, "of course Albert and I have had other views—and the dear girl is perfectly qualified to adorn the most exalted and exclusive circles—if I do say it myself—but—but her happiness is our one desire, and if she feels that it is getting—I *would* say, if you and she are quite clear in your own minds—and we both have the greatest confidence in your practical common sense, and your *honor*—and we have all learned to be fond of you—and—and I am really very glad!"

"Most of all things in the world, dear lady, I hoped for this," I had begun to say, with fervor. I stopped, upon the discovery that Mrs. Albert was not listening, but had turned and was conferring with her daughter in half-audible asides.

"Mercy, no!" the mother said. "They'd know in a minute that it had been a present to us. That old Mrs. Gregory is a perfect *lynx* for detecting such things. I suppose their boys are too big for tricycles, else your father knows a dealer who——"

My own Ermie looked thoughtful. "It won't seem queer, you think, our bursting in upon them with Christmas presents like this—without provocation?" she asked.

"My dear child, queer or not queer,"

said Mrs. Albert, "it is imperative. You know how much depends upon it —there are plenty of others who would be equally useful in various ways, but not like the *Gregorys*—and if there were there's no time now. If this could have happened, now, a fortnight ago, or even last week——"

"Yes, but it didn't," replied Ermyntrude. "It only happened to-day." She turned to me, with a little laugh in her eyes. "Mamma complains that we delayed so long. We have interfered with the Christmas arrangements."

"If I had only known! But—I claim to be treated as one of the family, you know—I couldn't quite grasp what you were saying about the Gregorys. I gather that our—our betrothal involves

Christmas presents for them, but I confess I don't know why. Or oughtn't I to have asked, dear?"

For answer Ermyntrude looked saucily into my face, twisted her dear nose into a pretty little mocking grimace, and ran out of the room. Mrs. Albert vouchsafed no explanation, but talked of other matters—and there were enough to talk about.

It was not, indeed, till late in the evening, when Uncle Dudley and I were upon our last cigar, that I happened to recall the mystifying incident of the Gregorys.

"That's simplicity itself," said Uncle Dudley. "The Gregorys own one of the tidiest country seats in Nottinghamshire—lovely old house, sylvan arbors, high wall, fascinating rural roads—in

the very heart of county society, too—O, a most romantic and eligible place!"

"Well, what of it? What has that to do with Ermyntrude and me and Santa Claus?"

"If you will read the *Morning Post* the day after your wedding, my dear, dull friend, you will learn that Colonel Gregory has placed at the disposal of a certain bridal couple for their honeymoon his ideal country residence. The paper will not state why, but I will tell you in confidence. It will be because the bride's mother is a resourceful and observant woman, who knows how to plant at Christmas that she may gather at Easter."

"I hate to have you always so beastly cynical, Dudley," I was emboldened to exclaim.

Uncle Dudley regarded me attentively for an instant. He took a thoughtful sip at his drink, and then began smiling at his glass. When he turned to me again, the smile had grown into a grin.

"You are belated, my boy," he said. "You ought to have married into the Grundys years ago. You were just born to be one of the family."

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